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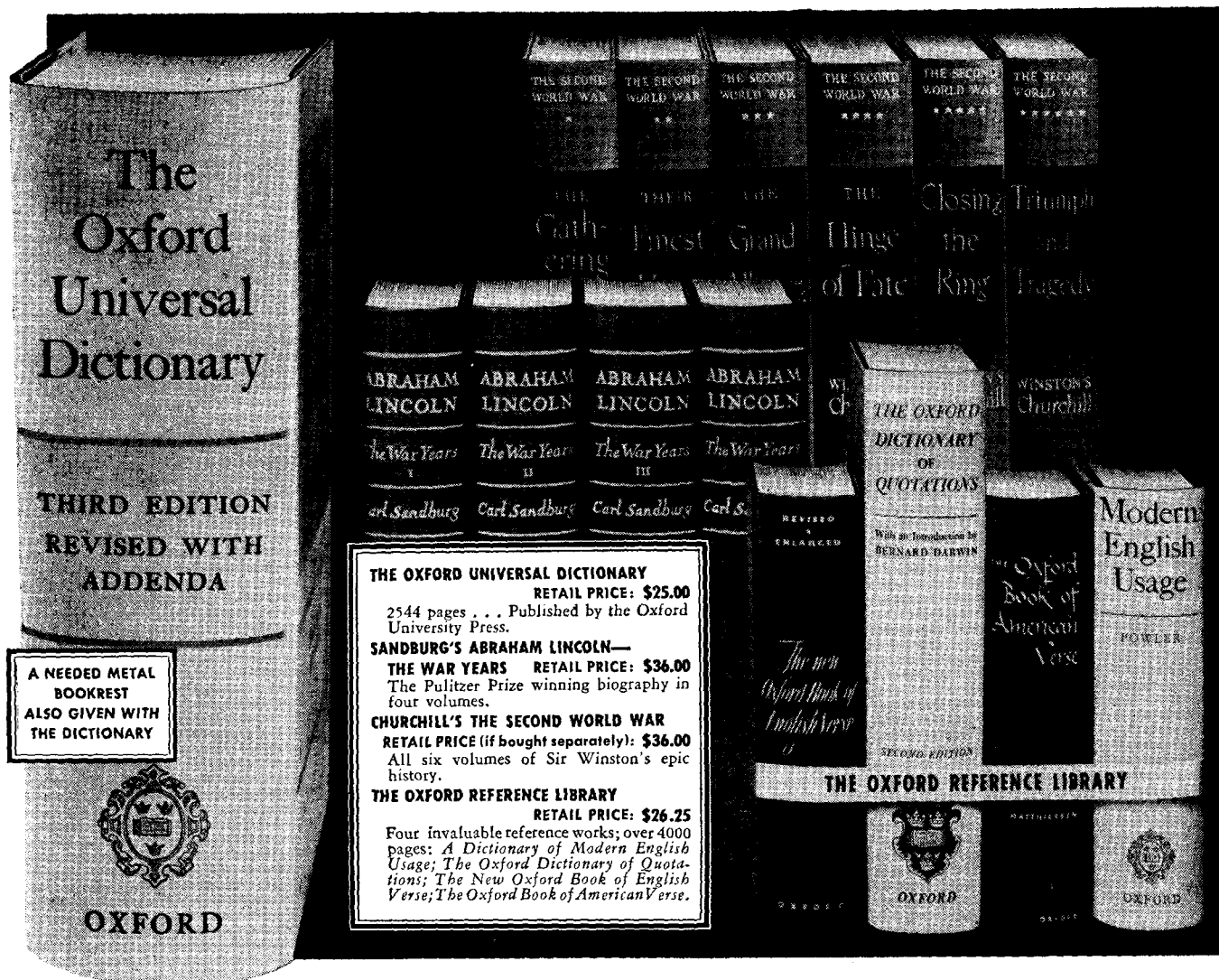
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's biggest contribution has been his ability to lower the tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union which existed when he came to office. It is true, of course, that the death of Stalin was perhaps the largest single factor which made that change possible. Nevertheless, the President deserves credit for gradually altering the American atmosphere from one which was running too close to the preventive-war type of logic to one best summed up in his own historic statement that in this nuclear age there is "no alternative to peace."

Critics of the President have contended that he carried his almost morbid fear of war to an extreme of pacifism which permitted the Soviets a free hand to do anything short of starting an all-out conflict. Though there may be some truth to the charge, it was a lesser result than Eisenhower's having made efforts to arrive at agreements with the Kremlin on the political issues which separate the two worlds and on the arms race which provides the means to turn those issues into a holocaust.

It was Eisenhower who made possible the Geneva Summit Conference. From it flowed not only short-term Soviet gains in the Middle East and Asia under the banner of peaceful competitive coexistence but also de-Stalinization and the eruptions in Eastern Europe, events which are likely to have far more enduring ramifications since they touch directly on the Kremlin's power over its own people and over the satellites as well.

And it was Eisenhower, through the instrument of his "open skies" mutual aerial inspection plan, who opened up what has become the one hopeful possibility for arresting the arms race. A limited

"open skies" agreement would not of itself stop the arms race. But it would, if successfully applied, prepare the way for a freeze on the arms race — a freeze which must come before there can be any lowering of the mountainous piles of armaments in the arsenals of the two giant powers.

"Not over my state!"

Initially the Russians offered to include a big slice of Siberia and the Soviet Far East in an aerial inspection zone. Shortly after that, Secretary Dulles was lunching at the Capitol with members of the Senate Republican Policy Committee. When Dulles expressed what he has called "cautious optimism" about the chances of a limited agreement with the Soviets after a decade of frustrations, one senator remarked that he hoped Dulles wouldn't agree to let any Russian planes fly over his state. Everybody laughed and the remark was put down as facetious. But it was symptomatic of how ill-prepared psychologically both the Congress and the American people are for any such agreement.

It is not too much to say that there were sighs of relief in Washington when the Soviets finally got around to rejecting the original Eisenhower "open skies" proposal as nothing less than American "espionage." This was true at the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission, in much of the State Department, and at the Capitol. It was just too much to expect the suspicions and fears of the cold-war years to evaporate in the sun of the Summit Conference at which Eisenhower first made his offer.

Now nearly two years later the Soviets have come round to accepting the idea in principle for their own territory, however lopsided a territorial swap

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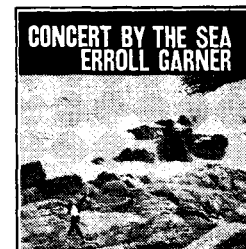
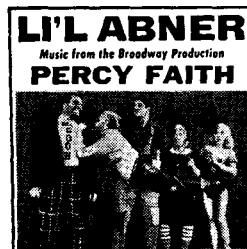
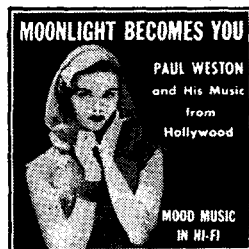
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



they initially offered. Meanwhile, however, little has been done to prepare Americans for the possibility of such an agreement — a possibility which seemed to grow more remote in fact as the Geneva sunshine faded.

The Russian offer of inspection zones

In Washington's judgment, the coming of multiple nuclear weapons and especially the American promise to Britain of the 1500-mile (London to Moscow) missile have altered the short-term strategic situation to the Soviets' disadvantage. Nuclear firepower is creeping closer to the major Soviet population centers, but the Kremlin still lacks the ability to throw the 5000-mile missile across the polar icecap into the United States.

This, far more than the budgetary pressures of which the President has spoken, is taken in Washington as the reason why the Soviets made their first genuine "open skies" offer. And their offer for inspection zones in America and Russia (starting in Alaska and Siberia) is linked with a zone in Europe which includes the forward NATO bases from which nuclear weapons could be used against them. This offer and the fact that both Washington and Moscow have now made it clear they are talking about a limited agreement rather than an all-embracing disarmament pact are the keys to any hope for a breakthrough in the arms race.

The two governments are trying to call a halt in the arms race — but even before that, to lessen tensions by mutual inspection which would lower the chance of a nuclear Pearl Harbor on either side. If that can be done, then some freeze in the arms race becomes a possibility. Only after that would an actual reduction become a reality. Neither side is prepared to cut its nuclear stockpile, and each realizes the other won't either.

There will continue to be battles within the Administration on how far to go in counter offers; there will be sniping against any agreement, by such men as Admiral Arthur W. Radford, whose suspicions of the enemy overwhelm their hope of the likely end of an unbridled arms race; and there will be "many arguments," as Eisenhower put it, with the Russians before any bargain is struck, if indeed one ever is. But in this period of budgetary wrangles and legislative lagging in Washington, the appearance of even a chance of agreement with Moscow on the arms issue has been heartening.

The budget issues impinge on this type of progress in foreign affairs to the extent that they provide

a platform for the modern-day isolationists. Unhappily no one has yet come up with a word to replace "isolationism." In its meaning of the years between the two World Wars, isolationism is dead despite a few who cling even to that concept. The new isolationism tends to be more of a new-style American imperialism — not the hopeful "American Century" dream of Henry Luce in which American bounty round the globe would create a new world, but of hard business bargains conducted more in terms of world trade tactics than in terms of the national interest as a whole.

The arguments over American participation in the International Peaceful Atomic Energy Agency and over the cost and continuation of foreign aid brought forth this new-style isolationism, carefully mounted for the most part on a budget and economy platform. But the question was less one of cost to the American taxpayer than of United States relations with the Soviet bloc and our responsibilities toward those non-Communist nations which are outside the massive alliance structure erected these past four years by Secretary of State Dulles.

In this foreign field the eventual outcome is far from clear, whatever the final roll calls may show in this session of Congress. A new American consensus on our relationships with the world is in the making, but what it will be remains cloudy. It is, however, for all these reasons, domestic and foreign, that the Battle of the Budget, 1957, represents far, far more than a battle over the taxpayer's dollar.

The attack on Ike's Republicanism

When Eisenhower entered the White House, a lot of Democrats and independents were fearful that the GOP would attempt to repeal the social gains of the New and Fair Deals. Not a single law was taken off the books, though some were watered down as a result of their administration by men appointed to executive branch and quasi independent agency posts. Looked at in the sweep of history, the Eisenhower Administration represented acceptance of what has come to be known as the American version of the welfare state.

The 1956 Republican party platform enshrined the GOP version of the welfare state. Eisenhower's acceptance speech, written (and delivered exactly as written) by Arthur Larson, the then newly discovered articulator of "modern Republicanism," seemingly nailed it down. The President went on to an almost unprecedented victory coupled with an unprecedented loss of both houses of Congress to the opposition.

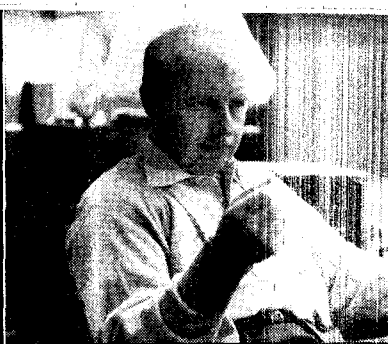


SHOESTRING START

"Like a shoestring catch in center field, make it and you're the hero. Muff it and you're a dope. He made it." Thus New York's colorful *Daily News* reported the dramatic conducting debut of 25-year-old Leonard Bernstein. The day before, without a single rehearsal (and wearing a gray business suit, because he didn't own a tail coat) he had led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York as an eleventh-hour substitute for ailing Bruno Walter. This was the general public's first and by no means last glimpse of the most versatile musician to come along since Mozart. Since then he has illuminated Broadway with three musicals; composed ballets, symphonies and an opera; been acclaimed as a piano virtuoso; discussed Bach, Beethoven and jazz on television; acquired a tail coat and conducted nearly every major orchestra in the world. Mr. Bernstein can be heard on Columbia in all of his many capacities. His latest album again brings him before the Philharmonic-Symphony, this time as one of its two permanent musical directors.

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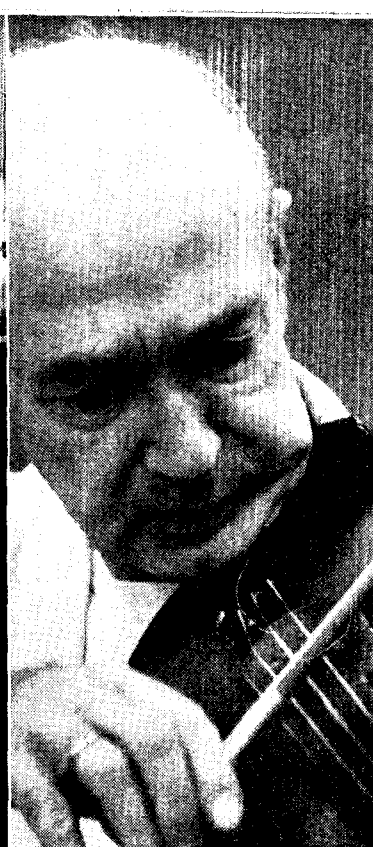
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AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

During the 1956-57 concert season, violinist Joseph Szigeti has been occupied with what he calls "an affair of the heart." In a series of three-night stands across the country he has performed a program of eleven sonatas, all written in the 20th century. A formidable undertaking even for so towering an artist as Szigeti, he thinks of it as "a sort of summing up of all my pioneering activities." Five of the sonatas were given their premiere performances by him; and many of them are popular today largely because of their frequent inclusion in Szigeti recitals. On this new release he plays three of the works from his 20th Century Cycle, among them the famous Sonata by Maurice Ravel, which Szigeti introduced to this country in a joint recital with the composer in 1928.

RAVEL: Sonata for Violin and Piano
HINDEMITH: Sonata No. 3 in E for Violin and Piano (1935)
PROKOFIEV: Sonata for Violin Solo, Op. 115. Five Melodies for Violin and Piano, Op. 35a
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HANDS ACROSS THE PYRENEES

As far as most listeners and critics are concerned, Manuel de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" has become the personal property of Robert Casadesu. His performance of it, in tonal beauty, and in its amazing guitar-like effects, is second to none. That the work of a Spanish composer should become the specialty of a French pianist is not a bit out of order when you consider (a) that M. Casadesu's family is Spanish in origin (the name comes from Casa de Jesus) and (b) that Falla was very much under the influence of Gallic impressionism when he wrote the piece, at the end of a seven-year sojourn in Paris. "Nights" is, in fact, a typical product of the Franco-Spanish musical good neighbor policy which has been in operation ever since Bizet's *Carmen* lit her first cigarette and sang her first Habanera. It has resulted in such dazzling international confections as Debussy's "Iberia" and Ravel's "Bolero." The present Falla-Casadesu "Nights" collaboration is evidence that this policy is still in effect—and for the good of all concerned.

FALLA: Nights in the Gardens of Spain; Three Dances from "The Corned Hat"; Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve." Robert Casadesu, pianist, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Cond.
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The \$71.8 billion 1958 budget was, as the President has said, based on the 1956 Republican platform. But then something happened. Those Republicans who had been largely mute since the death of Robert A. Taft sprang forth in noisy clamor the instant the trumpet was sounded by one of their own within the Administration—Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, the man whose hero is Andrew W. Mellon. The day Humphrey attacked the budget with his warning of a "hair-curling depression," the President was faced with a historic choice: he could crack down on the rebellion by his strongest Cabinet member either through a public spanking or a call for his resignation; or he could pretend that no real difference in fact existed between himself and Humphrey. He chose the latter course.

From that moment the Old Guard both in and out of Congress was off; off in a reckless and irresponsible attack on the budget—an attack which Taft would never have approved. It went so far that members of the House Judiciary Committee were swamped with demands for a measure to repeal the Constitution's Sixteenth Amendment, which made the income tax possible.

Eisenhower's chief handicap has been his own concept of the Presidency. At the height of the budget battle he told reporters he would neither "punish" the party recalcitrants nor work with the minority of "modern Republicans" in Congress except through their leaders. Together with his failure to discipline Humphrey at the outset, the President thus gave free rein to his critics. He was accused of abdicating his authority, and thus allowing Congress to undercut his program.

When the President realized how much was at stake, he reversed his tactics and came out fighting in a speech (this one by Emmet Hughes) which was vigorous and appealing. The President was in earnest and the country responded, reinforcing Eisenhower's supporters in Congress.

Diplomatic appointments

Two diplomatic appointments by President Eisenhower this spring centered attention on what has been a wholesale shifting of American diplomatic representatives abroad.

Both the changes were unfortunate, to put it mildly.

The appointment of Scott McLeod as envoy to Eire raised eyebrows in Washington not so much because McLeod lacked any qualifications for the post as because it appeared to be a form of reward for what he had done as the State Department's security chief. Certainly to those who survived his purges at State it was an ill-conceived reward. His senatorial confirmation was less a tribute to his own ability than to senatorial reluctance to turn down presidential appointments, especially among the conservative Southern Democrats.

The appointment of Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen as envoy to the Philippines was criticized for an almost opposite reason: a wasteful use of excellent talent. The Philippines are entitled to a competent ambassador, especially after the tragic death of President Magsaysay, but Bohlen's talents lie in the Soviet sphere, to which he has devoted all his long professional life. It is true that a switch from Moscow, his post for the past four years, was not out of line with precedent. But it was expected that he would get another post where his knowledge would be useful.

Bohlen's own preference was the NATO ambassadorship, but that was not open, nor was any move made to make it available. Next to that, Paris was a natural spot, but here he ran into the failure of Congress to provide enough expense money for a career man in the chief Western European posts—and into the politics of rewarding the party contributors with such posts, a philosophy which this Administration has carried over from its Democratic predecessors.

The one happy aspect of the Bohlen affair, as he has been the first publicly to acknowledge, was the appointment of Llewellyn E. (Tommy) Thompson, Jr., to the Moscow post. Thompson is rated as among the half dozen or so top career men; he speaks Russian; he has had plenty of experience with the Soviets, both during a 1940-1944 term of service in Moscow and during his recent ambassadorship in Austria when he played a quiet but important role in the Austrian Treaty talks. Thompson is the kind of envoy the United States needs in the Soviet Union, just as was Bohlen.

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Chile

IN CHILE earthquakes are an almost daily occurrence. Usually they are so slight as to be imperceptible. But the country is perched astride a geologic fault, and Chileans are constantly aware that the ground under their feet is unstable. It was something like an earthquake that hit Chile during the first days of April, when Valparaiso, Santiago, and Concepción threatened to come tumbling down in a wave of riots, pillage, and death.

Although the government has openly accused the Communists of instigating the riots, no one appears to take the accusation seriously. The Communist Party is an active minority in Chile, but it is officially outlawed and walks warily. The riots themselves were unorganized and sporadic. Shopwindows were smashed and sacked, but no radio station, telephone exchange, or other government nerve center was attacked. No strikes supported the rioters' action.

Protest, not revolution, appears to have been the moving force — an almost spontaneous explosion of popular exasperation with Chile's chronic economic dilemma. For the past decade, Chile has been afflicted with inflation. In 1945 the peso was quoted at about 31 to the dollar. Today it is over 700 (and has been as high as 840). Internal prices have naturally risen on a similar scale.

The reasons — and the remedies — for inflation are discussed on every street corner and in every café, on every editorial page and by every news analyst in radio. Even taxi drivers talk knowingly about the wage-price spiral and the gross national product. Economics has become a more lively subject of conversation than politics — and that, in a Latin-American country, is extraordinary.

The causes of Chile's inflation

Chile no longer produces the food she needs, as she did until twenty years ago. She must import ever-increasing quantities of agricultural produce: wheat, beef, vegetable oils, coffee, tea, *yerba maté* (the South American green tea), and above all sugar. This shift is due not only to an increase in population; agricultural production itself has decreased. Practically no investment capital has gone

into agriculture. In an inflationary spiral the first prices to be frozen by government decree are food prices, often at unrealistic levels. Concomitantly, there has been a shifting of population from the country to the towns, and shanty towns stretch like an eczema beyond the paved streets and bright lights of Chile's modern towns. The shopwindows, the cinemas, the pretty pictures in the magazines, show the *campesino* from the hills, the fields, or the nitrate fields what modern life can offer. His wants and needs have increased enormously beyond mere food and shelter, but the means of satisfying them are simply not there.

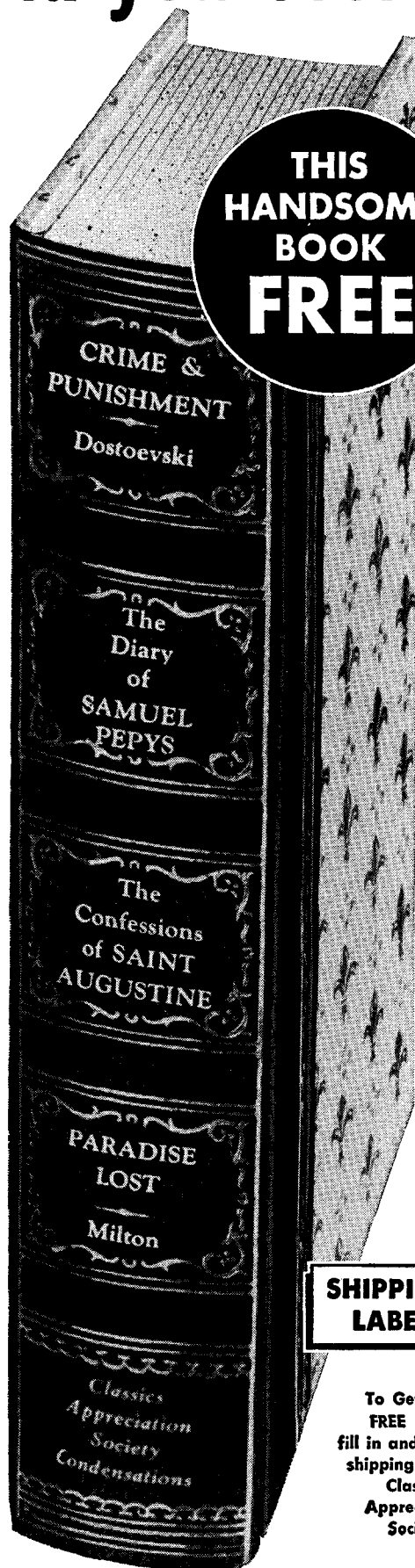
Capital investment since the war has been one of the lowest in Latin America — barely exceeding 10 per cent of the gross national product (and three fourths of this was merely replacement capital). Furthermore such investment as has been made has gone into fields where large speculative profits could be expected in a hurry: real estate, construction of office buildings or luxury homes, the stock market, or foreign exchange.

In an inflation — and Chile's, it must be emphasized, has been chronic — the incentive to save is, of course, lacking. But it must also be said that Chileans have a deeply ingrained habit of living up to and beyond their means. The upper classes live on a scale that would stagger most American millionaires. A visiting British economist recently remarked that if these wealthy Chileans would simply reduce their scale of living to that generally accepted by their peers in the United States or England, the resulting savings could double the present investment level.

There has been clearly insufficient investment in the basic productive sectors of the economy: railways, roads, ports, gas, electricity, and other municipal services. Industries such as fishing, cellulose, and paper, which could have diversified the country's exports, have also been neglected. There has been some industrial development, of course, particularly a steel industry and a state-owned oil industry, as well as metallurgical, textile, and plastics industries which supply principally the domestic market. However, the gross national product has

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The Atlantic Report on Chile



increased only 75 per cent since 1940. (That of the United States has nearly doubled in the same period, while starting, of course, from an immeasurably higher level.)

The result of these two factors, a highly urban population and a low rate of industrial development, has been a channeling of labor into unproductive sectors. The bureaucracy has increased out of all proportion during the past years — and the budget along with it. Government services have increased by 72 per cent during the period 1940–1953, employment in commerce by 48 per cent and in personal services by 73 per cent; whereas employment in agriculture, industry, mining, and public utilities grew by only 18 per cent.

This picture of a country whose economy is developing too slowly and in the wrong direction is further complicated by the fact that Chile depends so largely on the export of a single commodity — copper. Seventy-five per cent of her dollar income comes from copper, and a drop of three cents a pound in the world price means a drop of 5 per cent in the revenues of the Chilean government.

Chile's other exports — iron, coal, wood, and such food products as fish and fruit — are also primary products and therefore much more sensitive to the ups and downs in world prices than the industrial goods she must import. In general, except for the period of the Korean War, the prices of primary products have had a downward tendency while industrial products have gone up. For this added factor of imbalance, Chile cannot be held responsible, except insofar as she failed to lay the foundations for a more diversified economy.

Slowing down the spiral

In the latter part of 1955 the firm of Klein & Sacks in New York was called in to analyze the situation and suggest a remedy. This firm of financial and economic consultants had, some years before, been spectacularly successful in getting Peruvian finances back on an even keel.

The Klein & Sacks mission made a thorough study and came up with a whole complex of economic proposals. To implement them, it was necessary to get several new laws through Congress. President Ibañez, although elected largely by parties of the left, and accustomed to govern in an extremely personal way, asked for and got the support of the parties of the right. The program was a drastic one, and a certain amount of civic courage was necessary on both sides.

The objectives of the “economic plan” were voluntarily limited at the outset. Although free trade, free enterprise, and collective bargaining were long-term goals in view of the highly inflationary circumstances and the tremendous incidence of government interference in every sector of the economy, a gradual whittling down of government controls was all that was recommended. Furthermore, it was not proposed to stop inflation in its tracks. All that was hoped for was a slowing down of the inflationary process to a more manageable speed.

Chile's economic program

The proposals themselves were naturally very complicated in their mechanism, but they boiled down to the following main points:

1. Break the wage-price spiral by granting wage increases considerably less than the increase in the cost of living. In 1956 this was fixed by law at 50 per cent of the rise in the cost of living, although an increase in family allowances took up some of the slack.
2. Force hoarded stocks out of hiding and stop speculation by reducing the rate of expansion of bank credit.
3. Reform the tax structure and reduce government spending in order to balance the budget.
4. Simplify and free the exchange system so that the prices would find their natural levels. This also meant that Chile moved from a bilateral system of trade agreements to a multilateral one. It was hoped that this would prepare the ground for a diversification of Chile's exports.

It is now over a year since most of the measures have been in effect. The program was not adopted in its entirety, but most of the main points were implemented. What have been the results of the plan?

The rise in the cost of living has been slowed down impressively. From 93 per cent in 1955 it fell to 38 per cent in 1956. The dollar quotation has been relatively stable, and although it rose above 700 in May, it is well below the high of 840 in August, 1955. American capital has once again been coming into the country, through loans of the Export-Import Bank and the International Bank.

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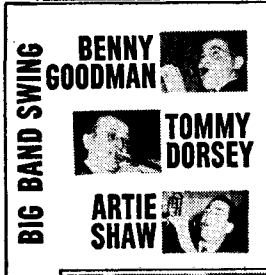
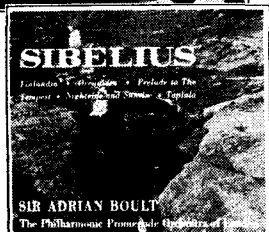
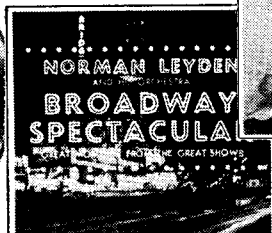
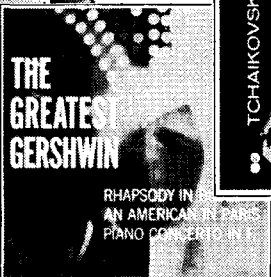
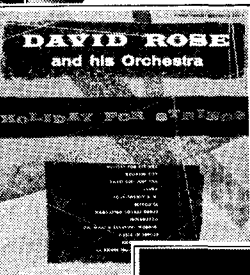
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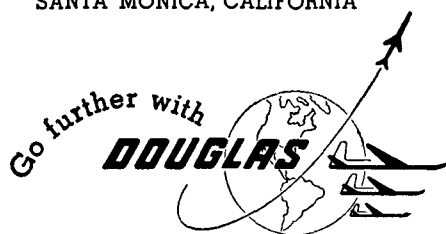
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Chilean government negotiated new agreements with them which greatly simplified tax procedures and provided an incentive to production. Nevertheless Chile's tax on copper is still the highest in the world — 75 per cent on basic tonnage, diminishing to 50 per cent if the basic tonnage be doubled. This compares with 47 per cent in the United States.

This new capital is only a small proportion of what Chile needs, and furthermore has not yet had time to revivify the basic aspects of Chilean economy. And since speculative building was stopped short, there has been a certain increase in unemployment — on the order of 5 per cent — particularly in the building and metallurgical trades connected with it. Half-finished office buildings stand in the center of Santiago; in the residential suburbs, beyond acres and acres of luxury mansions, street lights twinkle along miles of newly paved streets bordering vacant lots — real-estate developments nipped in the bud.

How free is enterprise?

This is the most dramatic evidence of the effect of the plan, but there are other issues involved. Some Chilean economists are wondering whether the basic principles of free trade are the proper ones for an underdeveloped country like Chile whose economy is at present so thoroughly state-controlled. In any case, the stresses and strains inherent in the transition from one type of economy to another are tremendous. Now that the first wave of enthusiasm is over, proponents of a managed economy are beginning to speak up again.

In defense of the plan, it must also be said that one important factor has *not* been realized: the budget has not been balanced. This is not only an inflationary factor in itself, but it has meant that the government has not been able to finance the housing program for low-income groups which was designed to take up the slack in speculative building.

Furthermore, the plan has run into extraordinary bad luck. Chile's main export is copper, and this has gone down on world markets. One of her main imports is sugar, and this has nearly doubled in price since October, largely as a result of heavy Russian purchases. The worst drought in living memory has afflicted several agri-

cultural provinces. Finally, the increase in freight rates subsequent to the Suez crisis has been particularly hard on Chile, situated at the far end of the world's trade routes.

It was said at the inception of the plan that it would require at least two years to show its beneficial effects and that meanwhile everyone would suffer somewhat. Great efforts were made to distribute the sacrifices as equitably as possible. However, the fixed-income groups are, as always, the hardest hit. The reduction in their buying power appears to be between 1 and 2 per cent. This would not be very large unless one were on the thin edge of misery, and this is undoubtedly the case for a large sector of Chile's working classes. Within the fixed-income groups, it appears that the white-collar class has suffered relatively more than the wage earners — the reverse of the situation before the plan was adopted.

It is not surprising, therefore, that there is a mounting clamor to relax the deflationary pressures. On the other hand, it is significant that Chile, which was plagued by lengthy strikes during the acute inflationary period, has been relatively free of labor troubles during the past year.

In the first four months of this year the price index is estimated to have risen by about 7 per cent. This would indicate that the slowing down process is still continuing satisfactorily. (The quixotic character of many Chilean statistics is illustrated by the fact that the rise in April of 5 per cent would have been a mere 1.5 per cent but for a phenomenal rise in the price of onions due to local conditions.)

Thus the first objective, a relative stabilization of salaries and prices, is well on the way to being reached. The second, that of stimulating and developing Chilean economy, is further away. Some economists are of the opinion that the gross national product has even decreased slightly during the past year. So much depends, however, on the price of copper that even if this were true, it could not be taken as proof that the plan has had an unfavorable effect. The hope is that once a relative stability has been reached, Chileans will themselves invest in their country, and that foreign capital will again be encouraged to come in.

United Europe

THE question of a United Europe is vital to all of the free world. For centuries, forward-looking rulers and statesmen have deplored the fractionation of Europe and have repeatedly endeavored to unite it by force. Charlemagne, Louis IX, Francis I, Charles V, Henry IV, Napoleon, and Adolf Hitler are some of those who have attempted to impose centralized control over various portions of Western Europe, but with no lasting result.

Jean Monnet of France has done more than any other European since 1940 to push the idea of unity. He deserves the thanks of every Frenchman for the comprehensive plan for French rehabilitation which bears his name, and of every good European for the skill with which he shaped the Coal and Steel Community, originally launched as the Schuman Plan. Monnet has been one of the most ardent advocates of the unity of Europe, which he hopes will be modeled on the successful Coal and Steel Community. But this is still only a hope and not yet a Western alliance. Leaders of six countries have been working on the plan for a Common Market and an Atomic Energy union, and an agreement was hammered out and signed by the Prime Ministers on March 25. However, as was the case with the European Defense Community agreement among prime ministers does not necessarily mean ratification by parliaments.

Opponents of the proposed Common Market and Atomic Energy treaties claim that both are instruments less economic than political, and point to the evidence in the striking phrase used by their keenest advocates: "It is necessary to *make* Europe."

"Little Europe"

In the fear that a frustrated Germany might turn eastward for relief, one after another of the onerous restrictions imposed by the Western Allies at the end of World War II was first relaxed and then removed. Germany received financial aid to rebuild its destroyed homes and factories, and the presence of the occupying powers relieved it of the tremendous burden of providing its own defense. Scarcely recovered from the scourge of the Gestapo and the brutalities of SS troopers, France hesitated to relinquish the controls held by the Allies, espe-

cially those which barred the Ruhr from resuming the powerful place it had occupied in Imperial and Nazi Germany.

It was to meet these legitimate objections that the idea was conceived of pooling coal and steel, thereby separating them from the armament industries and neutralizing them as instruments of national policy.

Thus, for the first time in history, six of the most important countries of Western Europe freely imposed upon themselves a supranational authority with the right to make — and the power to enforce — decisions in a domain which always had been exclusively under national control. This grouping of the six nations for an economic purpose has formed what Winston Churchill somewhat scornfully dubbed "Little Europe."

The revolutionary innovation in this new alignment which overpassed existing frontiers was that of the transfer of sovereignty from the national parliaments to an international authority composed of High Commissioners, presumably impartial, with power to legislate within the limited field of its supervision, in the best interests of the Community. The success of this first venture has been sufficiently marked to attract Britain, which is now represented on the Council by an observer.

In view of Russia's intransigence and its opposition to reunification, once the economic controls which had restrained Germany were abolished and she was welcomed as a founding member of the nascent Community of Europe, the question of German rearmament inevitably followed. As the United States and Great Britain applied pressure, France, Belgium, and Holland reluctantly agreed to use the coal-and-steel formula as the basis for a politico-military alliance to be called *Communauté Européenne de Défense*, or more popularly CED.

This new plan was to form a strategic command to serve a unified political objective, with centralized powers of government. The transfer of limited military powers to a supranational authority was not enough; such an authority, to be effective, must

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be able to command. And it followed logically that, to enforce its decisions, it must have at its disposal a supranational force, which implied a unified political system. The organization would control such essential matters as 1) determining the duration of compulsory military service; 2) the preparation of strategic plans; and 3) the declaration of a state of war.

France balks at the superstate

The most important article in the CED, which was the real stumbling block to its passage by the French parliament, was not military but political. Article 38 provided for an Assembly similar to that of the Coal and Steel Community, which within six months should draw up a special political treaty to be binding on the member nations.

By "transfers of sovereignty" similar to those of the Coal and Steel Community, this treaty was to draw up, not another supranational authority, but rather a superstate which should be empowered by special delegation from the member states to legislate on foreign affairs and on the international economy of its members, to manage financial matters, and to establish an international medium of monetary exchange for the six nations.

While the proposed CED treaty was being prepared and before it was presented to any constituent state parliament for discussion, the Assembly of the Coal and Steel Community which had just been installed applied Article 38 to its own affairs. In 1952, the Assembly of the Coal and Steel Community, which was originally charged with questions of organization and operation, was transformed into a body with plenary powers, with the mission of preparing within six months a third treaty, providing for European political union. A commission was named and in a few weeks had prepared a European constitution which was submitted to the Coal and Steel Assembly for discussion. It was debated and accepted by an overwhelming majority.

There were immediate objections from several sources in France. Aside from opposing any German rearmament, military leaders and experts opposed cutting the armed forces into two separate parts. All branches based on French soil would be under

international command, while those serving overseas would be under their regular national commanders. In metropolitan France, recruiting and training, promotion of officers, strategic planning, would be under the international assembly. Such a transfer of sovereignty would not only remove all questions of political policy from direct French control but would deprive each country of its status as an independent power in charge of its own armed forces.

From a national viewpoint, the French would be hit the hardest if CED went through. Germany will not regain its place as a free and independent power until after reunification; Italy, notwithstanding its remarkable record during the past ten years, cannot be considered a major power; and the Benelux partners are all small though solid nations. Consequently, France would have had to sacrifice the most in joining CED. These considerations made rejection of CED inevitable for the French parliament and forced the West to find another solution for the rearmament of Germany. This necessity gave Sir Anthony Eden his moment of greatness, when he negotiated Germany into the Western European Union (of which the U.K. was already a member).

The Western European Union

The setup of the WEU, which includes seven nations, is similar to that of the Coal and Steel Community, with one fundamental difference: authority is not vested in an independent Council of High Commissioners, but is exercised by a Council of Ministers, assisted by competent counselors, and an Assembly, to be responsible to and controlled by the national governments, which thus remain the final arbiters on all questions affecting European and individual defense. Although the United States would have preferred a federal union with a central government, it energetically backed the Eden proposals as a step in the right direction.

Opponents of the Common Market claim that its proponents plan ultimate political integration—which, as called for by Article 38, was responsible for the French rejection of CED.

The French parliament urged that the Common Market and Euratom



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assemblies should be independent of the Coal and Steel Assembly. In conformity with this suggestion a new Common Market Assembly has been created by the proposed treaty. The existing Coal and Steel Assembly will later be abolished, and together with Euratom will be placed under the Common Market Assembly, thus setting the stage for a supranational authority which could become ultimately a supranational government.

It is this plan — to put all three organizations under the single Assembly: Coal and Steel, Atomic Energy, and Common Market — which scares those who resist European union now and integration later. They fear that, once established, the Assembly will exert a powerful influence on the transfer of sovereignty and lead to the creation of a central government for "Little Europe," with the right to modify existing treaties which might conflict with the new central government, without referring such changes to the national parliaments of the member countries.

The Common Market

The treaty setting up the Common Market proposes to "create a zone of political economy" in order to liberate progressively the free exchange of capital, goods, and workers. If it is ratified and starts operating successfully, four results would follow automatically: 1) industry and agriculture with wider markets would be able to organize production in the best manner to guarantee maximum output at lowest cost; 2) consumers and users would be able to purchase anywhere in the six member countries the best goods at the lowest prices; 3) production would be rationalized throughout the area so that each article would be produced under the most advantageous conditions; 4) the standard of living for the entire Community would rise each year.

Whether age-old habits, customs, and prejudices will break down is anybody's guess. The Common Market is bound to result in the disappearance in each member nation of a certain number of business activities which can be better handled in one of the other countries. Closing down such industries probably would result in local unemployment, at least for a time. This affirmation raises two questions: Will the advantages gained exceed the disadvantages, and will

the losses of revenue and perhaps of capital be compensated by the increased production and wealth created by the Common Market?

Most economists claim that the free circulation of men, manufactures, and money will result in a net advantage. A common fund to carry 50 per cent of the cost of readaptation is provided for in the treaty; the other 50 per cent for its own nationals is to be borne by each member state. Climate, national and social customs and habits, the scale and scheme of living, language, religious practices, all will interfere with any rapid movement of populations. Theoretically it would seem simpler to transform and convert local activities than to move masses of men from the place where they have always lived and worked to a new and strange environment.

Another real difficulty is to bring the social security provisions of the six countries into line. Today French workers and their families receive greater protection, work shorter hours, have longer paid holidays, than those of some of the other countries. Unless these are standardized, competition would not be fair and the fluidity of the labor force would be restricted. Although a standard European currency might be advisable, no provision for interference with or control of national currencies is included in the proposed treaties.

The world in which we are living is a perplexing world. Soviet Russia and China have gobbled up and enslaved peoples that were formerly free, claiming that when all peoples are ruled from Moscow real freedom will be assured for the whole world. Half-savage underdeveloped peoples revolt against the evolutionary controls of Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, and South Africa, struggling to set themselves up as small independent fractional states, many of which have no possible economic *raison d'être*.

Will Europe, split into tiny racial states for many centuries, now turn toward integration as the Middle East, Asia, and Africa disintegrate? Assuming that the solutions will be found for a number of complicated problems, what will be the consequences of these revolutionary changes? Let's frankly face up to the answer: nobody knows.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Oil from Canada

SIR:

In the interest of accuracy, I should like to call your attention to a factual error in "A Canadian Looks Us Over" (March *Atlantic*).

The author, James H. Gray, writes that policy decisions of Standard of California are responsible for keeping Canadian crude oil out of our California refineries. This is incorrect, as our California refineries in 1956 and during the first quarter of 1957 actually processed a total of 3,260,000 barrels of crude oil imported from Canada. This oil was transported to the U.S. West Coast from Alberta via the Trans-mountain Pipe Line, which we helped to finance and in which we own an interest. Also, it is our plan to construct in the near future a refinery near Everett, Washington, which will operate on Canadian crude.

Standard of California has actively furthered the development and utilization of Canada's oil. Our present and future policy on using this oil in the United States is being determined solely by economic reasons.

We use this oil when and where it is needed and can compete economically with crude from other sources. In view of these facts, we believe it should not be implied that our company has stood in the way of the utilization of Canadian oil in the U.S.

R. G. FOLLIS, *Chairman of the Board*
Standard Oil Co. of California
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Gray's statement was based on the information available last December, when Calstandard's shipments to California were much smaller than in recent months. — THE EDITORS

"The Cold-cure Merry-go-round"

SIR:

Dr. David D. Rutstein in "The Cold-cure Merry-go-round" (April *Atlantic*) speaks of "bioflavonoid" as a single substance and states, "It [sic] is found in large amounts in fruit and other foods in the American diet." Actually, up to 1955, at least 137 different flavonoids had been discovered in natural sources. Of these only a very few are biologically active and only these few may properly be called *bioflavonoids*.

The biologically active flavonoids, contrary to some current impressions, do not occur in large amounts in natural foods. Dr. Rutstein claims that the average dose of bioflavonoid we used in the treatment of respiratory infections can be found in three ounces of orange juice or in eighteen large grapes.

Actually, in our first series, the smaller dose we administered was usually 600 mg. per day of the water-soluble bioflavonoid complex derived from citrus pulp and peel, which contains about three fourths of the soluble bioflavonoids of the whole orange. To obtain 600 mg. of soluble bioflavonoids from orange juice, a patient would have to drink three quarts. To obtain the maximum dosage we used (2400 mg. per day) would require not less than three gallons!

Certain varieties of grapes are known to contain bioflavonoids, but an accurate comparison with citrus is not possible because chemical data are not available. For eighteen large grapes to be equal in bioflavonoid content to the smaller 600 mg. daily dosage we used, this fruit would have to be approximately twenty times as

potent in active flavonoids as whole citrus. Even the fragmentary data in the literature on the relative potencies of the two fruits show this to be a patent absurdity.

Professor Rutstein mentions two reports in the literature published in October, and another in November, 1956. His article was therefore obviously written since November. Five other papers were by then accessible to him. Two of these were published by our own group, in January and in August, 1955. In the latter we reported a total of 125 cases of respiratory infections treated with soluble citrus bioflavonoid complex.

Two papers by others, in which the same active bioflavonoid preparation was used, appeared in February and November, 1956. Both confirmed our observations on respiratory infections (in 65 cases in one series and in 340 in the other). In December, 1955, at a meeting of the Florida Academy of Science, an active fraction of the preparation used by us was reported to inhibit the infectivity of vaccinia virus in the chick embryo, thus confirming the antiviral properties of the soluble citrus bioflavonoid complex in still another way.

Dr. Rutstein considers the two articles which appeared last October in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, in which results were reported allegedly refuting ours, as "carefully controlled." Neither of the two groups of investigators used the same preparation we did, although they were presumably checking our reported results. One group used naringin, a bitter flavonoid from grapefruit which is almost insoluble and biologically inactive on capillary

permeability. The other group used a lemon extract which has at best slightly less than a third the potency of the preparation we used. Can the most rigorously "controlled" study yield comparable data under such circumstances?

We hold no brief for Citroid Compound, and had Professor Rutstein been as anxious to learn the facts as to condemn our work, he would easily have uncovered a letter to the editor of the *New York State Journal of Medicine*, May 1, 1956, by the undersigned, entitled "Statement on 'Citroid Compound' Advertising," in which we protested vigorously and emphatically this commercialization of our observations by Clayton Laboratories with a flamboyant and misleading advertising campaign and a product of unreported efficacy.

MORTON S. BISKIND, M.D.
Westport, Conn.

WILLIAM CODA MARTIN, M.D.
New York City

Drs. Biskind and Martin have produced no new information to change the conclusions in "The Cold-cure Merry-go-round" that the evidence on the bioflavonoids is conflicting and that if experiments were properly performed we would not be in our present dilemma.

The concentrations of "biologically active" flavonoids in fruits given in "The Cold-cure Merry-go-round" were taken from *The Vitamins in Medicine* by Franklin Bicknell and Frederick Prescott (Grune & Stratton, 1953), page 734. The reader must not be misled by the term "biological activity." This has been defined as the effect of flavonoids on the capillary and not on the common cold.

I am pleased to learn that Drs. Biskind and Martin have repudiated Citroid Compound in their letter to the *New York State Journal of Medicine*. No reference is made to this letter in the *Current List of Medical Literature*, the index used at the Harvard Medical School Library.

Insofar as clinical evidence is concerned, the situation remains unchanged. The common cold is a self-limited disease of short but variable

duration. When dummy pills containing sugar or chalk are disguised as "new cold cures," at least two thirds of those taking them report subjective relief of cold symptoms. In testing a new cold cure, therefore, it is necessary to allocate the patients under study randomly to two treatment groups: one receiving the test substance and the other the dummy pills. For the details of a properly performed test of the effectiveness of a new drug, the interested reader is referred to Professor A. Bradford Hill's "The Clinical Trial," *New England Journal of Medicine*, July 24, 1952. None of the Biskind and Martin reports, whenever published, meets such criteria.

— DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

I Personally —

SIR:

Please, not quite so much credit to Cadillac for its air suspension (*Science and Industry Report*, April *Atlantic*). Hasn't the news of the Citroen DS 19 reached you yet? This car has been in production for at least a year. The same car was the first production car to use torsion bars — about 1934.

ROBERT BUTLER
Brighton, Mass.

SIR:

Beardsley Ruml's article, "Pay and the Professor" (April *Atlantic*), starts with the false assumption that colleges can be run exactly like businesses. Professors, students, and curricula cannot be regimented into efficient channels.

If we reduce the time a student spends in the classroom, it will cost the college less. But except for the superior students — a very small group — less direction surely means less education.

In studying the source of increased costs in the budget (which he lays chiefly to instructional inefficiency), Mr. Ruml fails to note one of the most important items: the increased costs of maintenance, materials, and services.

JAN LARUE
Wellesley College
Wellesley, Mass.



WHERE'S MY MOMMY?

Four year old Andrew's father was killed defending his home during a Communist uprising in Greece. His distraught mother fled, abandoning Andrew by the side of the road. An elderly couple found the terrified, starving child hiding in a ditch and took him in. A few months ago his new mother died. Now Andrew shares a shack with his adopted father whose wages are so low, he often goes hungry so that Andrew may eat. Andrew wanders through the streets of his stricken village—a forlorn waif, always searching for a mother he can scarcely remember, but never forgets.

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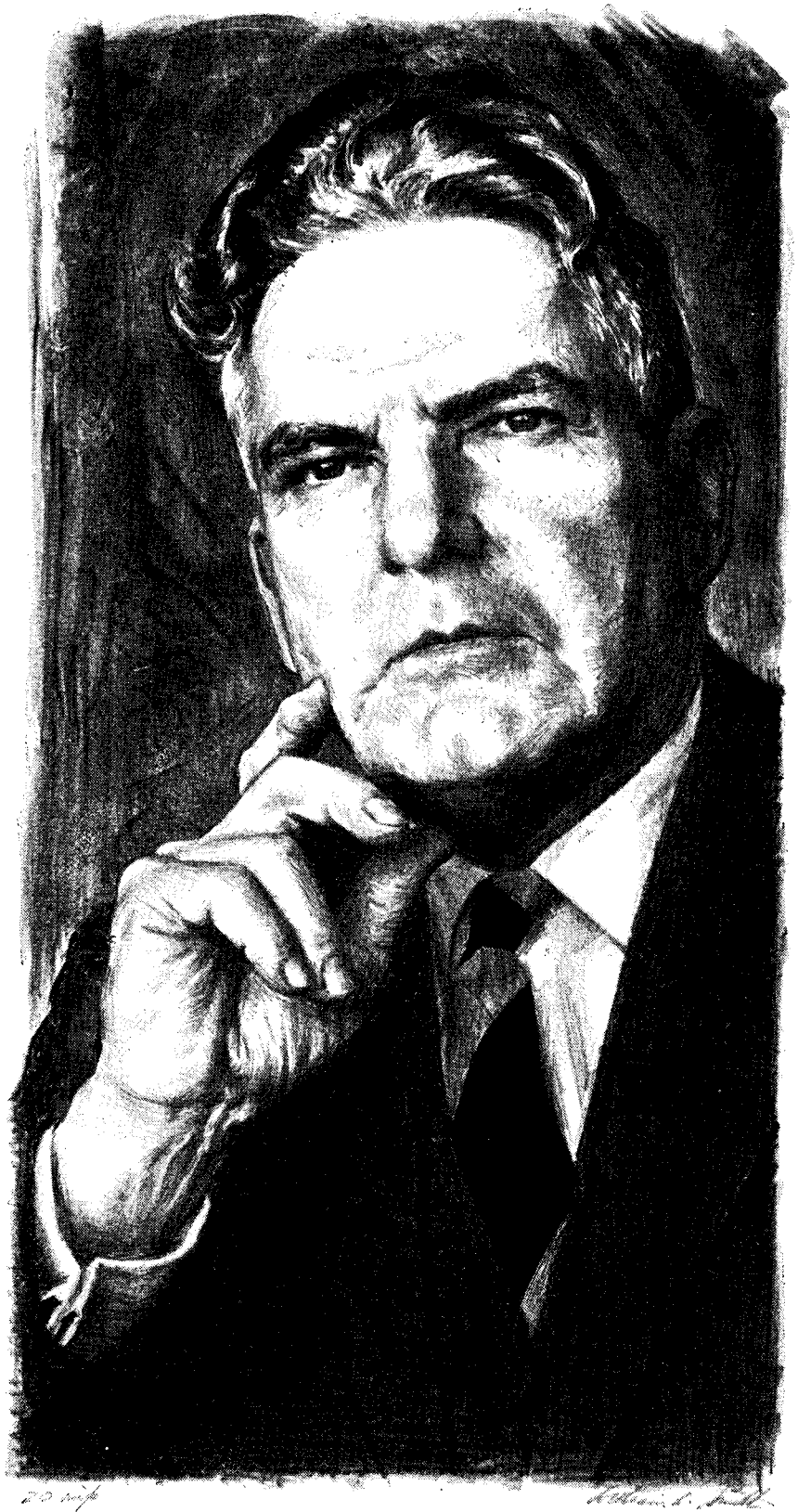
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Richard Ely Danielson

1885–1957

On November 24, 1939, Richard Danielson became the president of The Atlantic Monthly Company and the associate editor of the magazine. He had been our neighbor; for as co-editor of *The Independent* and editor of *The Sportsman* his headquarters at 10 Arlington Street were close and inviting. He moved in with us as friend and proprietor.

His presence in the office was regarded by the staff not as a visitation of authority but as a stimulus. His courtesy and good humor were inexhaustible; his standards were high and measurably affected each of us. His regard for the intelligence of *Atlantic* readers caused him to worry about boring them. Returning after some weeks in a hospital, he found us still involved in an extended biography. "Is this the last installment?" he asked. "I'm not sure anyone wants to know that much about anybody." His half-diffident chuckle brought sanity to our round table. In the big questions he gave us our latitude and his reassurance.

He had great catholicity of taste and seldom left the office without a clutch of new books. In his own writing, which was infrequent because of his modesty, two themes are dominant: his love for the nation, as expressed in his stories "Corporal Hardy" and "Laylocks," now in anthologies, and his love for New England, which speaks again and again in his book *Martha Doyle and Other Sporting Memories*. Injustice infuriated him, and his article "The Right to Strike" is a milestone in the long controversy over labor relations. The Revolution and the Civil War were his favorite epics, and Washington, Lee, and young Will Cushing his heroes. He responded to valor, and his patriotism was as natural as sunlight.

His service in the Second World War, especially the months in Dakar, took a heavy toll physically, and for the last ten years he lived by a miracle of surgery and in constant pain. Having to surrender the things he loved — his riding, his fishing, all the activities which had come so easily to him as an athlete — brought out in a poignant way the sweetness and gallantry that were in him. By so braving life he made it more meaningful to others.



Meningitis robbed VED MEHTA of his sight at the age of three. His father was a Western-trained doctor marked for high place in the Indian Civil Service; but though Ved learned English with his brothers and sisters at home, the educational system of India makes no provision for higher education for the blind. The boy studied Braille in a rehabilitation center for wounded veterans, and then at the age of fourteen he began typing his letters of appeal to American institutions. After more than thirty rejections he was finally admitted to the Arkansas School for the Blind, and here he began his liberation in a new world.

A DONKEY IN A WORLD OF HORSES

by VED MEHTA

I WAS in the States. In my imagination the land appeared as boundless, as infinite as the oceans themselves, and I longed for an impression, any impression, which in years to come I should be able to remember. At home one could hardly go half a mile straight—there were curves, turns, alleys, and back streets, and with the windows of the car rolled down, you could hear the rhythmic tread of a horse harnessed to a tonga, the occasional cracking of the whip of the tonga man as he tried to get his clients quickly to their destinations. There were the tinkling bells of the bicycles and the curses of the ever-present bicycle riders, who swore at the tonga men for blocking their way, and the sepoy, who cursed the bicycle men for cursing and blew whistles at the tonga men at every corner for going so fast. Yes, the streets in India were streets of unmistakable life, with colorful sounds and profane language, with bends and turns. But the street that I was now riding on seemed to stretch before me wide and straight.

I kept waiting for the driver to take a turn (I remember that when he finally did, it was a sharp right turn, and not the half bend to which I had been accustomed). "Where do you live, Mrs. DeFranco?" I said to my companion in the back seat.

"On Broadway," she said.

"Is Broadway a wide street?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, it is the center of the universe."

The center of the universe, that's where I was, I thought—a center of the universe without the circumference which I'd always imagined the universe to have. In India the universe was an endless circle and here it was a horizontal line.

In India my life had been routine, a circle of routine from which there was no escape. It was like being on a merry-go-round, always in the midst

of colorful things but nevertheless circumscribed by the monotonous movement of the merry-go-round. Being in America was like being on a swift train, and the life was full, indeed bursting, with incidents. It was too early to tell which of the two I preferred.

"How was your plane ride?" Mrs. DeFranco asked. "It must have been very exciting indeed."

I wondered what I could say. Could I tell what my father had said just before I boarded the plane?

"You will have to learn not to be so shy and sensitive," he had said. "You'll have to become thick-skinned."

And my sister Umi had remarked in her usually light manner, "Daddyji, you certainly can't expect him to be thick-skinned when he only weighs ninety pounds."

"What do you mean?" I had retorted. "I'm almost five-five."

Sister Nimi had tried to console me by saying, "He looks like a man. What are you saying, Umi?"

Sitting in the airplane, I had tried very hard to put this conversation from my mind. I said to myself that I was a man. After all, I was fifteen. That first night on the plane I slept a while, only to dream of a full-sized mirror. For the first time I was seeing my reflection in the mirror, and I was beating it, saying, "I am a man, not a boy, a man."

I jolted awake, breathing hard. I supposed it was morning, although inside the plane it was hard to tell. I'd never been closeted like that before, and the senses of sound, smell, and even touch were dulled by the incessant roar of the machine, so that to a blind man night and day merged into one. I surmised it was morning, because shortly the air hostess gently tapped my shoulder and said, "Sir, care for some breakfast now?"

My first inclination was to say yes, because my stomach did feel empty, but in a moment I remembered that my father wasn't there, and how would I eat breakfast? All my life I'd eaten with my hands. A spoon was the only implement I had ever used, and that very rarely.

"Not yet," I said to the hostess, "but I should like some orange juice."

"Please don't go on a hunger strike, sir," she said, "against our airline."

"It's not the airline," I said, biting my tongue, "but there are some religious reasons." And by this statement I knew I had raised myself in her estimation, for when we stopped in Brussels she had special flasks of orange juice ordered for me, and I had an ample supply to last me across the Atlantic. The more I thought about the predicament of the knife and fork, which the sensation of hunger never let me forget, and the more I reflected upon my puny size, the more gloomy I became. I despaired at how long I could keep up the pretense and my pride.

I was about to phrase a sentence including the words "pretense" and "pride" when Mrs. DeFranco gently pressed my hand and said, "Here we are, Ved. You and my husband can have great fun together. I know you will have a lot in common." He was blind and I was blind.

With a quick motion, she tucked my hand under her arm and led me to the apartment building. As we climbed the four flights of stairs up to the apartment, I wondered what a woman in India would have done to lead a blind man. She probably would have cringed at such an immediate contact of flesh with a strange man, even as my hand was instinctively pulling away from Mrs. DeFranco's arm. But this thought did not prevent me from thinking that America did not hold blind men at arm's length.

2

HAD a bomb exploded in that quiet apartment, I could not have been more surprised than I was when Mr. DeFranco exchanged a loud kiss with his wife upon our entrance. I wondered if my mother would have permitted me to spend my first days in America with the DeFrancos, had she known that my hosts kissed in public.

I was already afraid of Mr. DeFranco. His handshake was firm and masculine, his voice unmistakably that of a trained musician, and the casual way he took my shoulder and led me to the living room revealed a confidence which I had never known among the blind in India.

"You were delayed so long that I started preparing your dinner," he said.

"Oh, you cook?" I asked, unable to contain the astonishment I felt.

"Sometimes," he remarked casually, "I help Muriel." He started apologizing for not coming to

the airport. "Your arrival time coincided with the lesson of one of my pupils."

"Don't mention it," I said.

"Besides," he continued, "I knew you wouldn't mind being greeted first by a charming lady."

Mrs. DeFranco asked from the kitchen if I ate meat.

"I do," I said. I had been about to say no, for I did not welcome the ordeal of cutting it, but my hunger got the best of my shame.

She sighed with relief. "John and I have been playing guessing games about it."

"I promised my mother I would gain some weight, and my father that I would eat any and everything in America. When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

Then Mrs. DeFranco served the dinner, and while she was filling our glasses she casually remarked, "The peas are at twelve o'clock, the meat balls at six, and spaghetti is in the middle."

"Do you understand that code?" asked Mr. DeFranco.

"No," I said.

"We use the clock dial to locate the food on the plate."

I was glad that meat balls did not need to be cut, and during Mrs. DeFranco's trips to the kitchen I took my largest bites of spaghetti and tried to retrieve the stubborn peas, which kept sliding off the plate.

My fast, which had lasted the forty-eight hours from India to America, had left me weak and dizzy, but the frequent runs to the kitchen by Mrs. DeFranco finally permitted me to fill myself comfortably, so that I was ready after dinner to explore the lives of my new acquaintances. Once we had finished our apple pie and settled into easy chairs, I asked Mr. DeFranco if he would tell me about himself.

"My life," he began, "is simple and rather unromantic."

"Oh," I persisted, "you are being modest."

"No," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "I spent twelve years at Perkins Institution for the Blind. I entered when I was six, left when I was eighteen. After some college work I came to New York, started giving music lessons and appearing on radio now and then to sing, married Muriel, and here I am. But tell me about yourself."

While I was silently wondering whether my hosts would be interested in the Panditji who gave me music lessons, the division between India and Pakistan, or the philosophical Ram Saran's comment on Partition — "It was all in the cards" — Mrs. DeFranco asked if I would mind very much if she finished the dishes.

"Not at all," I said. "I am rather tired now, but perhaps someday we can have a long talk about my past in India."

"Soon, I hope," she said. And then in a moment

from the kitchen I could hear the plates clattering as Mrs. DeFranco washed them swiftly.

No matter how tired I felt, I knew I could not go to sleep until I had the answer to one more question from Mr. DeFranco. "How did you happen to get married like this?" I asked bluntly.

"What do you mean?" he said laughingly.

"I mean how did it come about? How did you meet her?"

"Very simple," he said. "When I came to New York, she was living in the same apartment house that I was. We met at the door coming and going, I asked her out one night and we came to know each other better, and there you are."

"Just like that?" I asked, for my curiosity was barely whetted.

"Of course," he said.

"Incredible," I could not resist adding.

3

ONLY a week before coming to the States I had sat with my father in New Delhi and we had talked about marriage. His manner was candid, his tone serious and compassionate.

"You are old enough so that whether you want it or not, you will think about marriage. You will, of course, not get married for some years, but you will start thinking about it."

"I won't," I said determinedly.

"Don't be shy—it is biological. I want to talk with you about this now, as I don't know how long you will be away from home, or when I will see you again. You think you might marry a Westerner?"

"Of course not!" I said emphatically, overcoming the initial shock of the question.

"I have seen a lot of Anglo-Indians," he continued, the pace of his speech increasing, "Anglo-Indians who are fathered by some nameless Englishman and have for their mother some poor Indian. You know what their condition is like?"

But he did not pause for an answer.

"They are ashamed of their mothers because they are black women. These exalted Anglo-Indian children consider themselves white, and superior to their Indian mothers. They have the audacity to speak of England as home. They speak of a country they will never see as their home. Home, indeed!" he said contemptuously.

"The truth is they have no home, no land they can call their own, no father who will own them and no mother whom they will respect. I—I would remain a bachelor, before I would father such a lot." He added reflectively, "In India, at least."

"It hurts me to say this," he continued, with his voice returning to its normal pitch, "because the irony is that I believe in one world, and I have never believed in the pseudo science of superiority of nationalities and races."

There was a calm, a fertile moment of communication which I did not choose to break with any response.

"Marriage," he began again, "is, I believe, crucial to a full and rich life, and perhaps even more so in your case. I can never hope to marry you in India well. I am going to be cruel and realistic. To marry you in India would be like trying to marry your sister without her face. I bring this terrifying image to mind because I want you to understand fully how important people think eyes are in any kind of sexual relationship. Men and women fall in love and make love with their eyes. Again, the irony is that I don't believe that blindness cripples a man sexually, and I think there exists no psychological evidence for it, but you don't read psychological textbooks to people when you are asking them to give their girl in marriage."

"Oh, you could get married in India all right, but not well, not happily, because the kind of girl you would want could not be found here. Once you have seen a Western marriage, you will want a life companion equal to yourself."

"India is a harsh land. Marriage here is like a business transaction and people weigh and measure their liabilities and assets carefully. In the States, no doubt your blindness would make marriage difficult, though I believe not impossible, because there values are different and marriage is made by the two people involved without the agency of parents. But all this you will find out only by living there."

"One more thing I would have you remember. In the melting pot of America, the problem of the Anglo-Indian does not exist, but here it does. At the same time your duty and service will never cease calling you back to India, where your roots lie deep."

The lonely image of my sister without her face was with me during the dinner and while Mr. DeFranco and I sat in the easy chairs.

"There must be more," I stupidly insisted. Mr. DeFranco laughed and said, "There is really nothing more. Except," he added, "ours is one of those stories where they lived happily ever after."

Mrs. DeFranco came in from the kitchen and said to her husband, "Perhaps, dear, you could show him the apartment and the bath while I make his bed on the studio couch."

So Mr. DeFranco took me around his two-room apartment with the adjoining kitchen and bath, casually putting my hand over the screen separating the living room from their bedroom, over the double bed, his writing desk, the radio-phonograph combination in the living room, and then the bathtub and the refrigerator. The apartment seemed to me small, in fact crowded, with barely enough space between the dining-room table and the radio-phonograph to allow one to pass through to the kitchen.

Mr. DeFranco said, however, "It is a very comfortable apartment for both of us and we are very happy in it."

My small studio-couch bed was made, and after saying good night to my hosts I climbed into it. I'm not going to think about anything, I thought; nothing, not even the empty, hollow feeling.

4.

I PASSED my first two weeks in the United States in New York riding subways up and down Manhattan, getting used to their sounds — a more all-encompassing noise than any I had ever encountered in the confusion of shouts and vehicles in India — and going on rapidly climbing elevators to the tops of huge buildings, including the Empire State. The DeFrancos and I even managed to take in a trip to odoriferous Coney Island, which could hardly be called a pageant in the *mela* fashion, although it did have boisterous sounds which seemed new and unique to an ear unaccustomed to the rumble of dangerous American gadgets, the clamor around the hot-dog stands, and even the American laugh.

The turnstiles and the escalators, the counters at the drugstores — which at home were called chemist shops — not to mention the dime stores, all seemed like so many exhibits. None of these, however, made as much of an impression on me as did the grocery store, with its rubber-wheeled carts, and counters instead of baskets, with no argumentative vegetable vendors, and with drowsy music instead of the hum of scores of hagglers in the bazaars. When I was not examining these wonderful exhibits I was learning American nomenclature for vegetables and other necessities. Words like "cookies," "candy," and "cans" supplanted "biscuits," "sweets," and "tins" in my vocabulary. The DeFrancos also introduced me to a new drink, Coca-Cola, and taught me how to play cribbage. Whenever we could find a fourth in the evenings we played bridge.

Thus the two weeks passed, until the time came for the DeFrancos to leave for their summer holidays in Maine. I went on to Arkansas, where I had been invited by the director, Mr. Woolly, to attend the Arkansas School for the Blind.

After the initial few weeks of school, when everything seemed gloomy and I still brooded a great deal about having left home, things started to get easier. I stopped going to the elementary-grade arithmetic class, and with a little coaching from our high school math teacher now and then, I could keep up with my own class quite handsomely. Whereas before I had spent hours on homework, I could now finish it all in thirty or forty minutes. Often, however, the program for "social adjustment" got more attention than our academic education. We met in classes, sometimes twice, sometimes four times a week, to learn about social

graces and adjustment to a sighted society, which, at least at our school for the blind, would not have been represented at all, were it not for some of our seeing teachers.

Mr. Chiles, almost totally blind himself, introducing one of the social-adjustment classes, had remarked, "To be blind is an uphill struggle. You've got to sell yourself to every seeing man. You've got to show him that you can do things that he thinks you can't possibly do."

It was true enough — if you were a donkey in a world of horses, you had to justify your worth and existence to the horses. You had, somehow, to prove to them that you could carry as much weight as they could, and if you couldn't move as fast, you at least were willing to work harder and put in longer hours.

"Anything you do wrong in the world of the seeing," Mr. Chiles had said, "like dressing untidily or putting your elbows on the table while eating, even if half the sighted world themselves commit these sins, people around you will chalk up to your blindness. They'll call you poor wretches, feel sorry for you, and they will commit the worst sin of all by excusing it because you're blind."

So we were marshaled in groups and marched into classes where we were given good common-sense lessons — that you had to introduce young to old, rather than vice versa, that it was good to avoid wearing brown and blue together, even if you did not know what brown or blue signified, and that if you could not eat an orange half with a spoon, it was better not to eat oranges at all. At the same time, we were told that, no matter how independent blind people became, they must always accept help from the sighted graciously, recognizing that the feeling for helping the blind was the result of a generous impulse.

The more serious side of the social-adjustment program was concerned with facial vision and the teaching of "mobility." One day early in spring, all the totally blind students were herded into the gymnasium and asked to run through an obstacle course. Plastic and wooden slabs of all sizes and weights were suspended from the ceiling around the gymnasium. Some of them hung as low as the waist; others barely came down to the forehead. These slabs were rotated at varying speeds, and the blind were asked to walk through the labyrinth at as great a speed as possible without bumping into the obstacles. The purpose of keeping the slabs moving was to prevent the students from getting accustomed to their position and to force them to strain every perceptory ability to sense the presence of the obstacles. The thinner the slab and the higher its position, the harder it was to feel or hear it; that is to say, to sense the pressure of the object against the skin — a pressure felt by the myriad of pores above, below, and next to our ears. Some of

the slabs were of an even fainter mass than the slimmest solitary lamppost on a street corner. This obstacle course helped gauge how well an individual could distinguish one shadow-mass from another and, having located the one closest to him, circumvent it without running into yet another. Here was where the wheat was separated from the chaff.

A person who has knocked about fearlessly — and it is a help if he was blinded in his childhood — will do much better in this test of facial vision than an individual who either lost his sight late in life or has been restrained from developing the full range of his coördinated senses. Having, of course, during my childhood, jumped from banister to banister, from roof to roof, and ridden my bicycle through unfamiliar places crowded with unlocated objects — and that, too, at a fast rate of speed — for me, going through this obstacle course was child's play. The gymnasium was kept quiet so that the blind people could hear the obstacles, although I could not help feeling that I could have run through the labyrinth with a jet buzzing overhead. When someone cracked his head against one of the slabs, and the others discovered who had done it, they would laugh mercilessly, until, of course, they themselves ran smack into one.

5

AFTER we had spent three or four class sessions running through this obstacle course, we were given a theoretical briefing on the importance of facial vision — that the blind ought to put the same emphasis on it as the sighted do on seeing, and that the way to develop it was through abandonment of fear and through complete relaxation. We were also briefed on a few stock secrets of the trade, such as that the head should always be held high in order to walk a straight line more easily, that some found that a hardly perceptible arching of the back helped to minimize any injuries frontally received, and that compass directions — determined sometimes by the sun against the cheek — were better than remembering lefts and rights. In time, one would get the knack of such things as going into unfamiliar stores and finding the right counter or finding an elevator in a strange building.

We were also advised that in crossing streets it was safer to walk with the traffic rather than to follow pedestrians, as they might be crossing against the light. In crossing streets without lights, safety depended entirely upon the ingenuity of the blind individual in gauging the distance of the cars correctly, although it was helpful in crossing wider streets to take them in parts or in halves. Above all, one must never get panicky and run across a street.

Each instructor then was assigned two or three students, and with cane in hand, bus token in pocket, we separated for downtown. My instructor

gave me a list of trifling, if not embarrassing, things to purchase from scattered counters in a Rexall drugstore, and then asked me to meet him at the coffee shop of a department store for a milk shake, the treat being dependent upon my success in making the purchases. I was specifically told not to ask for help, and even if it were voluntarily offered, I should try to decline, provided I could do so gracefully. I did not know whether the instructor would keep his watchful eye on me, but whether he did or not, it was important to me that I should do well on this first day of independence.

I started out by tapping the cane in front of each foot before taking a step, as I had been taught. This was supposed to ward off tripping over a curb, dropping into a manhole, or some other such obstacle, inclining or declining. I found that the noise of the cane made me very self-conscious and was quite distracting, so I flung it into the gutter at the end of the driveway in front of the school, and having made a mental note of the spot so that I might pick up the cane on my return, I started walking rapidly toward the bus stop, with my hands thrust into my pockets. Rather than wait at the nearest bus stop, I decided I would walk three or four blocks to the next one. Just to test my facial vision, I counted the lampposts and tried to guess the distance from which I first perceived them.

The sun was out in its full noon glory, although there was just the right proportion of breeze, making the heat not severe but pleasant. In fact, the breeze was so gentle that it disturbed my facial vision not at all, and I could even perceive the curves and slight upgrades on the street, though that street was totally unfamiliar to me. However, when I unexpectedly stepped off a curb, that fraction of a second between the curb and the street was so frightening I almost wished I had my cane back — that cane which my instructor called the third leg of a blind man. I found, though, that soon my foot started registering a slight indentation before the end of the sidewalk, and that was clue enough. To my left, on the street, there was a steady stream of cars going both ways at, I guessed, about forty miles an hour. There were sounds of Ford motors, Chevrolets, and I even remember hearing a few Buick engines. Walking on that street, I felt as confident and happy as I imagined a driver would feel with a ton of machine at the command of his feet. Then I heard the clanging vibration of the electric wire just above the traffic. My instructor had told me to listen for it as a sign of the approaching trackless trolley. Then, almost a block behind me, I distinguished the sound of the trolley motor from the rest of the traffic. The bus stop was still a block and a half ahead of me and I knew I had to catch that trolley, because it would be twenty minutes before the next one. With the ever-increasing sound of the trolley motor in my ears, I started running as fast as I could to the bus stop. I wished

there were the shadow of a wall or a fence, to my right, to run by. As it was, there was empty space to my right and the hindering noise of the traffic to my left, a narrow sidewalk with a string of lamp-posts, and heaven knew what other hazards. I skirted one lamppost by a hair's breadth, and another actually caught my shoulder, but not my head.

When I got to the next intersection, the trolley was almost abreast. If I waited to listen for the sound of the traffic, I could not possibly make it, so I dashed across the street, thinking of what I had repeated to my mother a long time ago.

"Death comes only once," I had said.

"But," she had said, "what if you lose a leg?"

That had been frightening, all right.

"After that I wouldn't want to live. I don't mind being blind, but a wheel chair . . ."

Maybe if I had a white cane in my hand, I wouldn't have to worry as much about the traffic, and the bus driver would know I was blind and would wait for me. But it is better this way, I thought.

Just when I perceived the looming shadow of the bench at the bus stop, about ten or fifteen feet away from me, the trolley passed me. If only someone is waiting there, I wished, so that the trolley will at least stop. But no one was, and I missed it.

With a discouraged heart I slowly walked up to the bench, out of breath, and sat down. It would be twenty minutes more, twenty whole long minutes, and maybe I wouldn't get my milk shake after all. I took out my Braille watch and kept my fingers fixed on the hands, and I heard car after car pass by. I felt as envious of the drivers inside as a man standing in a rainstorm trying to thumb a ride, although I myself had no intention of flagging down a car.

At last there was another trolley. I heard its door open a few feet ahead of me. Walking parallel to the shadow of the trolley, I felt the gap of the door and climbed the three steps, slightly nervous, wondering if I could drop my coins in the box without having to be shown. I found the box, and the driver must have thought I could see some, because he did not say anything about a vacant seat. The trolley was moving already. I walked down the aisle, feeling the vague shadows of the people, hearing the crackling sounds of packages or newspapers, until I felt the shadow of an empty seat and sat down.

I did not pay any attention to the half bends of the trolley. My instructor had told me, "Just look for the second right-angle turn, where the trolley goes from Markham to Main Street." It was such an obvious turn that I could not miss it. We were going south now (I always oriented myself with the direction of one street), and the Rexall drug-store was on Fifth Street. My instructor had said, "Don't bank on the bus halting at every bus or light stop. Try to get used to the distance of a block, and that way you can't go wrong."

I got off on Fifth all right, and crossing Main, I went into the Rexall drugstore. Since it was my first time, I asked the man in the front where I could pick up some shoelaces.

"Straight to the back," he said, "and the second counter to the right."

6

AFTER five minutes I had bought all that my instructor had asked for, and I started walking rapidly a block up to the department store, dodging the window shoppers by using facial vision to keep a proper distance between the windows and myself, and the luncheon crowd by a watchful ear. By counting the gaps in the sustained shadow of the windows, I knew how many stores there were on that block. Next time I came to town, I would get the various stores located by keeping track of how many doors up they were from the street corner. It was as simple as that.

My instructor had said that there were a number of ways of telling when you got to the street corner. It could be done by the noise of the traffic, the draft of air, or the receding shadow of the windows. At last I was at the double doors of the department store. I went in and started walking back toward the elevator, listening for the sound of its door. Inside the elevator, I found my instructor.

As soon as we sat down in the restaurant, he said laughingly, "You shouldn't have asked that man for the shoelace counter."

"And how was I to know where to find it?" I retorted. "By the smell of it?"

"You gave me the slip," he said, "that is, until I saw you running, from inside the trolley that you missed. But I picked you up again at the drug-store." So he had watched me!

"The first thing," he was saying admonishingly, "is that you've got to admit to yourself that you are blind and that there are certain things you just can't do, like throwing away your cane and crossing streets without listening for traffic."

He was right, of course. I wouldn't make a habit of crossing streets that way, but the cane — that was another matter. I had never hooked a cane in front of my bicycle when I rode it, so I did not see why I had to carry one when walking, if I did not mind taking the chance of falling into a manhole.

"You'll carry that cane," my instructor said threateningly. "If not, you won't be allowed to leave campus."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

The milk shake was there now, and putting the straw between my teeth, I let it drain down my throat. It was cool and delicious, and I forgot about the cane. All of a sudden I felt weak — weak and empty. "It must have been tougher than I admitted," I said.

"It always is, the first day you are on the road by

yourself," the instructor agreed. After we had finished the milk shakes, he asked, "Can you find your way home? I have some other business in town."

"Yes," I said.

We walked out of the department store together and then separated. I could have caught the bus on that corner, but I decided I would walk all the way down to Markham (or First) Street. I must have passed a nut shop on the way, because there was the smell of roasting peanuts. And from the next open door, a fresh smell of leather. Must be a shoe store, I thought, or maybe a luggage shop. Then there was a swinging door which creaked as it was opened and closed, letting out a burst of air which breathed of dime store. At Markham Street there were three or four buses standing. I knew which was a trolley because of the motor. A number of people were getting on it, and I got in line. I felt in my pocket and there were two bus tokens. I had been given one extra for the trip, just in case I lost one or took the wrong bus. They would be good for another trip downtown, I thought — that is, if I did not use one now. So I left the line, crossed Main Street, and started walking west on Markham. I could not think of walking home, because the distance was at least a couple of miles, and I did not know the way.

Halfway down the block I stepped off the curb and, standing about a foot away from it, tried to thumb a ride. The trolley whizzed past in front of me. Cars kept on passing me until finally a woman stopped.

"Are you going toward Stiff Station?" I asked.

"Going right there," she said.

I climbed in, exhausted from my expedition.

7

WITH the setting in of the hot and humid summer, I realized how much I had been a victim of my school surroundings. Until the launching of the mobility program in late spring, I had been circumscribed in the building compounds like a prisoner whose every friend is a prison mate and whose every impression of the world outside is colored by day-to-day minute observations of the happenings within the walls. For me it was like watching life in the United States with a jaundiced ear. I learned among other things that to be blind was to be jobless, because employers did not like hiring blind people, especially for temporary work. But the tireless efforts of Mr. Woolly finally secured me a job working forty-eight hours a week for one hundred dollars a month at an ice-cream plant. Covering each day a distance of about four miles in trolleys and buses while going to and from work hammered home with full force the realization that the

world outside by no means accepted the capabilities of the blind at face value, as we had been led to believe by the flawless understanding of the seeing members of our blind society.

I remember going out on crowded buses. To my chagrin, ladies would get up and offer, indeed force me into, their seats, and if I resisted, I ran the risk of having everyone in the bus share in the scene; it was awkward and unbearable when often two or three people tried to direct me to my seat, which I could have found quite well alone. On my first day the bus had been empty, and I had entered it without anyone's taking notice of my blindness. But now, traveling at seven-thirty and five, the morning and evening rush hours, in packed buses with scarcely any room to stand, it was hard to move in the crowded aisle without bumping into people and making my blindness apparent.

But with growing experience in mobility, I learned how to relax and how to put people at ease, even if it were just a stranger in a bus. Whenever ladies did get up to offer me their seats, I made a joke of it and gently declined. I found a way of talking to waitresses in a low voice before they even said a word, which made them speak softly too, and I discovered a particular careless manner of crossing streets and of getting on and off buses which avoided incidents — incidents which had occurred so frequently in the earlier days of my travel. Occasionally people still shouted, "Watch out!" but if I was concentrating very hard, I never heard them.

With this new-found freedom of movement — freedom which had been denied me in India, even on a bicycle — there opened up yet another vista, which was as exhilarating to me as learning to read for the first time must be to an adult.

When I came home after putting in a long day at the ice-cream plant, physically I would be very tired, more fatigued than I ever got during the school year. To keep my mind alive, however, I always took time off from my sleep to listen to books on records. Even though I felt discouraged because the Library of Congress recorded so much light fiction, I found enough good books to add a new dimension to the ever-expanding horizon of my activities.

For the first time now, I received novels of Fielding, Proust, Rolland, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. I read feverishly, sometimes staying awake the whole night, listening to the never-tiring voice of the actor Alexander Scourby on record after record. This way of reading was so entrancing that I hated to turn sides or change records every fifteen minutes. The phonograph used to get hot and smell of burning rubber, but I read on and on into the night, certain that I could do my work at the ice-cream plant even if asleep.

(To be concluded)



JOHN ROBBINS spent his boyhood on the shores of Lake Erie; and on his recent return to Cuyahoga County after two years in Asia and the Middle East as an Ogden Reid Fellow, he was amazed to see what the Great Lakes industrial boom was doing to his ancestral country. There were demands all along the line for more and more water. The change he observed in his home country, which is rich in water, set him to thinking about the more drastic changes ahead in those areas where water is even now at a premium.

WATER: HOW FAST CAN WE WASTE IT?

by JOHN ROBBINS

I

A YALE UNIVERSITY study published in 1939 indicated that the minimum daily ration of water necessary for an individual was 20 gallons. It allotted one gallon for drinking, six for laundry, five for personal cleanliness (but without tub or shower), and eight for the toilet. Even if the individual takes an occasional 25-gallon bath in the tub, or a five-gallon-per-minute shower, he isn't likely to build up a total for personal use of more than 50 gallons a day. But all this is pure theory. The amount of water which an American is actually using in 1957 is something over 1500 gallons a day.

Most of the 1500 gallons is essential in the cultivation of the food he eats and in the manufacture of nearly every article he uses in his daily life. The production of a slice of bread, including the growing of the wheat, has been estimated to require 37.5 gallons of water. A steer, in order to create each pound of beef, must consume something like 4000 gallons, not so much from its drinking trough as from its pastureland.

Each ton of steel, in being produced, requires 40,000 gallons of water, or 160 times its own weight. Ten gallons of water are employed to refine one gallon of gasoline. The brewing of a gallon of beer takes eight gallons of water in addition to what actually finds its way into the bottles.

At an educated guess, we as a nation are now using around 275 billion gallons of water a day. Less than 10 per cent of the total is for domestic purposes, either through municipal water systems or from rural wells. More than a third, around 100 billion gallons a day, is necessary for irrigation. The rest, well over half, goes for the needs of industry.

There is nothing inherently alarming about the magnitude of these figures. America is well blessed with water resources. The average rainfall over the surface of the United States is 30 inches. About

70 per cent of this returns to the atmosphere by evaporating or by the transpiration of leaves. The equivalent of eight inches remains to flow through the streams and rivers to the ocean, or to soak into the ground, where it forms deposits in the porous subterranean formations. This annual increment to our surface water and our ground water is four times the amount of water we use in a year.

The disturbing aspects in all this are not generally appreciated. The first is the unequal distribution of our water resources. The second is the tremendous growth of our water usage, particularly by industry. The third is the possibility that a long-range change in the climate is going to dry up parts of the country that are already on a marginal basis. Taken together they add up to an almost inevitable conclusion: water is going to play an increasingly important role in determining the economic geography of the United States.

The uneven way in which nature has distributed our water resources must be obvious to anyone who has traveled any distance around the country. We have our deserts and we have our swamps and rain forests. In between we have a full range of climatological conditions, from Maine with 40 inches of rainfall annually, only 15 of which evaporate, to Arizona with 14 inches, 13.3 of which evaporate. The 17 westernmost states—North Dakota to Texas and westward—average less than four inches of water yield or runoff after evaporation a year. The 31 eastern states average 16 inches. Within the western states there is another general division. Eastern Texas, northern California, and the Northwest are generally well watered. But half the area of the 17 states, constituting a third of the territory of the United States, has a natural water yield of less than one inch.

In many parts of the country the water table, the top level of the underground storage water, is

falling. In most of these areas it isn't a case of drought but of overuse. In Milwaukee, for instance, when a large brewery recently began pumping at high volume from a big new well, water levels of another manufacturing plant seven miles away dropped 75 feet within a few hours. The spring water has sunk so deep in the city that the great breweries may have to switch to Lake Michigan from the wells that helped make their beer famous. Outside Phoenix, Arizona, Goodyear established a farm 35 years ago to grow high-grade cotton. Originally the irrigation water was brought a mere 20 feet to the surface by small pumps. With every passing decade the water table has dropped, and the pumps have had to be replaced with more powerful models. The lift is now more than 100 feet, and the table is still sinking.

The same pattern has been repeated in hundreds of other localities. Geologists have traced water in rare instances to limestone formations as deep as a mile below ground. The pumps to lift it more than 600 feet, however, are so expensive as to make the use of the water uneconomic.

A half century of growth in water usage was spelled out by the President's Materials Policy Commission (the Paley Commission) in 1952. In 1900, according to its estimate, we withdrew from our streams and wells about 500 to 600 gallons a day per capita. By 1950 our population had doubled, and so had our per capita use, quadrupling our total usage. As it did with other natural resources, the Paley Commission projected its estimates of water use forward to 1975 and predicted that it would nearly double again in the 25 years.

It already appears that the Commission underestimated the rate of growth. A second Hoover Commission study based on 1955 figures reported that in the five years since 1950 water use had soared from 185 billion gallons a day to 262 billion, almost halfway to the Paley Commission's 1975 estimate of 350 billion. Admiral Ben Moreell, chairman of the Hoover Commission task force on federal policy toward water resources, made a new stab at a 1975 figure — 453 billion gallons a day. In other words, less than 20 years from now our demand for water is likely to exceed our available supply by more than 25 per cent.

It is interesting to analyze where this growth is occurring. It isn't in personal use, although an increase in suburban lawn watering is putting a strain on some municipal systems. It isn't in irrigation. The lands most easily and economically irrigated have long since been utilized. Any suitable land left to be irrigated would require a large capital investment for a relatively small rate of profit. The application of irrigation to land is, in fact, a classic example of the law of diminishing returns.

The increase, then, is concentrated in the need of industry for cold, clear water — cold because 75 per cent of the water employed by industry is used

for cooling; clear because dirt, minerals, and salts clog up pipes, form deposits on boilers, corrode equipment, and generally raise hob.

The amount of water required by industry is staggering. Steam generators of electric power alone use 40 billion gallons a day for their boilers and for cooling their condenser coils. The steel industry last year used a total of five trillion gallons, and petroleum refining another two and a half trillion. Between Buffalo and Cleveland along the south shore of Lake Erie, power plants and chemical works built just in the past eight years use more water than the combined municipal water systems of both those cities.

New types of industries increase the use of water still further. Prime examples are the new synthetics plants. Rayon, nylon, and the miracle fabrics, for instance, need far more water than the cotton and wool they replace, and the manufacture of synthetic rubber needs American water instead of the rainfall in the jungles of Malaya.

Unlike irrigation water, which either evaporates or soaks into the soil, most industrial water is returned to its source or to the surface. It may or may not have been polluted by its use. It has certainly been heated. A big industrial plant, therefore, needs a big body of water so that the water temperature won't be raised beyond the point of efficiency.

Water has always been a factor in the selection of factory sites, either as a source of power or as a means of cheap transportation. Today it is a prime factor. The areas of the country with assured water supplies are enjoying the fruits of the economic boom. The shores of the Great Lakes, the banks of the Ohio River, and the borders of Lake Pontchartrain, for example, are sprouting with new power and chemical plants, and prosperous industrial complexes are building up around them.

This is not to say that even a heavy industry cannot settle in a water-short area in order to take advantage of some particular situation in relation to raw materials, labor supply, or markets. But it must pay the price. Any lack of water is reflected in increased costs for washing or cooling equipment. Kaiser Steel chose to settle in Fontana, California, for instance, knowing it would have to install a recirculating system able to use partially treated municipal sewage as a coolant. Even so, Kaiser can compete in West Coast markets with water-cooled eastern steel mills because of its lower transportation costs.

2

THE prospects of the water-short areas, and especially of the Southwest, are complicated by the possibility that the North American continent is growing warmer and drier. Weather records indicate that most parts of the northern United States during the past half century have warmed up by

two to three degrees. As to just what this means, there is wide disagreement. Some scientists think we have reached a "climatic optimum," and that the climate is about to reverse itself and start growing cooler. They suspect that the spring rains which flooded Texas this year and which, at least for the moment, have broken the five-year-old drought in the Southwest are the signal that a change has occurred. A second school, more noncommittal, talks only in terms of short weather cycles of seven years or so. A third group is convinced that the warming-up process is still under way.

A leader of the group predicting a 50-year cold-and-damp spell is Hurd C. Willett, professor of meteorology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He bases his reasoning on the sun-spot count. The U.S. Weather Bureau, led by Harry Wexler, chief of the scientific services division, takes the more cautious stand that long-range predictions are dangerous, and that the warming trend and the drought in the Southwest represent short-term cycles. A proponent of the warm-dry thesis is Paul Sears, head of the conservation department at Yale, whose studies have shown how changes in the glaciers affected the culture of the corn-eating "mound dwellers" by altering the rainfall pattern of the mid-continent.

In its report to Congress two years ago, the National Science Foundation noted: "Glacier studies have given clear indications that we are now in a cycle of warming which began about 1900. It is estimated that if the indicated warming continues for another 25 to 50 years, the ice will melt out of the Arctic Ocean in the summer, making it navigable. In addition, the warming cycle, if continued, may melt enough ice now tied up in glaciers to add to the sea level sufficiently to affect the lives of millions of people living along low coastal lands." Our shores may get plenty of water — all salt!

If America proves to be really drying up, the Southwest will be the first area faced with tragedy. Even to a greater extent than during the dust-bowl days of the thirties, families will be forced to leave their homes. The great investment in irrigation facilities, much of it subsidized by the taxpayers of other parts of the country, will be wasted. Even if the drought is broken and a damp wave is about to begin, the water capacity of the Southwest won't be able to keep up with the national expansion of water use. The attorneys of the American Bar Association who found the tap water at their Dallas meeting place last summer so salty that it ruined the taste of their whiskey aren't likely to advise industrial clients to expand into such a chancy area.

What is a sensible program for a country facing a tremendous increase in the load on a stable or declining water supply? A tempting suggestion is to recommend an all-out study by our scientists of how we can control the long-range climate or the short-range weather. Let them figure out, as an

East Coast newspaperman urged this spring, how to provide gentle rainstorms every Tuesday and Thursday, with sunshine between, especially over the weekends. His recommendation isn't so far-fetched as it might seem. The great mathematician John Von Neumann remarked shortly before his untimely death last year that the control of the force of the climate was the greatest challenge facing science today.

Unfortunately, the prospect in the field for the immediate future is bleak. Scientists aren't even sure what starts the climatological changes that affect the earth — solar radiation, cosmic rays, sun spots, or clouds of dust circling through the ionosphere in the wake of volcanic eruptions. Even the experiments on promoting rain by seeding clouds with dry ice or silver iodide look less promising than they did when the principle was first discovered a decade ago. After studying the evidence, the Council of the American Meteorological Society issued a gloomy statement this spring. Cloud seeding has been perceptibly effective, it said, only where conditions were such that natural rain might have occurred anyway. Over flat country it has been notably ineffective. "Present knowledge of atmospheric processes," it added, "offers no real basis for the belief that the weather or climate of a large portion of the country can be significantly modified by cloud seeding."

3

ANOTHER hope for the distant future is the conversion of sea water into fresh water. The minimum cost yet achieved for distilling the salt out of sea water is \$1.50 per 1000 gallons, even for large-scale operations. That is 30 times greater than the cost of treating the poorest grades of water now used by cities and industries. The Paley Commission recommended against investing in more research on distillation. The Interior Department went ahead and issued a cheery statement early this spring, indicating that new experiments would make large-scale conversion of sea water economically feasible in the near future. The Department's watchdog committee in Congress quickly came back with a report that officials of the Department were misleading the American people while letting the research program "drift along." And there the matter stands.

Two more likely paths to progress are efforts in the direction of conservation of water and pollution control. Government and industry, as they have become aware of the problems involved, have shown more willingness to spend money on programs of both sorts.

For industry, conservation means the use of more complicated equipment to recirculate cooling water, to reclaim used water, and to employ alternate methods of cooling such as refrigerants or air. For

governments, particularly at the state level, it involves stream regulation, anti-erosion devices, small dams, artificial recharging of ground water reservoirs, and the proper use of plant life.

Industry is also accepting anti-pollution measures as part of its normal production costs. Partly from public spirit and partly under the pressure of public opinion and state laws, most new industrial plants have incorporated waste treatment devices. General Petroleum's new refinery at Ferndale, Washington, releases an effluent so thoroughly cleaned that salmon have been caught 100 yards below the outlet. The installation of anti-pollution measures in older plants, however, is often such an expensive process that it throws their costs out of line with those of newer competitors. No town likes to see an industry shut down, cut off its payroll, and stop paying taxes. Industrial pollution, therefore, continues to exist.

The pollution problem for towns and cities is easily stated. Any government body can install sewage systems to keep from fouling its own or its neighbor's nest as soon as its voters are convinced that clean water is worth paying for. That conviction is slowly spreading around the country.

But neither conservation nor anti-pollution measures, wholesome though they are, can solve industry's need for water. The best solution at the moment seems to be the importation of water by pipeline from water-plus to water-minus areas. Such pipelines will be expensive. They aren't likely to be built in large numbers around the country until the shortage of water and the shortage of industrial space adjacent to bodies of water both grow more stringent than they are today.

The most famous existing water pipelines are those serving Los Angeles, a city which has outgrown its water supply. It now supplements its limited local reservoirs with water from the Owens River on the east side of the Sierra Nevada, 240 miles away; from Mono Lake, 350 miles away; and from the Colorado River, 450 miles away. It hopes to expand its system to reach the better watered, less densely populated northern part of the state.

An example of how a pipeline can be used to protect the interests of a regional economy is the story of Saginaw and Midland, two cities in central Michigan. After nearly dying along with the Michigan lumber industry 40 years ago, Saginaw, thanks to a set of General Motors factories and foundries, made a strong comeback. Midland, a younger city, grew from a small town with the expansion of the Dow Chemical Co. During World War II a serious water problem threatened both cities and their industries when the rivers through the towns grew so polluted and the water so hard that treatment was almost impossible. They joined forces after the war to build an 80-mile pipeline to Lake Huron. It cost the communities \$10 million, but it can deliver a total of 43 million gallons a day of pure, fresh water.

Added to existing supplies of ground water, that is enough for all their needs for years.

From an engineering point of view, Great Lakes water could be piped for hundreds of miles to thirsty cities outside their basin. Because of a legal technicality, it can't be. Thirty years ago when Illinois sought from Congress the authority to drain water out of Lake Michigan to flush Chicago's sewage into the Mississippi, the other Great Lakes states and Canada protested violently. They charged — with some reason — that any lowering of the lake levels would affect their trade and prosperity. The parties involved reached a compromise. Chicago got limited permission to dig its drainage canal, but by international agreement a complete prohibition was clamped on any other device that might move Great Lakes water outside the natural drainage area of the Lakes. The effect of the agreement is going to be felt, and soon.

In the Mahoning Valley in eastern Ohio, for instance, are clustered the steel mills of Youngstown, Warren, and Niles. Although the headwaters of the Mahoning River are within 25 miles of Lake Erie, the stream flows southeast into the Ohio. Twenty years ago the Mahoning had a world-wide notoriety among geographers as the hottest river in the world. The steel mills were so concentrated along its banks that they warmed its water beyond the point where it was useful as a coolant. New dams and reservoirs have corrected that situation for existing mills, but the possibilities of expansion of industry in the valley are inhibited by the limits of the water supply. To pipe Great Lakes water into the river would be technically simple and fairly cheap. Legally it can't be done.

Akron, on the other hand, lies just inside the edge of the Lake Erie basin. Should its need for water expand, some Akron and Cleveland interests have a plan for a 16-mile pipeline from the Lake through which water could be pumped into the Cuyahoga River at its source. The Cuyahoga flows south to Akron, then north to enter Lake Erie at Cleveland. Such a pipeline would only pose a problem in finance.

The Province of Ontario would like to open up the water-short area around Kitchener and Guelph to industry by piping water out of Lake Huron near Goderich and letting it drain into Lake Erie. The water would never leave the Great Lakes basin. It would, however, bypass Detroit, which needs every inch of depth in the St. Clair River for its harbor. Legally, the project is somewhat doubtful. Ontario might be able to swing a deal in which, as the quid pro quo, streams in the Hudson Bay watershed would be reversed and piped into Lake Superior.

Only circumstances will determine when such pipelines as these will be economically feasible to build and operate. By 1975, however, a network of water pipelines is likely to be growing that may eventually rival in scope the oil pipelines which now trace their way throughout the country.



CARLTON LAKE is the Paris art critic for The Christian Science Monitor, and since 1952 he has made his headquarters in a venerable Louis XIII house on the Ile St. Louis. Before making his approach to Picasso, Mr. Lake wrote to Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, Picasso's old friend and dealer. Kahnweiler supplied him with the artist's new address and the warning that Picasso was seeing nobody — hadn't been for months. "I know he's working very hard and he's written to tell me he doesn't want to see anybody." But Mr. Lake persevered, with results which were at once friendly and enlightening.

PICASSO SPEAKING

by CARLTON LAKE

1

CANNES is a pleasant town — particularly, out of season. I think if old Lord Brougham were around today he would be rather happy — not terribly unhappy, anyway — at the evolution of the peaceful little fishing village he started along the primrose path. I arrived a little before two o'clock and I assumed that Picasso would either be eating or working, so I decided to hold off making contact until the next day. But as I began to drive around a bit to get the feel of the Ford *Vedette* I had rented, I found it was nosing up in the general direction of the Observatory in the hills behind Cannes, so I let it have the lead and just followed along behind. When it came time to call on Picasso, I would at least know the way.

Finally, with a certain amount of backtracking, I found Picasso's street. I followed it slowly uphill and after climbing a couple of hundred meters came, on the right, to a villa half hidden by a high black iron fence with a wide, even higher black iron gate. Both the fence and the gate were reinforced with black metal sheeting that closed off the view. Between the wide double gate and a smaller, similarly barred doorway was a marble plaque with the single word *Californie* incised in it. This, I knew, was my destination. I drove just beyond the gate, pulled a bit off the road against the wall of the gatekeeper's lodge, and got out of the car. The villa, as nearly as I could tell from outside the iron curtain, was a large, bulky, squarish place with a comfortable 1900 look about it. It was three stories high. The windows on the two upper stories — the only ones I could see — had wrought-iron balconies and were crowned by some rather intricately carved scrollwork.

I was studying the convolutions of this pleasantly rococo touch above the window at the extreme left of the second story when the window was

opened and a slender, brown-haired girl wearing a royal-blue dressing gown stepped out onto the balcony. I recognized her, from a photograph I had been shown, as Jacqueline Roque, the young woman who now shares Picasso's life.

Picasso has always worked very late nights — often until dawn — when he is *engagé à fond* as I assumed that he now was. His women have always served as his models, increasingly so in recent years. For example, the appearances made by his previous *compagne*, Françoise Gilot, in Picasso's work in oils, *gouache*, water color, drawings in wash, ink, pencil, and colored crayons, sculpture, ceramics, and various forms of engraving and lithography (black-and-white and in color) are, quite literally, incalculable — at least for some years to come, until the historians have had a chance to bring their bookkeeping up to date. I assumed, then, that the previous night's work had been a long one, that Jacqueline had been involved in it and was just now arising. The other possibility that occurred to me was that work was getting under way earlier than usual. In either case, Picasso himself, certainly, would not be available. I walked back to the car and drove over the hills in the direction of Vallauris.

The last time I was in Vallauris, I had driven over from Cannes to see some of the ceramics Picasso was then producing. He had gone to work at one of the kilns there and almost singlehanded had succeeded in reviving the moribund ceramics industry which is the life of the town, so that Vallauris had once again become a thriving little industrial community and a considerable tourist attraction as well. The grateful town fathers gave Picasso the keys to the city and he in turn gave them the bronze statue, *L'Homme au Mouton*, a seven-and-a-half-foot male figure holding a sheep in his arms, that now stands in the town square.

This time I wanted to get another look at the statue — a closer look than I had had on earlier visits.

When I reached the town, I drove slowly up the main street and parked in front of the *mairie*. I got out and walked across the road to the square, where the Man with the Sheep stood staring sightlessly into a group of rubbernecks climbing back into a big blue bus. He looked smaller to me somehow than he had on my last visit, and for that reason, perhaps, more *sympathique*. Whether it was the mistral cutting into my marrow that caused me to reach out and draw him into my own chilled orbit, or whether it was the deserted square at the top of the hill that somehow reduced him to more human proportions, I don't know. But whatever it was, I began to feel the warmth and vigor of the creative stir within him. For the first time he seemed to me an authentic, autonomous creation.

2

THE next day, I returned to Picasso's villa about noon. I left the car under the no-parking sign and was wondering how to get the concierge's attention (having already discovered that the bell-pull was disconnected) when the door beside the main gate was opened and two small boys came out. I looked in, and seeing a woman — their mother, I assumed — standing in front of the *loge*, I smiled at her. She walked over to me, limping somewhat, and I explained that I had a message for M. Picasso. I gave her a note I had written at the hotel that morning and asked her if she would see that he got it. I told her I would wait for an answer. She pushed the door to and I could hear her moving away, with her uneven gait, in the direction of the villa. The day was clear and warm and I walked out of the shade into the sun and slowly up the hill beyond the villa.

At five-yard intervals along the front of Picasso's property, the iron fence is buttressed by heavy cement columns. As I walked along, I could see that a poster had recently been torn off the face of each of them. Just enough of the lettering remained to let me know, after I had passed three or four of them, that the posters related to Picasso. I walked back and forth several times and finally, after waiting at the gate for a minute or two without hearing any sign of activity on the inside, I went back down the hill, this time well beyond the limit of Picasso's place. The road began to slope away to the left, and on a particularly well-exposed strip of cement fence, I saw an unmutated copy of the poster. It was headed:

LETTRE OUVERTE À PABLO PICASSO

I am sickened [it read] by the spectacle of your obstinately closed door. It indicates that a new aristocracy has been created, transcending classes — one that finds ordinary people not worthy of notice.

What do you care that I am starving as a poet? But you are wrong, because no matter how great a creative genius you may be, you cannot prevent posterity from classifying you as the symbol of an age in which man has revealed himself incapable of making judgments on a moral basis. (A generation has the artists it deserves.) Ours is the age of the hyena and the jackal. . . . Monsieur Picasso, you are walled off within your citadel. . . . Outside is the street and the street is tomorrow. . . . I find you enormously gifted, but what a mess you leave for those who follow!

I was meditating on the fine romantic paradox of this rebuffed starving poet, who could yet afford to pay a printer, at today's rates, to run off an armload of giant-size posters with which to vent his spleen, when, at the top of the hill and the edge of my horizon, I saw Picasso's concierge. She seemed to be waving to me. I left the poet and returned to her.

"*Monsieur s'excuse beaucoup*," she began, still a bit out of breath, "*mais il est tellement pris*. He cannot possibly see you today. But he would like to have you call him." She gave me the telephone number and I returned to Cannes.

The next day, a Sunday, I rang up the villa and talked with Jacqueline. I arranged to call after lunch on the following day. Monday afternoon, I reached the villa five minutes before the appointed hour. I pulled up at the gate, got out of the car, and tried the bell again. It was still disconnected. Looking through the mail slot in the door, I caught sight of the concierge standing just inside her *loge*. I called to her and told her I had an appointment with M. Picasso at that hour. The great gates ground slowly inward. I drove in, around the *cour d'honneur*, and parked at the front steps, facing one of Picasso's most hallucinatory sculptures, a six-foot statue, which dates from 1943, of a woman (from another planet, certainly) who holds in her left hand an apple, in her right a kind of bronze warming pan. Like other of his sculptures, it appears to include in its composition a number of *objets trouvés* — odds and ends that came to hand as the work got under way (or perhaps even inspired it). His pre-World War I *papier collé* drawings often reflected the same imaginative treatment of unlikely materials.

Jacqueline, in a yellow pull-over and scarlet toreador pants, was waiting for me on the steps. "Welcome," she said. "I'm Jacqueline Roque." We talked for a moment. Her English was excellent. She pushed open the massive front door — heavy plate glass behind a decorative wrought-iron screen — and we walked through an entranceway into the central hall, weaving our way through great masses of crates, sculptures, stacks of canvases, and piles of ceramics.

"This looks like a Musée Picasso," I said.

"This *is* the Musée Picasso," she replied.

We passed into a large salon. The ceiling was well over fifteen feet high. Facing me, on the other

side of the room, were floor-to-ceiling glass doors overlooking a terrace and gardens. The room itself and another, somewhat smaller, to my left, were filled with the same kind of overflowing accumulation of Picasso's work that I had encountered as soon as I crossed the threshold into the hall. It seemed a little bit like playing Ali Baba in modern dress. My eyes were racing from one corner to another trying to take it all in at once. Then I heard Jacqueline say, "*Et voici Picasso.*" I turned and, across a distance of perhaps two feet, found myself looking down into Picasso's eyes — as bright and penetrating as ever. He looked vigorous yet relaxed, and a long way from seventy-five. He was wearing saffron-colored duck slacks and a Burgundy woolen shirt with a dark-brown sleeveless sweater over it; on his feet, a pair of canvas *espadrilles*. He led me into the dining room to our right, pulled up a chair for me near the head of the table, then settled his wiry, rugged little frame into a wicker seat beside me. Jacqueline sat down on the other side of him, facing me and completing a kind of semicircle. Picasso lighted a cigarette and looked over at me.

"Well," he said with a grin, "you've got me. Now what are you going to do with me?"

3

I TOLD him I'd been giving a good deal of thought to his work lately and in looking over what various other people had written about him I had run into a number of points that I had found confusing or that had seemed contradictory. I said that there were aspects of his recent activity, too, that puzzled me somewhat. And since I was planning to write something about him, I thought that if we talked some of those things over first, I'd be less likely to wind up writing a lot of *bêtises*.

Picasso laughed. "Oh, well," he said, "what people write about me is generally full of *bêtises* anyway. A few more or less can't do much to change things, I guess. One doesn't know just what to say, so one says something. It may be a little *bête* to begin with, but even if it isn't, it generally winds up sounding that way in print." His voice was low-pitched and full. He spoke rapidly, and although his Spanish accent was everywhere noticeable, his French was fluent and exact.

I told him that if he'd talk about the things I wanted to talk about, I'd do my best to keep the *bêtises* to the minimum. "It's a deal," he said.

One thing that interested me, I said, was the question of his Communism. It was hard, I explained, for many people to understand how a man who believes in total independence — whose work has been for nearly two generations the very symbol of it — could be a member of the Communist Party today. How did he square those two ideas?

He sobered down immediately. "I suppose you're

thinking of the Social Realism in contemporary Russian painting," he said.

I said yes, but for the moment I thought we could bring it closer to home by sticking to the situation within the Communist Party in France. I referred to what Louis Aragon, intellectual wheel horse of the French C.P., had said after the Party had castigated him for printing Picasso's memorial portrait of Stalin — not exactly a speaking likeness — in his paper, *Les Lettres Françaises*. I quoted to Picasso Aragon's words: "Anarchy in art is a petit-bourgeois concept which places the individual outside the mass, and thus condemns him to mediocrity, incapacity, uselessness, and malfeasance." Didn't that, I asked, point in *his* direction, and if so, didn't those terms, in that context, come as a bit of a shock to him?

Picasso shook his head. "I don't agree with Aragon on that point, any more than I agree with Soviet doctrine on realism in painting. I've known Aragon a long time. I know what he's like and how he feels. As I said, we don't always agree. Oh, I suppose it wasn't the best portrait of Stalin — or even *my* best. I look at it this way: Stalin died. I am a member of the Communist Party. I felt it was up to me to make a *geste* of some sort. If it had been someone else, I might have sent flowers. But in the circumstances, it seemed more appropriate, somehow, for me to do a portrait of him. Between me and other elements of the Party — those who objected to the portrait — there is a great distance, in some respects. My portrait had to cover that great distance. Like a bouquet of flowers, it started out fresh, and at the end of its long journey it arrived a bit faded and wilted. That's all."

He raised his finger. "There's another point I'd like to clarify in all that," he said. "I object to the use of the word *anarchy* in connection with my work — whoever uses it. I'm not an anarchist. I never have been. My work is a constructive one. I am building, not tearing down. What people call deformation in my work results from their own misapprehension. It's not a matter of *deformation*; it's a question of *formation*. My work obeys laws I have spent my life in formulating and adhering to. Everybody has a different idea of what constitutes reality and the substance of things. Labels are meaningless. For example, you say 'red.' What is red? There are a thousand reds." He pointed to the bowl of fruit in the middle of the big table. "We've been told that's an orange. So we call it an orange. *We've been told* that's an apple. So we call it an apple. But you and I look at those things and we see different objects — with the same name. I paint them in a still life and I set them down in what my intellect tells me is the order and form in which they appear to me. It's a constructive process from beginning to end. No, I'm no anarchist. I believe in total liberty, yes, but subject to an inner order, control — and laws."

I told him I thought it would make many of his admirers happy to pick up their newspapers one morning and read that he had renounced his allegiance to the Communist Party — not in favor of some other political organization, but just to get out of the political picture and leave that kind of activity to other people.

Picasso raised his eyebrows, then relaxed, smiled. "Look," he said, "I'm no politician. I'm not technically proficient in such matters. But Communism stands for certain ideals I believe in. I believe Communism is working toward the realization of those ideals." He paused ever so briefly and then, before I had a chance to speak, picked up the question that was beginning to formulate itself in my thought. "You'll ask me, 'What about Stalin?'" he said. "Well, what about him? You would have said he was no good — but you didn't *know* that; you only thought it. Well, I thought he *was*. It turned out that I was wrong. But is that any reason why I should renounce the ideals I believe in? Let's say I were a Catholic and I met a priest who was no good — a worthless type in every sense of the word. He's all the bad things you can think of. Is that any reason why I should give up believing in Christianity? There are all kinds of perfectly authentic stories about the sins of the Church in the Middle Ages. Some of the Popes were horrible creatures. But should I — as a Christian — in view of that, give up my adherence to the ideals I believe in? *Eh bien, non!*"

Jacqueline leaned toward Picasso. "Perhaps you should make things perfectly clear," she suggested, "by saying you have no intention of resigning from the Party."

Picasso nodded. "That's right. I have no intention of resigning. Things look bad in Poland and Hungary, I know, but I'm not quitting the Party just for that. I don't say the world can't find the cure for its ills under the capitalist system, but thus far it hasn't made very impressive headway." He studied me for a brief moment, then said, "I don't understand why Americans are so concerned about Communism, anyway. Especially, about whether some individual is a Communist or not." I had the impression, from the way he put it, that he was not expecting an answer. I shifted my gaze to Jacqueline. She had slumped back into her easy chair. Picasso stayed silent. I felt that he had talked politics as long as he cared to.

4

Just then my eye was caught by an unframed canvas standing on a shelf above Jacqueline's head and to the right. It was a portrait of a girl — Jacqueline, I would have said — in tones of green and black and white. She was shown in profile, looking off to the left, and Picasso had given the face a mildly geometrical stylization built up of triangular

forms which emphasized the linear treatment but at the same time preserved the likeness. I pointed to the painting. "How would you explain to a person whose training made him look on that as deformation, rather than formation, why you had done it that way?" I asked him.

"Let me tell you a story," Picasso said. "Right after the Liberation, lots of GIs came to my studio in Paris. I would show them my work, and some of them understood and admired more than others. Almost all of them, though, before they left, would show me pictures of their wives or girl friends. One day one of them who had made some kind of remark, as I showed him one of my paintings, about how 'It doesn't really look like that, though,' got to talking about *his* wife and he pulled out a tiny passport-size picture of her to show me. I said to him, 'But she's so tiny, your wife. I didn't realize from what you said that she was so small.' He looked at me very seriously. 'Oh, she's not really so small,' he said. 'It's just that this is a very small photograph.'"

Picasso burst out laughing. He turned to Jacqueline. "It sounds silly, I know, but it's true." Then he turned back to me. "*Eh bien*, it's the same story here —" he pointed to the canvas above Jacqueline's head — "it's a question of *optique*."

That brought us to talk of the conventional canons of beauty and ugliness. I mentioned to Picasso that critics of widely differing political and aesthetic opinions frequently explained — or defended — what would be considered mutilations of the female face, for example, in some of his paintings by urging viewers not to consider such a face as subject, but rather as merely an object in space, divorced from subjective involvements. But, I wanted to know, what about those idyllic wash drawings he had shown at the *Maison de la Pensée Française* in 1950 — the lover, the poet, the artist watching over his sleeping lady — all very recognizable, all very classical? He himself had said, I reminded him, that in the act of painting, a painter empties himself of his emotions. So, then, were those 1950 Sleeping Beauties only objects in space, too, or was it permissible in such cases to consider *that* subject-painting, with all its "normal" emotional overtones?

"That's all literature," he said, "from start to finish. On the part of those writers and, I must admit, on my part as well. That kind of writing is just literature, and what I was drawing, in that case — well, that was literature, too. I might just as well have written about those scenes as drawn them."

I thought of his picture *Guitar* — one can't quite say "painted," but executed, at least, in 1926. It is a canvas slightly over three feet by four (or four feet by three, depending on which way it is hung — and there is no agreement on that point) to which a piece of coarse cloth has been affixed. The cloth has

a hole in its center and is pierced by about a dozen and a half two-inch nails. A piece of string, two parallel black lines, and a one-column-wide news clipping help to round out the illusion, so that when the picture is hung in width, it presents a form assimilable, in its main lines, to that of a guitar hanging on a wall and casting its shadow (the newspaper cutting) beneath it. In his assemblage of the materials Picasso strayed pretty far from the average person's image of a guitar; yet the link with visual reality is by no means entirely broken.

I asked Picasso how he would analyze that version of a guitar.

"Go back for a minute to what I said about the color red and those apples and oranges or" — pointing over the top of the fruit bowl — "that bottle of water or that bottle of wine. That is *my* guitar. It may not be yours. It may not be Jacqueline's. But it's mine. You see, we go to the Beaux-Arts. They try to teach us everything. They wind up by teaching us nothing. They have us make copies of everybody, trying to turn us into another Velasquez or another Goya or maybe Poussin, and we remain nobody. Art begins with the individual. When the individuality appears, that's the beginning of art. So much for my *Guitar*."

"The trouble is," he went on, "we've been taught *what* to see and *how* to render what we see. If we could only be in the position of the men who did those wonderful drawings in the caves at Lascaux and Altamira! They had nothing to go by, nothing to build on. They had to start from scratch." Picasso raised his hands in a gesture of resignation. "Well, we can't, of course. That was the Golden Age and we can't dream of bringing it back. So we have to resort to all kinds of intellectual devices to re-establish the vigor and validity of *our* vision. That's the *Guitar* again."

"But," I said, "people who don't understand the intellectual process that lies behind a work like that don't understand the result — even those who might like to."

Picasso cocked his head to one side. "*Eh bien, tant pis!* I don't paint pictures in the hope that people will understand them. They understand or not, according to their capacity. It's wrong to be so concerned about people's understanding, anyway."

"Then you think that the critic or whoever puts himself in the position of trying to help people to see or to understand things like that is performing a useless function?" I asked.

Picasso shook his head vigorously. "No. The critic or any intermediary must build a bridge people can walk over to join the artist."

"But in building that bridge," I said, "he has to make use of materials — ideas, symbols, reasoning — that have meaning for *them*; otherwise it's just so much poetry."

Picasso grinned, reached for a cigarette. "Po-

etry's all right," he said. "Perhaps it would be better if all critics were poets and wrote poetry instead of pedantry."

5

I TOLD him I had read he was doing something for the new UNESCO building in Paris. Was anything under way?

"Oh, I have lots of ideas — they come and they go — but I haven't settled on anything yet. I suppose I could do a mural of the Crusaders marching on Constantinople or one showing the august body itself reuniting in plenary session, but what interest would that have for anybody? It would have none for me, I'm sure. Oh, well, I'll hit on something. Subjects are a bore, anyway. I've always said there are no subjects any more."

I brought up the question of his monumental painting *Guernica*, in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and suggested to him that perhaps one of the reasons it had been such a success was that it *was* a great subject; that he felt so keenly about Franco's bombing of Guernica, and about the whole situation in Spain at the time, that the subject helped *make* the picture.

He shrugged. "You may be right," he said. "Half right, anyway. Right to the extent that the events of the Spanish War had made it a picture worth painting, but I don't think it necessarily great because of whatever fire and passion you assume I put into it. There isn't always a correlation between what one feels and what comes out. Another thing — and this has always struck me as a little curious — I worked on that painting in my Paris atelier, and every chance I got to take a break, I would go out into the country for a breather. But I would begin to draw and paint from the moment I got there. And what did I paint, coming fresh from the work on *Guernica*? Flowers and fruit — never anything else."

That brought to mind Proust's idea that the great artists produce only one work throughout their lifetime; or, at least, express one idea or one theme through a variety of forms — the concept of a constant, evolving unity. Picasso's work, of course, is as diversified as any in the history of art. And yet I had noticed, in viewing Clouzot's film *Le Mystère Picasso*, in which Picasso works at a great number of drawings and paintings under the camera's eye, that however radical the metamorphoses may appear in certain passages where the camera records his progress on a canvas *periodically* instead of following, as it does in other parts of the film, each movement of his hand, the unity of the work in progress is sustained throughout. Clouzot's method makes those metamorphoses appear to be instantaneous, but that is only an illusion resulting from a technique enforced by his time limits. Actually, of course, they evolve slowly from one mo-

ment — or hour — to the next. Why, then, I asked Picasso, if a major work evolves in that manner, does not the artist's work as a whole similarly evolve?

"But it does," he said.

I told him that a pronouncement he had apparently made on the subject some years ago, and which had since then been given the widest possible circulation in American modern-art circles, indicated that he thought otherwise — about his own work, at least.

He jumped up. "That's the trouble with those things," he said. "You say something one day with reference to a particular situation. People generalize from it. It gets cast in type and the next thing you know, it's a permanent and universal declaration!"

Suddenly he shook his head. "My God!" he said. "I'm going on like a philosopher today. I don't know what's got into me. I never talked like this to anyone in my life before."

Jacqueline sat up excitedly on the edge of the overstuffed club chair she didn't come close to filling. "I never heard you talk like this — I know that. I've been sitting here, all ears, just wondering how long this would go on." She looked over at me. "You're the lucky one," she said.

I agreed, but told them I felt a little unlucky, too. I said that if I'd known things were going to go off like this, I'd have brought a tape recorder along. I had thought of it but was afraid that if I showed up with one I'd scare Picasso into saying nothing.

Picasso laughed. "You did the right thing. Well, perhaps you've got a good memory. We'll see. Come on in here," he said, pointing to the salon. "I'll show you some things I've been working on recently."

6

WE WALKED out into the large cluttered salon and on into the room beyond it. Canvases were stacked against all the walls and most of the furniture. On the mantelpiece was a large study of two female nudes painted in warm earth tones. "That's my Salon de Mai painting," Picasso said. The facial structure of one of the women had the same type of antinaturalistic schematization as the two right-hand figures in *Les Femmes d'Alger*, the picture Picasso painted in 1906-07, now in the New York Museum of Modern Art — the painting that did more than any other to bring about what one unhappy French critic has called "the destruction of a world." Near it, on top of a packing case, stood another large canvas — taller but not so wide — of two nude women, more brutal in its "formation" than the other and painted in tones of gray against a background of ocher and earth color.

We walked over to the mantel. There were a number of ceramic tiles, about nine inches by six, that Picasso had decorated and baked only the

week before: fauns, satyrs, young men, and girls. One, a head of Jacqueline, was cracked across the middle. "They cracked this taking it out of the oven," he said. "I'll fix it, though." He went over to a stack of canvases facing against the east wall. He pulled out one about three feet by four. "Here's a recent one," he said. It showed a portion of the room we were standing in, with a view out over the garden. It was a tightly packed, luxuriant composition in which elements of still life and landscape predominated, with a good deal of black heightened by strong areas of viridian and crimson. The brush strokes were laid on in vigorous swirls. Picasso reached for another canvas behind it. It was another view of the same room looking out into the central salon. It was sparsely painted, mostly in black with a few touches of umber representing small pieces of furniture which he pointed out to me around the room. It had a sketchy appearance; there was a good deal of uncovered white space and the brush strokes were thin and hasty. Picasso moved from one stack of canvases to another, pulling out a picture, setting it up for my inspection, replacing it, pulling out another.

We were looking at a bullfight scene with much black and alizarin crimson relieved by thick yellow dots on the capes and a brilliant aquamarine sky, when a nephew of Picasso's — a small, dark man in his thirties — and his wife came in. We all chatted together for a while, and then Jacqueline and the nephew and his wife drifted over into the dining room. Picasso and I walked out through the huge glass double doors at the back of the salon onto the terrace. A large garden stretched away on two levels beginning at the foot of the steps below us. To our left I noticed an irregularly rectangular piece of mosaic work about three feet long and ten inches or so high leaning against the wall. I walked over to it and bent down to examine the figures that had been set into it. There was a fish on the left-hand side, in the center a diagonal-shaped face, and at the right a round orange object that looked a good deal like a Halloween pumpkin. Picasso came over to me.

"What do you think of that for my UNESCO wall?" he asked. "I've been fooling around with the idea of doing something like that. I've never done much of anything in mosaic before, but I'd like to try."

I told him I liked the idea fine. Better than fresco, I thought.

"I think so, too," he said. "It'll last forever — well, long enough, anyway."

I asked him when they wanted it.

"I have an idea they'd like it right away," he said. "The building is all up. Almost, at any rate. When you get back to Paris, go take a look at it. It's over by the Invalides, or the Champ de Mars. Somewhere around there."

We walked down into the garden. On the right

were three old friends—in bronze—that I remembered from the exhibition of drawings and sculptures held at the Maison de la Pensée Française in 1950: a goat, the head of a woman, and—most interesting of all—a life-size figure of a woman that I had christened Arabella when I first saw it because it reminded me of a dressmaker's form my grandmother had that she used to call by that name. Officially the piece is known only as *Bronze*.

To the left of us were three ceramic statues: two large standing Pan figures painted, here and there, in black and glazed, and a seated nude, incised, without any painting beneath the glaze. To their left was a bronze relief I had seen in the show with the other bronzes. Picasso pointed to the big ceramic figures.

"I did those for a ceramics exhibition in Vallauris last summer," he said. On the level below us, to the right, was a fountain with its water bubbling up over another bronze head from the 1950 exhibition. Over on the left I could see the twin brother of *L'Homme au Mouton*. I told Picasso that I had just been looking at its twin, in Vallauris, a few days before.

"Yes, we cast three of those, in fact," he said. "This one, the one in Vallauris, and a third one, in America somewhere."

We started back toward the house. Picasso's eyes lighted up. "You know," he said, "last winter we had an enormous amount of snow for this part of the country. You should have seen those statues draped in snow." He pointed over to Arabella. "Oh, she was marvelous." We walked up onto the terrace. He held his hand at a height of about a foot and a half from the floor. "It banked this high right outside the doors here. But the heat works fine and we were comfortable. This is an ugly old house but it's solid. I suppose I could have bought a modern one. But they're ugly, too—and not solid." On our left now, in the corner of the terrace, I noted a cage with two white pigeons—peace doves, I imagine—in it. We walked into the salon. Picasso pointed up over our heads. "Just look at these ceilings! And these windows! What light! What a wonderful place to work! And so much room!" He reached over to one of the radiators. "*Justement*," he said. "I must tell them to put the heat on. How do they expect me to work in the cold?" He went into the dining room to speak to Jacqueline.

Over in a corner near the doors to the terrace, behind a sofa taken up by a huge blood-red Spanish kite, I noticed a sculpture, half standing, half leaning, of a life-size human figure. It was not one I had seen before. I went over to it. Picasso joined me. "That's one I've been tinkering with for several years. I started it in Vallauris." I could see that he had welded pipes of one kind or another into it. He pointed out a piece of a pottery oven that had found its way into the frame. From a table beside it he picked up a key attached to another metal object. "I must get this thing in there," he said, then tossed it onto the table.

We walked across the salon, skirting a half-dozen baskets of flowers sent by friends for his birthday. Behind the flowers was a long bench covered with piles of plates. "Tests I've been making over at the kiln," Picasso said. He picked up the topmost plate from the end pile. It was a bullfight scene decorated in a kind of copper-luster finish. "I tried to get the flavor of the old Hispano-Moresque ceramics into this," he said.

I walked into the next room again to study more closely the wooden maquette of a tall, bony male figure Picasso was carving out as part of a monumental group sculpture, then made one more quick survey of the premises—the heaps and piles and stacks of work *en chantier*. If I didn't leave now, I'd never make the break, I felt. It would have been easier—and more gratifying—not to, but Picasso, I well knew, had work to do. I suddenly realized that I did, too. I paid my respects to the nephew and his wife. Jacqueline and Picasso threaded their way with me through the maze, and we walked slowly back across the salon and the two central halls, stopping every few feet to talk about Paul Éluard and Scott Fitzgerald and mutual friends, dead and alive.

By the time we reached the front terrace, we were making plans for a bang-up American dinner featuring—Picasso's choice—roast turkey with chestnut dressing and cranberry sauce. We shook hands. I walked down off the terrace and got into the car. "*Au revoir*," Picasso called out, with two full, round Spanish *r*'s. "Bye-bye," said Jacqueline. The concierge came out of her *loge* and opened the massive iron curtain for me. I swung the car around and drove out through the gate. As I made the turn into the road, I caught a glimpse of them on the terrace, arm in arm, still waving.

Erratic

Over the years, the Pulitzer Prizes have come to be regarded as valued awards in American letters, especially when they signalize new talent. But from time to time there are mutterings; there were mutterings in 1926 when Sinclair Lewis refused to accept the prize for his novel *Arrow-smith*, and again this year when there was evidently a hung jury in Fiction. Critic and Professor of English at Cornell, ARTHUR MIZENER looks back at the record. Mr. Mizener is the author of *The Far Side of Paradise*.

THE PULITZER PRIZES

by ARTHUR MIZENER

I

WHEN Robert Penn Warren received the Pulitzer Prize for *All the King's Men* in 1947, he learned about it from an enterprising reporter. "How do you feel, Mr. Warren?" the reporter asked, and Warren said, "I feel guilty about all the writers better than I am who have never received the Pulitzer Prize."

It is true that many of us are naïve enough to think the Pulitzer Prize is awarded for the best novel by an American during a given year; and even the present terms of the award — "for distinguished fiction" — suggest that judges are concerned solely with literary merit. Quite rightly, therefore, within our limits, we question a good many of the awards. Besides, it is fun to second-guess the judges, especially as it is easy to be wise after enough time has passed to free us from the temporary distortion of values which exists at any given moment of history and is certain to influence powerfully any judgment that has to be made in that moment. Some of us are old enough to remember what things were like in 1921 and thus to understand how the judges came to think not only that *The Age of Innocence* was a better book than *Main Street* (which it probably is) but that it was superior in another, nonliterary way — it was a safer book to give the prize to. The buzz of gossip is pretty loud even in the remote fastnesses far above Cayuga's waters where I live. It must be appalling in New York, where, as I understand it, literary people feel that day has been lost on which they do not attend a couple of literary cocktail parties where they are edified by the latest in-group wisdom. Perhaps, after all, we should admire the Pulitzer judges for having chosen so many good books under these conditions — especially good books of poetry — rather than criticize them for having chosen so many inferior novels.

There are, nonetheless, some pretty odd choices even among the books of poetry. In 1935, the year of Marianne Moore's *Selected Poems* and of Robert Penn Warren's *Thirty-six Poems*, the prize went to Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Strange Holiness*;

in 1938 our judges preferred Marya Zaturenska's *Cold Morning Sky* to Stevens' *Man with the Blue Guitar* and Allen Tate's *Selected Poems*. One could easily multiply examples of this kind. But these are perhaps enough to suggest the pattern which seems to run through the poetry awards. In spite of the brilliance of Southern Agrarian poets like Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, John Peale Bishop, and Robert Penn Warren, none of them has ever won a Pulitzer Prize for poetry. This heroic refusal by the judges to recognize persistent merit however great is almost enough to make even a Yankee share the slightly paranoid Southern literary dogma that New York's control of the business side of literature is used systematically to discriminate against Southern writers.

The judges seem also to have sustained an irrational prejudice against neo-metaphysical poets, especially if they were expatriates, as were the greatest of these poets, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. It is certainly hard today to understand their refusal to honor at least one of the volumes — for instance, *The Waste Land* — which Mr. Eliot published before he became a British subject in 1927. Perhaps it is too much to expect the judges to show the kind of courage an award to Ezra Pound calls for nowadays, especially after what happened to the Fellows of the Library of Congress for saying what was almost certainly true: that Pound's *Pisan Cantos* were the best poems by an American published in 1948. But there were a half-dozen Pound volumes published before the last war which could have been noticed without arousing political passions.

The truth is that the judges have — with rare exceptions — limited themselves to regional poets who celebrate the area north of Jersey City and east of Albany. This narrow provincialism has forced them into giving the prize to Robert Frost four times and to a handful of other poets two or three times, and into ignoring all the other good poets. Nonetheless, it is true — again, with some exceptions — that the poets the judges have hon-

ored have been good poets, so that there is a valid if narrow-minded defense to be made of them.

2

BUT there is not, I think, any valid literary defense that can be made for the awards in the novel. If a defense is to be made, it will have to be made on other grounds. A few examples will show why. (These examples are all later than 1931, the year in which the Advisory Board announced that the award would be given "for the best novel published during the year by an American writer." Pulitzer's original terms were: "For the original American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Actually, the judges appear to have started ignoring these terms as early as 1929, when the award went to *Scarlet Sister Mary*, whose seven illegitimate children can hardly have been the kind of thing Pulitzer had in mind when he urged "the highest standard of American . . . manhood" on the judges' attention.) Of the novels published in 1934, the year in which Scott Fitzgerald and John O'Hara published their finest novels and two brilliant tours de force appeared (Caroline Gordon's *Aleck Maury* and Cozzens' *Castaway*) — for that *annus mirabilis* the judges chose Josephine Johnson's *Now in November*. For 1936 they succeeded in ignoring *Absalom, Absalom!*, *In Dubious Battle*, and *The Big Money* in order to honor *Gone with the Wind*. For 1940 they found no novel worthy of the award: that was the year of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *You Can't Go Home Again*, *The Hamlet*, *Ask Me Tomorrow*, and *The Pilgrim Hawk*. For 1951 they passed over *Requiem for a Nun*, *Melville Goodwin*, *USA*, and *Catcher in the Rye* for *The Caine Mutiny*.

Some obviously extraliterary criteria which are scarcely evident in the judging of poetry appear to be at work here; they show up, I think, because we care about novels in a way we do not, alas, care about poetry. What novels say is, we think, something understandable about the life we are actually living; novels are not muttering incoherently about April's being the cruelest month, which we can ignore as nonsense, or waving their arms about hysterically over — God help us — usury. What is worse (for no doubt we ourselves are wise enough to resist the bad effect of seductively wicked novels), the other fellow can read them and understand what they are saying, and heaven only knows what damage to the soundness of the country that may do. What I am trying to say is that our moral and political interests are deeply involved in our judgment of novels. Of course they should be involved in all our literary judgments, but because they are not often involved in our judgment of poetry, we find it easier to be fair to the literary merit of poetry. Yeats once remarked bitterly that he could

say anything he wanted to about Ireland in his poems because no one in Dublin read them. But if Yeats could scorn Ireland as a country which spent all its time "fumbling in a greasy till" and still become an Irish senator, no novelist — not even so obscure a one as Joyce — could. Even the mild denigration which is an effect of complete objectivity such as you have in *Dubliners* can lead to the kind of suppression *Dubliners* suffered.

Much the same thing is true of literary judgment in America. The Pulitzer Prize judges have honored poets who have said some pretty severe things about our moral and political beliefs; even their favorite, Robert Frost, can be devastating in poems like "Design," "Provide, Provide," and "Directive." This is no man to turn loose among conventional readers if there is any risk of their fully understanding him. The risk is apparently not great; at least no disappointed poet has yet appeared in the *Saturday Review* to condemn the Pulitzer Prize judges for honoring Robert Frost. But with novelists the judges have to be careful. They know it, because the market tells them so. The novel is a commodity, but the distribution of poetry is a charity practiced by publishers.

At its crudest and most obvious, then, the extraliterary importance of the novel is shown by what I am told economists like to call the market mechanism — a metaphor which any decent poet could tell them they are someday going to regret. Now no self-respecting publisher, even less any self-respecting writer, takes the judgment of the market mechanism lying down. But I doubt if any publisher would deny, either, that it has a cumulative effect. Moreover, it has an effect on writers themselves: there is an amateur Virginia Kirkus in every writer, and she has a quite astonishing effect on some of them, as Edmund Wilson was noticing with his usual acerbity when he remarked of the Pulitzer Prize winner for 1927: "By unremitting industry and a kind of stubborn integrity that seems to make it impossible for him to turn out his rubbish without thoroughly believing in it, [Louis Bromfield] has gradually made his way into the fourth rank, where his place is now secure."

Sadly enough, this is the history of many promising writers in America, and of some who not only promised to achieve something but did so — for a little while. In nearly every decade you can find a really good American writer who later petered out, as Sinclair Lewis did after the twenties. Why, asked Scott Fitzgerald, are there no second acts in American lives? What discrepancy in values is there in America that makes so many of our writers go to pieces and, to return to the other side of our equation, makes able judges award novel prizes to mediocre books? — for I think there can be no doubt that the committees which award prizes are just as intelligent as anybody else, and just as honest.

Yet what they do can be as astonishing as what happens to gifted writers. Their practice seems to imply certain criteria of judgment which are, at best, only incidentally literary. For one thing, the books they will choose must — without being crude about it — look at experience in a properly American way. This way may occasionally include a criticism of America, but the grounds of such criticism must be American moral or political ideals: naughty fellows like the young Faulkner or socialists, however American, like the young Dos Passos need not apply. In short, to win the Pulitzer Prize a novel must not be, in either form or content, very novel. For another thing, the book must be popular — not just a best seller, but a book that is accepted as serious by a large number of American readers.

This second criterion is most clearly shown by the judges' consistent refusal to pick an early book by an important writer. If the writer persists stubbornly and becomes popular, there is a possibility that they may recognize his fourth or fifth good book, but the chances are better that, if they recognize him at all, they will wait until very near the end of the first act of his life or even until well into that dismal second act Fitzgerald was asking about. Thus they passed over not only *Main Street* in 1920 but *Babbitt* in 1922. But they did choose *Arrowsmith* in 1926. The previous year *The Sun Also Rises* did not get chosen for reasons Hemingway foresaw quite clearly in the book itself. When Bill Gorton, fresh over from New York, joins Jake in Europe, he is full of talk about irony and pity, and Jake says to him, "Who did you get this stuff from?" Bill says, "Everybody. Don't you read? Don't you ever see anybody? You know what you are? You're an expatriate. Why don't you live in New York? Then you'd know these things. What do you want me to do? Come over here and tell you every year? . . . Nobody that ever left their own country ever wrote anything worth printing. . . . You drink yourself to death. You become obsessed by sex. . . . You're an expatriate, see? You hang around cafés." And Jake says, "It sounds like a swell life. When do I work?" Like Jake, Hemingway did work, and twenty-five years later the Pulitzer judges joined the Luce Enterprises in honoring *The Old Man and the Sea*. If you measure from Faulkner's first indubitably great novel, *The Sound and the Fury*, it was twenty-six years before they discovered him.

3

I THINK there is enough evidence here to convince us that the Pulitzer Prize often does not go to one of the very best novels of the year, even when it is pretty clear at the time what the best novels are, because certain extraliterary criteria are at

least as important to the judges as are the literary ones. But I hope I have not sounded as if I think these judges are galled by prejudice while our withers are unwrung. Which one of us, when it is a question we really care about, knows how to hold the balance between our sense of literary excellence and our regard for the moral and political convictions by which we live? Well, there is, perhaps, an answer to that rhetorical question. People who take an all-for-art-or-the-world-well-lost attitude do not attempt to hold any balance, but I think they are worse off than our judges. Irresponsibility never solves any problems, especially when it makes as many purely literary misjudgments as responsibility does — at least, I think the race between the little magazines and the best-seller lists to see who can pick the most phony geniuses is a very close thing.

Responsible judges like those for the Pulitzer Prize are in very much the same dilemma as Robert Penn Warren was in: torn between his writer's conviction that better writers than he had, for nonliterary reasons, been deprived of the Pulitzer Prize and the fact, perfectly clear to Warren himself, that he shared most of the values which lead judges to ignore good writers. Any intelligent literary man will frequently be shocked by what Pulitzer Prize judges and Hollywood do. But I think it can be said in a completely uncynical way that he will nonetheless probably accept their money and even the kind of work their recognition will bring him. The conflict of values manifest here works very subtly, and it works on the businessmen of literature just as surely as it works on the writers who succeed. Indeed, it works on us all.

When a writer has produced the best book he can, he will tell himself that he need not turn down any money it brings him, for he has not compromised his principles or his taste in writing it. He is likely to feel only innocent delight if his publisher thinks his book may be a best seller, a candidate for the Pulitzer Prize, even a movie buy. It seems to him a trifling, temporary interruption of his work when his publisher suggests a visit to New York to help build up the book. Possibly he is faintly disturbed when he finds himself at literary cocktail parties being almost flattering to influential reviewers he has always — probably with some justice — thought stupid. But the next thing he knows, he is appearing on radio and television shows, where the regal bearing of radio personalities awes him into expressing opinions he neither believes nor respects. (What a man won't say when Mary Margaret McBride goes to work on him!) If our writer is not lucky enough to fade quickly into obscurity, he will end up writing scripts in Hollywood, where he will probably not even have the consolation of being a success.

You see the obverse of this course among pub-

lishers. Publishers are all more or less bad businessmen because they all care to some extent for good books and are forever trying to publish them. It's a mug's game and as businessmen they know it. What would a really hard-boiled businessman think of Alfred Knopf's attempt, a few years ago, to revive Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*? *Parade's End* is a tetralogy, a book of over 800 fairly difficult pages, and the most salable of Ford's books is, as a commodity, so dead that Ford hasn't much of a reputation even among the avant-garde. But Alfred Knopf knows that Ford is a fine novelist. The poor fellow therefore not only published *Parade's End*; he even spent good money to collect and print the favorable opinions of Ford held by a group of odd characters with no influence whatsoever on the buying public. I know about this because I was one of the odd characters. Well, *Parade's End* was published all right; it was remaindered, too, almost before the ink was dry on the paper.

Mary McCarthy once remarked that we Americans are a nation of twenty million bathtubs, with a humanist in every tub. We are also a nation of twenty thousand intellectuals, each of whom has a couple of children he wants to send to Princeton and Vassar and a wife with a well-publicized scheme for doing over every room in the house. The intellectuals need the community of their fellows far too deeply ever to make the radical rejection of the middle-class way of life which their intellectual commitments in strict logic require, just as their fellows need to participate in the life of the mind, even at the expense of their business sense, in order to convince themselves that they are not hucksters. I think it would be hard to say whether the most representative hero of American society is Charlie Anderson, of Dos Passos' *The Big Money*, who killed himself trying to recover the pleasures of the mind and spirit he had sacrificed to achieve the Big Money, or whether that hero is Huck Finn, the patron saint of all intellectuals, who ended by having to light out for the terrible loneliness of the territory because he couldn't stand what he called being "civilized"—that is, conforming to the standards of his fellow Americans in St. Petersburg.

Each of these heroes accepted one of the two nearly exclusive goods we Americans need, and each was destroyed by his inability to find the other. The hero who is caught, as they were, between the need for success and community and the need for integrity and loneliness is omnipresent in American fiction because, in a less heroic form, he is omnipresent in American life. Let me give you an illus-

tration, a story by James Thurber in which Thurber finds himself stuck at a cocktail party with a businessman named Matthews. This Thurber suffers from a rather foolish but understandable desire for a kind of society in which his talent for intellectual wit will be admired. Mr. Matthews is a shrewd and friendly man who tries all through the story to understand Thurber's trouble but can't because he is aware of only the practical values. The two are in difficulties from the start.

"Where now, Matthews," I demanded, "are the long draperies, the bright chandeliers, the shining floors, the high ceilings, the snuffboxes, the handkerchief stuck in the sleeve with careless care, the perfect bow from the waist, the formal but agile idiom?"

"Setup is different today," Matthews said.

After trying to make Matthews see how vulgarized our civilization is by showing him how Thurber witticisms have been cheapened for popular consumption, Thurber finally tries to get through to him by describing how a publisher once asked him to do a new set of illustrations for *Alice in Wonderland* and Thurber said, "Let's keep the Tenniel drawings and I'll rewrite the story." Trying his damndest to get the point of this, Matthews succeeds only in displaying his complete ignorance of who James Thurber is. He says, "Fellow thought you were an artist instead of a writer, eh?" The cocktail party ends with Thurber shouting at a woman because she tells him how much she admires him for having refused to rewrite *Alice in Wonderland* in spite of all the money they offered him.

This seems to me a brilliant exploitation of the dilemma I have been trying to describe. It shows us the innocent egotism of the intellectual who wants to have his talent recognized by his fellows without sacrificing the intellectual subtlety on which he prides himself. It shows us the shrewd ignorance of the businessman who wants to feel he can understand this intellectual but lands hopelessly beside the point every time. Thurber has put a Columbus-Ohio Huck Finn and a Cornwall-Connecticut Charlie Anderson in the same story.

For all his lightness of tone, Thurber is showing us our nightmare of defeat. Most of the time, in actuality, we do not live in this nightmare, though I suppose we all frequently imagine it. Instead, we achieve some shaky and slightly conscience-stricken balance between the demands of our two sets of values, teetering ludicrously, like the clown in the circus's balancing act. Clowns are only absurd because they are pathetic. And so are the Pulitzer Prize judges. And so are all of us.



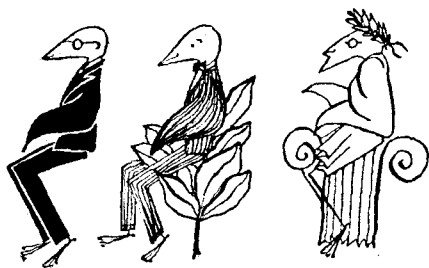
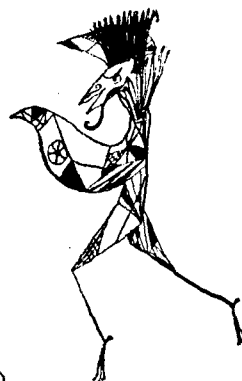
THE SPACE CHILD'S MOTHER GOOSE

by FREDERICK WINSOR



The Colloid and the Crystalloid
Were fighting just in jest.
The Colloid called the Crystalloid
A Pseudo-Anapest.

Some thought them Physical
And some thought them Chemic —
And some said the whole affair
Was slightly academic.

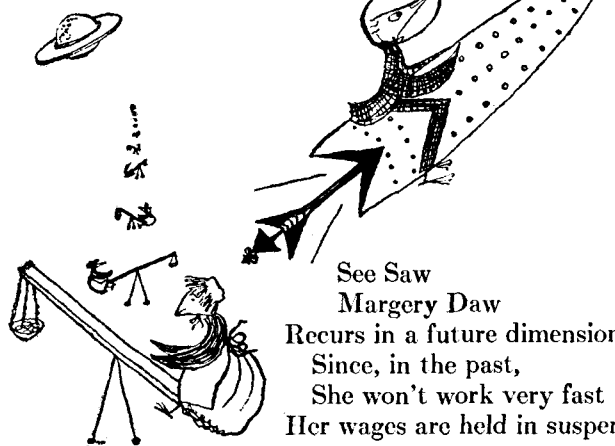


This is the way the Physicist rides:
A quantum, a quantum, a quantum.

This is the way the Agronomist rides:
I plant 'em, I plant 'em, I plant 'em.

This is the way the Philosopher rides:
O Plato! O Plato! O Plato!

This is the way the Rocketman rides:
JATO! JATO!! JATO!!!



See Saw
Margery Daw
Rekurs in a future dimension.
Since, in the past,
She won't work very fast
Her wages are held in suspension.

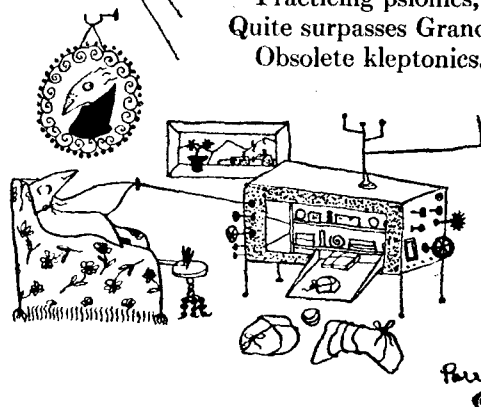


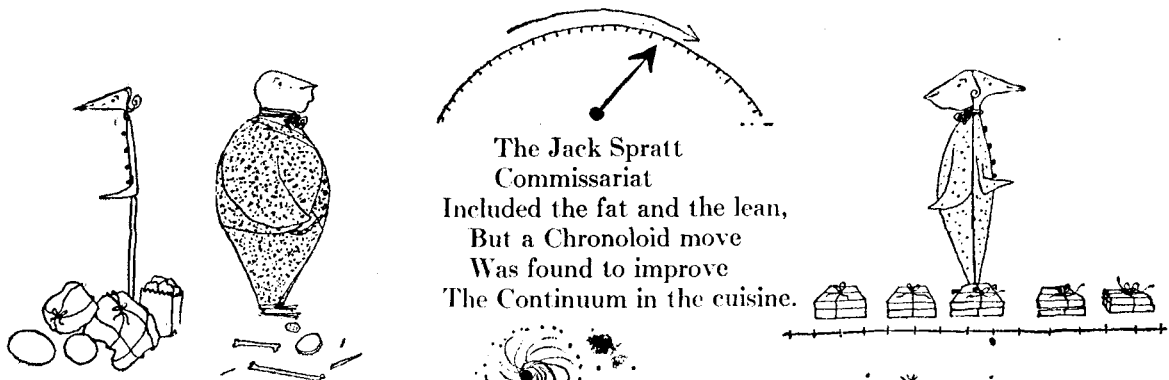
Taffy was a Welshman.
Taffy was a thief.
Taffy's little grandson
Teleplunders beef.

Taffy's little grandson,
Cymric superlooter,
Looks angelic riding
His teledriven scooter.

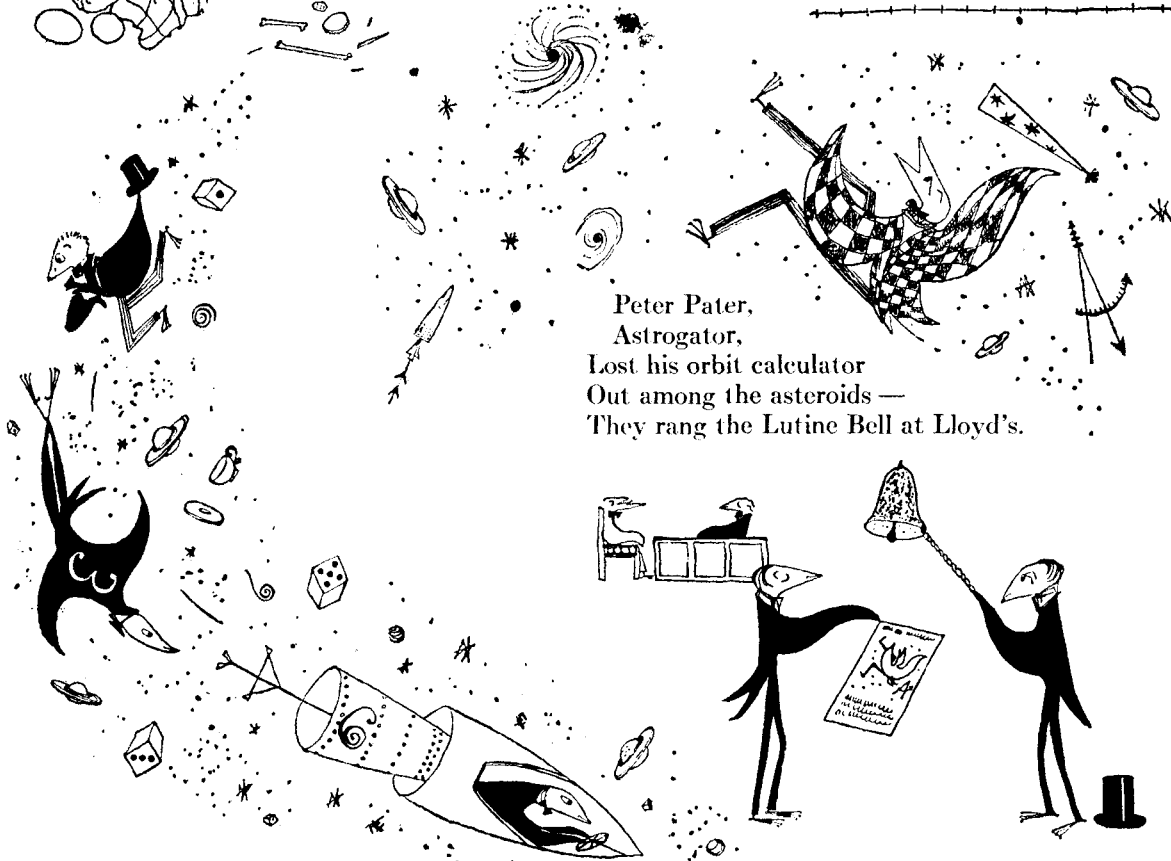
Taffy's little grandson
Never leaves the village,
Stays at home in comfort
Committing telepillage.

Taffy's little grandson,
Practicing psionics,
Quite surpasses Grandpa's
Obsolete kleptonics.





The Jack Spratt
Commissariat
Included the fat and the lean,
But a Chronoloid move
Was found to improve
The Continuum in the cuisine.



Peter Pater,
Astrogator,
Lost his orbit calculator
Out among the asteroids —
They rang the Lutine Bell at Lloyd's.

One is just half of the Old Snake's Eyes —
Flying saucers are filling the skies.

The Trey is followed by Little Joe —
Antigravity makes them go.

The Feever's eye is on Dixie's Six —
Sound the alarm if the space-drive sticks.

Seven from heaven and Eight from Decatur —
Hope for the best from the Astrogator.

Nona Peptona pursues Big Ten —
Rockets blast as the Captain says "When!"

Eleven, and then, with a pair of Box Cars,
The space-ship is wrecked on the Desert of Mars.



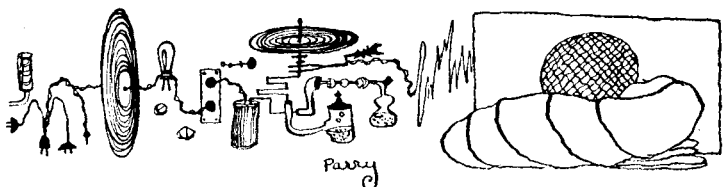
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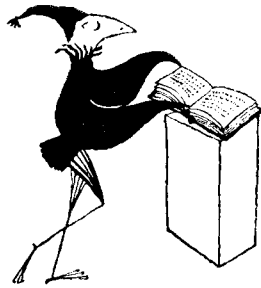


Said the Cortex
To the Vortex
"Won't you have a Chlorophyll?"
Said the Vortex
To the Cortex
"Thank you, sir, perhaps I will."



Resistor, transistor, condensers in pairs;
Battery, platter record me some airs;
Squeaker and squawker and woofer times pi,
And Baby shall have his own private HiFi.





GLOSSARY

A
M
S

QUANTUM



The Quantum is only a tittle or jot:
On a little theory hangs a lot.



CYMRIC



If your manners and methods and language are rough,
My boy, don't take it too hard.
There are those who maintain that this is the stuff
Of a genuine Cymric bard.



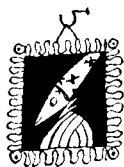
PSIONICS



Psionics: *there's* a potent think.
The Mind sets mountains totterink.



ASTROGATOR

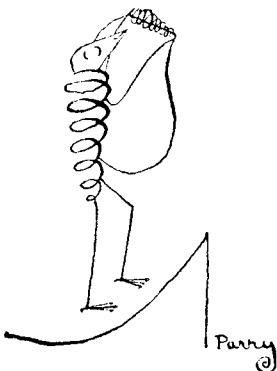
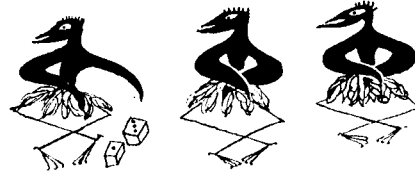


The navigator never drinks
Till safe beyond the bars.
The Astrogator does the same
But out among the stars.

SNAKE'S EYES LITTLE JOE, etc.



Nona Peptona and similar names
Are derived from Ritual Counting Games.



CORTEX/VORTEX The Cortex wraps around a core.
Alas! There isn't any vore.





Sportsman, author, and conservationist, CLARK C. VAN FLEET is a native Californian who for more than four decades has roamed the forests and fished the streams of the West Coast. He knows the best pools in the great rivers of Washington, Oregon, and California; he knows the habits of the Steelhead and the Redside; he knows what roads to take and where to stay. Some of his experiences he described in his book, Steelhead to a Fly, which was published in 1954 by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

HOME OF THE REDSIDES

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

I

PICTURE a vast amphitheater high along the summit of the mountains walled in on three sides by jagged cliffs thrusting five hundred feet or more into the sky. The proscenium is a lava dike above a floor of incredible blueness more than a mile in circumference, fed by springs that are constant both in temperature and volume through coldest winter and driest summer. At an unvarying thirty-nine degrees, Clear Lake yields a thousand cubic feet per second where it slides over the lowest lip of the proscenium and leaps down the mountainside. The thunder of this sudden release fills the gorge below and reverberates from the highest peaks. Here is the source of the Mackenzie River at the summit of the Cascades in Oregon.

Over rocks, cascades, and falls it whoops, slithers, and tumbles a thousand feet to reach the gorge below. At Sahalie, Koosah, and Tamolitch Falls it roars with perpendicular force as tons of water descend into great pools. Then for mile upon mile its force is scarcely diminished as it pours down the narrow pathway through the rocks, past a mighty forest of pine, spruce, hemlock, and fir. These are followed in turn by great maples, alders, and cottonwoods as the valley widens and gentler foothills supersede the bold precipices of the earlier course of the stream. It gathers volume as it proceeds. Smith, South Fork, and Blue rivers add their forces along the way; Horse, Lost, Milk, Mohawk, and other minor creeks contribute a share; but these seldom change the water's crystal clarity unless affected by the blighting hand of man.

As the river widens and deepens with smoother going, its nature changes. Long pools, channels, and runs with occasional stretches of gravel replace the boulder-strewn cascades and slides of dancing water. The current is still powerful but glides rather than sluices. There is still white water on the riffles, but these become less frequent. And at the heart of

the river is the Mackenzie River Redside, the noble native rainbow that makes this its home.

To the dry-fly purist, Mackenzie is a name to conjure with. Whether he boats the river with a competent guide or seeks the wilder waters above Blue River where boats are not allowed, he can be certain of tangling with the raciest antagonist it has ever been his pleasure to battle. The brood fish of three pounds or better have declined in number as pressure of fishing has increased on the river. Hence, to prevent their further decimation, the Oregon Game Commission has wisely set an upper limit of sixteen inches on the fish that can be taken, the lower being eight. This doesn't prevent a bout with the old-timers, but they must be released unharmed. The basic stock of breeders makes the river a fly-caster's dream.

Of all the lodges catering to the fisherman, Thomson's Resort at Vida is the most widely known. After his father died, Dayton became the head of the clan, and subject to his call were most of the experienced guides on the river. Though other proprietors have taken over lately, the old traditions still remain. This, therefore, is the center of boating activity along the whole stretch from the village of Blue River to the dam below Vida. From every point on the compass, fishermen from presidents to bus boys gather from season's opening to closing date to toss their lures over the Mackenzie's dancing waters. Successful or not (and good fishing is assured if the weather is clement), the day is filled with pleasure and beauty on a trip down this stream, the most charming in America.

Holliday Farm, a few miles above Blue River, and The Log Cabin at Mackenzie Bridge are excellent resorts, and cater to those who prefer wading the upper reaches. Both have cabins in addition to the main house and highly satisfactory cuisines. Nestled in the timber almost at the head of road

transportation is Belknap Springs, a mile off the main road. Here you can combine a fishing trip with a natural steam bath and drink the waters served by the spring. From the latter part of May through June is the period of production for this higher country.

2

IN RECENT years this upper stretch from Boulder Creek, about a mile above the Springs, to Mackenzie Bridge has been my preference. Here the river is pounding down its bed at a pretty good rate, with much white water and many boulders from the size of a barrel to the dimensions of a small car. Back from the road a piece, this ten miles or so is not as heavily fished as the lower reaches. Since it is on the rugged side, the fish it yields are inclined to be larger and more difficult to bring to the net. Of all the area, the runs above and below Fish Rock are, to my mind, the lies where the largest fish rest and where there is the most sport.

When the month of June has run a third of its course I like to pile in my car, duffel stored, and leave Eugene by three o'clock. This brings me to trail head at the Springs about four thirty. Down the trail I swing, unassembled rod in hand, net at my back, waders, reel, and accessories in a stout duffel bag over my shoulder. The mile I have to travel is something of a scramble — fallen logs, low limbs, ups and downs along the riverside — but twenty minutes does it nicely.

Fish Rock is just below you as you reach a miniature flat snuggled against the steep ridge at your back. Assembling your rod, bending on a leader and attaching a fly, and struggling into your waders and boots are the task of another five minutes. At last you are ready. Yet now is the time to make haste slowly.

Fish Rock is a true landmark, ten feet high and as many wide. It divides the river into almost equal parts. The opposite bank is a high cliff, the matrix of this mighty stone wrenched from its face by some convulsion of the past. A fast riffle whips against the cliff from above, deepens as it reaches the rock, and scours a pool of considerable dimensions along both sides to tail out on the break to the next pool. You leave this for a moment as your eyes scan the welter of water above, where the river churns through boulders of a lesser size, pockets here and there, channels and sluices intervening. Here you will make your first casts.

Taking the dope can from the waders pocket, you rub a small amount between the finger and thumb and apply it to the wings and hackles of your lure. This rite is most important in the choppy current, since the fly must ride high and lightly against any odds of wave or splash. Stepping gingerly to the water's edge, you false-cast in the air; then you pick a likely spot and let go.

As you work out among the boulders toward the center of the stream, the clutch of the current squeezes your waders with an icy chill. Winter or summer this upper Mackenzie varies but a shade above or below forty degrees. But the search of each slide and pocket engrosses you, and the excitement of anticipation keeps your blood coursing and you forget the chill. Suddenly a streak all silver and pink rushes your lure, and the battle of frantic dashes and leaps is on. When you have finally netted him, you remove the hook and turn the net over to release him, a nice ten-incher of about a pound, but on this evening you are seeking larger game.

The upper reach thoroughly searched, with one keeper in your creel you turn back to the shallow above the rock. Here, because of the speed of the current and a scattering of gnarled willow along the bank, you change your tactics entirely. Heretofore you have been casting upstream, stripping line rapidly as the dancing fly bobs toward you, thus retaining line control. From this shallow you cast downstream well above the water, then pull back sharply until the fly lights nearly at your feet, and feed it line as it daintily rides to the break that marks the beginning of the pool. Over this the prospects are bright for a rise. But you may make a dozen casts without a stir under your lure; the fish are shy.

Another change in method might do the trick. You switch to a Blue Upright, oil it carefully as before, then step down a few feet as you shorten line. You are about to simulate a hatch of this stream-living insect. This calls for the best skill. The fly is dropped gently about two feet above the break and coasted just to its edge, with the rod held high. A quick flick at the right moment before drag starts and you drop it instantly again above the break. After eight or ten such casts the lure floats serenely out to deeper water; that is the key cast.

An explosion bends your rod nearly double. The fish leaps high against the tension of the line and runs down the pool with a rush as you head for shore. He must not get around the rock on the downside. When the tussle subsides and you have slipped your net under him, you have gained a victory over a bright two-pounder. But with all the commotion and your necessary appearance on the bank, the balance of the fish in the pool will be down for a spell.

You have left Lost Creek riffle, the true goal of your journey, until the last.

The rapid leading to Lost Creek riffle runs steeply off the tail of Fish Rock hole and skirts a steep bank on your side of the river in a spate of heavy water. Fifty yards below, it picks up the spill of Lost Creek, masked by a screen of willows, then spreads over the shingle to an island at the tail a hundred yards beyond. The backwater is deep under the alders on the far side until it reaches a shelving

beach of gravel open for twenty-five yards downstream, opposite the mouth of Lost Creek. It is this you must reach to begin your fishing.

The crossing of the first break is easy, since the water is relatively shallow and moving slowly, but the other branch around the rock is both deep and swift; hence it must be negotiated with care. Fortunately a great log is lodged above waterline on the opposite bank. You splash back upstream in the eddy below the rock, push out into the fast water cautiously until almost across, then a quick step and a plunge to wrap your arms over the log, up which you clamber. From here it is an easy walk through the alders to the narrow beach of gravel.

The tops of the mountains still glow in the setting sun, but the river is dark in the gloaming as you step into the water for the first cast. A few small fish are disporting themselves in the shallows, but you ignore them. Your goal is a series of boulders that stretch in a long windrow upstream from the mouth of Lost Creek, so deep as to be unseen in the darkness but well known as the lair of big fish. Even from waist depth in the run it is a longish cast to gain a proper float over your prospects — forty, fifty, maybe sixty feet. To add to your difficulties the backcast is restricted by a fringe of willows that backs the narrow beach. A short false-cast, a high flight of the line, and a strong shoot are the only ticket to success. Further, these big fellows are wary as the devil, and a poor cast, a line slapping the water, the pop of a fly instead of a thistledown fall, and you are undone.

Of course you begin your fishing from the edge of the slack on your side. Often, if undisturbed and hungry, your quarry will leave the protection of the boulders and patrol the edge of the rundown. You press against the current strongly and begin. A dropped fly, ten feet of drift, a careful pickup, a false-cast to shake the water from your lure, another shoot farther out, again the bobbing fly you are watching so intently. Dry-fly fishing is the most intense of dramas, and you never, never take your eye from the fly while it is drifting.

At the sixth cast well in toward the boulders the feathered lure has barely traveled two feet before a dimple marks the surface and your fly disappears. You depress the butt sharply to take the slack and set the hook. Line spins off the reel well into the backing, and far up the pool at the edge of white water your fish leaps high in his endeavor to shake the hook. Oh, boy! he's a beauty. You scarcely take the next breath before a black shadow passes

like a streak of light just out from your feet. The line has slackened, but keep your rod high and don't reel on your life. Far down the tail he jumps again, his broad red side gleaming in the dusk. Then the dogged fight for victory begins.

The current is strong on the far bank, and each run the fish ventures draws on your store of line even though you turn him. On his pass back toward the shallows your hope of retrieving some of your backing is negated by the weight of your antagonist. To follow him down is your only course. The two channels divided by the island below present a real dilemma. The left-hand channel narrows sharply with a great pickup of speed and, most dangerous of all, reaches a tangle of snags at the lower end where you are bound to lose your fish. The channel on the right is equally formidable. A rapid of white water lashes over a boulder-strewn bottom as far as the eye can see. Although it appears fraught with danger to your tackle, it offers the only hope.

With all the strain your 2X leader will stand, you slowly guide the fish into the right channel and, wading quickly toward him, reel in all the line he will allow as he crosses the quieter water at the head of the island. The fish is tiring now, but again, as the current picks up speed when the rapid is reached, precious line is lost. Then behind one of the first series of boulders your fish stops in a pocket to rest. Rod held high, you work gingerly down the channel toward him to regain all the line you can.

Desperate as your chances appear, this momentary lull in the contest gives an opportunity to seek a likely landing along the edge of the tumult below. Your eye fixes on a quiet pocket siding the main stream some twenty-five yards away. By careful guidance and a modicum of luck you might make it. You edge toward shore, weaving carefully among the boulders and keeping a steady strain on your rod by holding it as high as possible.

Reluctantly but surely your antagonist gives way, and in the gathering dusk you behold his beauty in the net. The broad red stripe from gill pan to tail, the bright silver belly fading to gold on the sides, the mottled browns and blues of the back. Of all the Western fishes, this is the most mettlesome and comely. Your quickly produced scales read a shade over four and one-half pounds. With a sigh and a prayer that his progeny will be abundant, you turn him loose. A moment gasping on his side, an instant of stillness as he rights himself, and he is gone. It is almost dark as you cross the river once more in the black shadow of Fish Rock.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A graduate of the University of Arizona, a part-time student at Arizona State College, and the father of two children, JOHN A. KEENAN makes his home in Tempe, Arizona, where he is employed as a rehabilitation counselor. "The charm of the Southwest," writes Mr. Keenan, "is its people; its little people, who reflect ourselves uncluttered by the weird trappings of this scientific age. To be Indian, Mexican, Negro, or white is to be American. And this is why I write."

THE PINE TREE

by JOHN A. KEENAN

THE pine in front of the Franklin house was more than a tree. It was a monument, a spiritual revolt against the beige ugliness of the Indian reservation. The unrelenting sun and the drain water from the washing machine had conspired apathetically to nourish the tree. Some years before, a withered squaw, the old grandmother, had discovered the infant tree in the crusty soil near the great encircling scar of dry river bed, not ten yards from the house. To her it was not a chance sowing but a sign, and she devoted her few remaining years to tenderly and patiently watching its growth. When the old woman died, she did so stubbornly, refusing to believe the tree would not grow, or the river would not run again, or that the second coming of green was a foolish Indian dream. Perversely enough, the sapling seemed to have waited for her death before springing into a twenty-foot tree.

Mrs. Franklin sat beneath the pine, which offered little enough protection from the blistering sun, and listened to the washing machine. She was a slight brown woman with deep lines of passivity leading downward on her face. Her work she accomplished with that remarkable leisure which characterizes long routine operation. She enjoyed listening to the complaints of the washing machine. She was reminded of the two white men from Sears who delivered the machine, pulling and tugging, cursing and sweating, horrified on learning the beautiful porcelain mechanism was to spend its life outdoors in front of the crude adobe shack. White men, it seemed to her, had to suffer passion; never could they relax with it as she. And the glistening white machine passionately toiled and groaned.

She saw Mrs. Hanna carefully climbing up from

the arroyo, balancing her tremendous weight delicately, avoiding the thorny postures of the prickly pear which grew in vast clumps along the ditch separating the two properties. Mrs. Hanna smiled sympathetically at the washing machine, then headed for Mrs. Franklin and the shade of the pine tree. They exchanged no greeting, although Mrs. Hanna's smile lingered faintly upon her face.

"It is very hot today," Mrs. Franklin said in the doll-like tonality of the Pima.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hanna, easing her weight to the ground.

"Much disorder last night?"

"About the same for a Friday night. Juan Smith is dead," she said dispassionately.

"He was drunk when it happened," Mrs. Franklin said, aware that her assumption could not be impudent.

Mrs. Hanna pulled her dress from her thighs, withdrew her handkerchief from her bosom and coiled it about her neck, knowing that the conversation was to become extensive. "Very drunk."

"I am distantly related to him, you know. He is my cousin."

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Hanna said. "He is also my cousin."

"He is a Catholic," Mrs. Franklin said with almost a trace of emotion in her voice.

"I believe so," said Mrs. Hanna, although she knew for a fact it was so.

"How did he die?"

"Automobile. Walked into it."

"That killed him?"

"It was moving."

"I should go to the funeral," Mrs. Franklin said.

She liked funerals because they gave her the opportunity of seeing and talking to her many relatives on the reservation. Some lived four miles from her house, but only a funeral made the miles seem worth while.

The washing machine screeched, then vibrated madly, its legs shaking loose their casters and dancing alarmingly, digging bits of clay from the hard baked soil. After a while the smell of burned rubber reached the noses of the women, who sat enraptured at the exotic behavior of the machine.

Mrs. Franklin looked at the other woman as if she expected her to move, then said calmly, "I should pull the plug from the house."

"Yes," Mrs. Hanna lazily agreed.

Mrs. Franklin rose and entered the one-room adobe, emerged several minutes later with a corrugated tin washboard under her arm. Removing the cover of the machine, she waited patiently for the rising cloud of steam to be dissipated in the hot sunny air. Then mechanically she put the board into the tub and renewed the clothes-washing by hand.

Mrs. Hanna watched from beneath the tree, offering not a word of encouragement. "Are you going to the funeral?" she called.

Mrs. Franklin continued to wash, but answered without looking up. "If it is in the church, no. Would a good Presbyterian go into a Catholic church to be stared at by all those images?" she asked gravely.

"I will go," Mrs. Hanna announced firmly.

"You are first a warm, then a cool Presbyterian."

"No," Mrs. Hanna said, loosening her neckerchief and mopping her face, "I am curious."

"And have they approached you yet for mass money so that his soul may be released from purgatory?"

"Purgatory?"

"It is what the Catholics believe."

"What does it do?"

"It does nothing."

"Why then believe it?"

"It is not a thing. It is a place."

"Where?"

"It is the antechamber of hell, they believe."

"Oh," Mrs. Hanna said, showing slight disappointment, then cheerily, "I think it is good that the Catholics have their own room in hell. I mean so that the Presbyterians will not be forced to live with them down there."

"Presbyterians are saved!" Mrs. Franklin exclaimed, shocked at the foolish words of her neighbor.

Mrs. Hanna felt the implied hurt. "Remember Henry Ruby who died last month? He was a Presbyterian, and assuredly he is presently burning in hell," she said flatly.

"He was more of a Catholic than a Presbyterian," Mrs. Franklin returned. "His taste for whiskey proved that."

"Probably," Mrs. Hanna said, relenting.

"All Catholics drink."

"All Indian Catholics drink," Mrs. Hanna added. "True."

"It is part of them." Mrs. Hanna struggled to her feet and came to peer into the washing machine. She eyed the tubful of dirty clothes fretfully. "What is wrong with the machine?"

"Nothing. Broke."

"Will you have it fixed?"

"Sometime."

"I will go to the funeral," Mrs. Hanna said cautiously, "but I will not enter the church."

"It is your soul," Mrs. Franklin said as she bent to release the dirty water, letting it slowly flood the base of the pine tree, watching it quickly fill the network of cracks in the parched earth. Mrs. Franklin straightened abruptly, noticed a cloud of dust gathering momentum, coming up the south road. The cloud grew larger, changing from a beige to a deep tan as it approached, and it transmitted shrill noises, revealing the presence of a motor within the dusty envelope.

"Your husband," Mrs. Hanna said.

Mrs. Franklin stood shading her eyes from the sun. "It is early," she said slowly. "It is scarcely noon."

Mrs. Hanna could not have heard her, for she had turned and descended the arroyo. She climbed breathlessly up the opposite bank and moved to the door of her house, slamming the door firmly against the ebullient sunlight. Like a shot the sound struck Mrs. Franklin, who was only then aware that her neighbor had gone.

2

THE cloud of dust hung momentarily on the road, then turned in the direction of the house, pursuing the old pickup into the front yard. The truck gave no indication of slowing down.

"The dog!" Mrs. Franklin shouted with some alarm.

The pickup stopped in sudden panic and was swallowed by the dust which had trailed it. Mr. Franklin yelled from the cab, "Move the dog, woman!"

"Move!" she called to the dog which lay in front of the truck. But the remarkable dog, a strange sampling of all the breeds that lived on the reservation, kept his eyes tightly shut, moved his tail slightly in a halfhearted gesture of friendship.

Mr. Franklin turned off the motor and left the truck, hurrying toward the dog with threatening movements. Still the dog remained limp; only his tail moved more rapidly, sweeping arcs of pale dirt into the air. Mr. Franklin raised his foot to kick the animal, thought better of it, and was content to spit. He looked up to his wife. "We got too many dogs."

She nodded agreement before stooping to adjust the flush valve of the machine.

"What is wrong with the machine?" he asked, seeing the washboard half-submerged in the dirty wash water.

"Broke."

"Ah," he said, accepting the response as truth. He went immediately into the house, trailed respectfully by his wife.

"No work?"

"No," he said, falling on the unmade bed which shared the room with a table, a few chairs, an antique stove, and numerous orange crates.

"You are gone four hours," she said, not unpleasantly or accusingly.

"Too many Mexicans at the hall," he explained.

Only his face was lined and old. His body was bulk, solid. His arms were ridges of muscle from his shoulders to his huge hands, deeply ingrained with the gray alkaline dust that hid the dark skin tone.

"They cannot work like an Indian," she said, coming as close to tenderness as she dared.

"No, it is true. They are lazy."

"They are not strong, those little people. And they fear the sun."

"An Indian can do ten times the work that one of them can do. A Pima can do twenty times as much," he said, jumping from the bed, ready to champion the truth of the remark.

"It is true," Mrs. Franklin said, stimulated by her husband's wisdom. "Mexicans are not reliable. Furthermore, they are Catholics."

Someday, he thought, he should like to tell her that she was a good woman. Good for him. Not a fat one or a particularly manageable one, but nonetheless a good one. And such strength was rare in a woman. He admired her strength and he remembered minor episodes in their lives when her strength had sustained them. Like the time she had worked for seven days uninterrupted, washing and ironing for the white people in town, all because he had no work. Suddenly he felt very foolish for permitting such womanly thoughts to enter his mind.

"Make the coffee," he said, now the absolute male.

She responded immediately, throwing a few sticks of wood into the stove, fanning it with a newspaper, encouraging the flame to boil the water, to speed the coffee, to comfort her husband. Everything for him. For her it had to be so. She knew about love. God was love as every Presbyterian Indian knew. An Indian was humble and obedient to love, to God's other self. A Pima presumed nothing, certainly not love. He did nothing except live and work with his spouse, and never did he sense a need to speak to his mate of his love.

Her lovely thoughts dismayed her. An annoying guilt chafed her soul. She had committed an unforgivable act. Had she not attempted to steal an

attribute of God, to take unto herself what was God's alone? She had to stop thinking and work more for her husband.

3

WHEN the coffee was ready, she brought it in a battered tin cup to her husband's side and then retreated slightly as if to permit him to enjoy it more fully. She watched him drink the boiling black brew, approved of his burp, and was satisfied to see him lie down again.

"Juan Smith is dead," she said blandly.

"The Catholics are quickly exterminating themselves on the reservation. I say that although he is my cousin."

"He is also my cousin," Mrs. Franklin added, "but I am not attending the funeral."

"He has sufficient womenfolk to weep and mourn him." Mr. Franklin rolled over and looked at her from the bed. "Whiskey kill him?"

"An automobile," she said.

"Whiskey killed him," he said, turning his face to the wall, bored with talk of Juan Smith and whiskey.

"I have not known Mexicans, but since they are Catholics, I assume they drink whiskey," she said, remembering that he had not found a job that day because of the Mexicans.

"They drink much," he said, "usually wine."

"Then why do they not exterminate themselves?"

"They have a ritual. Immediately before they are drunk, they proceed to duplicate themselves. Then they seek other pleasures. It is something very strange," he said discreetly, fearing impiety, "but it seems as if their medals and beads warn them to reproduce at that hour before the whiskey has the chance to kill them."

"You believe that?" she asked simply.

"It is possible," he shrugged, not wishing to be too affirmative.

She thought of the letter and went to the orange crate on which it lay unopened. She picked it up reverently and brought it to him. "This letter came this morning. It is from Joseph."

Mr. Franklin sat up in bed. "Joseph? What does he say?"

"I have not opened it."

"Open it!"

She tore the envelope, her control dwindling, eager for word from her son. When the letter had come early that morning, she had wanted to open it then and there, to learn what Joseph was saying. She had been tempted, just for a moment, but her impatience, along with the soiled laundry, went into the washing machine. But now that her husband was home, even though there was no job, everything was very right and they should have Joseph's news earlier.

She read the words silently, resting on each one. It was a brief letter, a note really, but it was Joseph.

She smiled as she strung the words into meaning. Finally she spoke. "He is coming home."

"Good," said Mr. Franklin, seeing clearly in his mind his only son. "Joseph is a good boy. It is time that he returned to the reservation. Too much school is not good for an Indian."

"I am very happy," Mrs. Franklin said.

"There are many plans I have made for Joseph. One man cannot properly do all that is to be done. I have thought maybe of a little farming. The agency has sunk several wells. There is a chance for irrigation water. The river may not run again, but the land can yet be green. It is right that we, the Pimas, the River People, should once more have prosperous farms."

"He is married," she said quietly, "and he is bringing her home with him."

"Married?"

She nodded. "It says so."

"Who is the woman?" he asked, agitation in his voice.

"An Apache woman."

"Apache! Horse thieves, devil dancers!" he swore, leaping to his feet. "My own son married to an Apache?" He threw the battered tin coffee cup across the room. "Joseph will not," he said, a contrived calm in his voice, "return to this house! We have no son from this moment!"

"As you say," she answered meekly and wisely. "I will not continue with the letter."

"And why not?" Mr. Franklin demanded.

"We have no son."

He was certain his wife was being disrespectful to him, almost insubordinate, but there was no way to accuse her without making himself ridiculous. He knew that he had been rash, and he yearned to hear more about his son, Joseph. "Does he beg my forgiveness in the letter?"

She stood dumbly staring at her husband, the letter dangling from her hand. "But you said . . ."

"Read the letter!"

"He is returning in the morning. He begs no forgiveness, but hopes that his parents will welcome his bride."

"We shall move our bed outside. And you will make a pallet for the young people in the house." So Mr. Franklin planned changes, improvements, and sent Mrs. Franklin over to Mrs. Hanna to borrow her red wool blanket. Nor was he persuaded that it was too hot for wool, or that the couple would refuse it. Nothing would satisfy him until the bright wool blanket lay on the pallet. He fancied red made a voluptuous marriage bed.

4

THEY awoke the next morning at six, more by custom than anticipation, but their excitement grew until Joseph appeared, coming up the road at ten o'clock. He was distinctly tall, and strode impres-

sively with his head high. Mrs. Franklin wished she might cry. He was indeed handsome, a full-grown youth now, and she slyly thanked herself for contributing his leanness, knowing that many Pima men fell willingly to fat even at age twenty.

Following Joseph, at least ten feet behind him, straggled the young Apache girl. The long pleated calico skirt of the Apache came to her ankles, her tunic almost to her hips, making her appear shorter and lumpier than she actually was. A bundle on her back accounted for her stoop, and Mrs. Franklin assumed the girl carried all her clothing with her — if the Apache had a change of clothing, she thought, wondering if what she had heard were true, that Apache women rarely if ever changed their clothing.

Joseph smiled at his mother but spoke first to his father. He was embarrassed, but managed a simple, much rehearsed speech. "I am happy to be home," he concluded, taking his father's hand into his.

Suddenly the burden on the girl's back emitted the hunger cries of an infant. Deftly she swung the bundle from her shoulders and cradled the baby in her arms, looking off to the family group from the position she had taken beneath the pine tree. She rocked the baby too vigorously, and the cries grew louder. In desperation she put her hand over the infant's mouth to stifle its demands.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin regarded her suspiciously, then turned as one to Joseph. Mrs. Franklin wanted badly to speak, to begin the interrogation, but she deferred, as was custom, to her husband.

"Is that your baby, Joseph?" Mr. Franklin asked foolishly but imperatively.

"Yes."

"You did not speak of a baby in your letter."

"No."

"Call the girl!" Mr. Franklin demanded.

Joseph beckoned to his wife, who advanced hesitantly, her head bowed, her arms clutching the infant like a shield. She stopped half hidden behind Joseph, who moved quickly to reveal her to his father.

"Father," he said, "this is Blanche."

Blanche, clearly frightened, confronted Mr. Franklin. The baby screamed, and she swung the cradle of her arms in rapid, jerky movements. She smiled shyly at the older man, pleading for a warm word. Mr. Franklin said nothing, but stared at her face, figure, costume, and lastly her baby. He studied quietly for several minutes, and the girl, looking hopefully to Mrs. Franklin, was momentarily cheered by what she found in the woman's eyes. At last Mr. Franklin spoke. "Do you believe in God?"

"Yes," she managed.

"And what of the devil? Do you believe in him?"

Blanche prayed silently to her husband for help with this question, but Joseph remained respectfully at the side of his father and imitated the inquisitorial

frown of the old man. She nodded her affirmation, and when the tears left her eyes, she saw them splash on the howling baby's cheek.

"Who is your Redeemer?" Mr. Franklin continued.

"Christ," she said, her fear strangely accenting the name.

"Who?" he demanded again.

"Jesus Christ!" she shouted, and the baby yelled in rage.

Mr. Franklin longed for his bed, aware of a disturbing pain in his chest, a dryness in his mouth. "Attend to Joseph's wife," he said to Mrs. Franklin. "Help her with the child. She is tired. It has been a long journey and God has been good to us. Joseph has married a Christian woman, whatever else she may be."

5

BY EVENING the Franklin family had long been cased of strain. Mr. Franklin played with the infant, happily a boy, and found various characteristics which were obviously Pima. He wanted to be fair in his judgments, but he could not find one physical heritage of the Apache in the child, and with this lack of discovery his fondness for the grandson ripened. Joseph listened to his father talk about the irrigation project, and smiled agreeably each time the old man paused.

Blanche had worked the entire afternoon with Mrs. Franklin, was quiet and obedient in every gesture, and surprised her mother-in-law with her strength and skill in completing the neglected household chores. Mrs. Franklin was now pleased that Blanche had come. The baby was another matter. She could not decide clearly about the baby, who was always hungry, but she thought of the aid, the strong physical help which God had sent her. For an Indian Presbyterian it was a predetermined blessing.

The heat grew more intense at the end of a week, and to everyone it was clear that summer had come. The sun beat furiously on the porcelain washing machine, and Blanche, leaning heavily against the corrugated washboard, wished idly for the machine to be repaired. Mrs. Franklin sat beneath the pine tree, occupied with thoughts of her late cousin, Juan Smith, wondering still about that peculiarly Catholic anteroom, purgatory. She gazed up at the girl only to see the advancing bulk of Mrs. Hanna.

"Hot," said Mrs. Hanna, pulling on the bodice of her dress to ventilate her bosom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Franklin, moving slightly to permit the enormous woman room to sit more comfortably.

"Much disorder last night?"

"About the same for a Friday night," Mrs. Hanna said. "Carlos Hughes was struck by an automobile."

"Dead?" asked Mrs. Franklin, the undisturbed.

"No."

"Drunk?"

"Of course."

"He is Catholic, is he not?"

"Yes, very Catholic," Mrs. Hanna said laughingly.

Blanche raised her head from the washing machine, unable to endure the spiritual torment. "I am Catholic!" she shouted at the two women.

The slight breeze that had been caressing the upper branches of the pine tree died. The desert grew more silent. The old blind dog who lay in the road, brushing it with his tail, became very still. The water dripping from Blanche's finger tips resounded in the porcelain tub.

Mrs. Hanna rose hastily for one of her size, crossed the arroyo, and entered her house, careful to leave the door not quite closed. A hysterical glee swept over her, and she regretted having to leave her listening post as she buried her face in a bed pillow to muffle her laughter.

"Blanche!" Mrs. Franklin called imperiously. "Come here!"

Blanche started out boldly, but as she drew near her mother-in-law, her faith shivered.

"Say that again!" Mrs. Franklin demanded.

"I am Catholic," Blanche said meekly.

"Blasphemous Apache!" Mrs. Franklin shouted, approaching genuine rage. "You have deceived us. You call yourself a Christian, acknowledge Christ as your Redeemer . . ."

"Christ is my Redeemer!" the girl shouted. "Did I not say that I was Catholic?"

"Enough!" the old woman yelled. "Do not speak that word again!"

Blanche forgot everything, even her baby, as she ran blindly to the river bed. She stumbled and tore the calico skirt and some flesh from her knee, which brought a searing pain. She found an old cottonwood, long dead, and hid in its exposed roots, crying for her martyrdom and her hurt knee.

There was no supper that evening when Mr. Franklin and Joseph returned from the agency. It was an unheard-of thing for Mrs. Franklin to do, but she was sure her husband would forgive her. Sorrowfully, and beseeching much mercy of God, she told Mr. Franklin of the scene with Blanche, the Catholic Apache. Joseph stood by the door, his eyes bulging with fear, resisting an urge to run.

"Where were you married, Joseph?" Mr. Franklin asked with a hint of violence.

"In church," Joseph said in a closed voice, as if all the glands in his throat had suddenly swollen.

"Catholic church?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Franklin feared her husband might weep in front of her. The strong lines in his face sagged, and she despised herself for having told him of Blanche's confession. He looked so old, she thought, and

worse, so completely disappointed with his own son.

"How could you do this to your father, Joseph?" Mrs. Franklin asked.

"I had to," Joseph said, his face a grimace of earnestness.

"God will curse this house," Mrs. Franklin said.

"Be silent, woman!" her husband demanded.

"Besides, I love her," Joseph said.

"Eiyee!" Mrs. Franklin wailed. "He speaks of love!"

"I might forgive her for being an Apache, but Catholic . . ."

"The marriage had to be," Joseph said.

"Impossible," Mrs. Franklin declared firmly.

"But she was to have the child!"

"You mean . . ." The old man revived somewhat.

"It was the same with many boys at school," Joseph said with meek truculence.

Mr. Franklin looked at Mrs. Franklin, his eyes twinkling and a smile expanding on his face. Mrs.

Franklin giggled and pulled at her skirt girlishly. They laughed together.

"To think of the Catholic Apache overtaken by the devil dancer!" Mrs. Franklin said, trying to control her laughter.

Mr. Franklin laughed great tears which warmed Mrs. Franklin's heart. They both forgot that for a week there had been no work for an Indian at the hall.

"She is weak," Mrs. Franklin said to her husband. "We must be more Christian and help the weak."

Mr. Franklin laughed again, and so did Mrs. Franklin. Even Joseph felt he should laugh, and did.

"I wish Grandmother were here," Mrs. Franklin said.

"Joseph, my son, find your wife and sit under the pine tree while your mother prepares our meal."

And the two old people laughed loud and long as Joseph raced toward the river bed.



O DARKLY IN THE SUMMER'S EYE

by JOAN LABOMBARD

O DARKLY in the summer's eye
 The reapers and the virgins move
 In the figure of a dance
 Round the green, deep-shadowed grove
 And, circling, bear the ripened sheaves
 Bent and golden in rich air
 For gifting of an antique god
 And sweetening the hidden ear
 Hushed to listen in the wood.
 Blossoms of the white moonflower
 Are bound by moonlight: the great oak
 Sacred to the heart of dark
 Trails the garlands of its power
 To bind those innocents
 Who, moving frenzied, in a round
 Under green, or stranger bough,
 Tread a blood-dark dancing ground
 Where the white-face ox and ewe
 Bait the sacrificial bow.

Fare Boosts

Eleven years ago Robert R. Young led the assault on the Association of American Railroads for its failure to accommodate the passenger with comfort. Today he and other railroad presidents are protesting to high heaven that only by carrying freight can the railroads survive. A newspaperman who specializes in business, JOHN L. HESS writes a daily broadcast of financial news for metropolitan New York. For eight years he was a commuter, but he "got fed up with it last fall and moved into town, wife, three kids, and all."

THE RAILROADS PUNISH THE PASSENGER

by JOHN L. HESS

1

THE railroad passenger, like the mournful cry of the steam locomotive, is fading from the American scene. He cannot go too soon, in the view of such rail leaders as Robert R. Young of the New York Central and James M. Symes of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who have come to the conclusion that their roads cannot survive unless they excise what Young has called the "cancer" of uneconomic services.

This represents something of a switch for Mr. Young, who once pitched his campaign against "Wall Street control" of the railroad industry on the slogan, "A Hog Can Ride Across the Country Without Changing Trains — Why Can't You?" (Not so long ago, doomed commuters on his West Shore Division rode to work one day wearing rubber pig masks and bearing signs, "A Pig Can Ride — Why Can't We?")

Now Mr. Young has joined the dominant movement in railroading, which perhaps alone among American industries has decided that its salvation lies in contraction rather than expansion. Envied by roads still bearing the burden of human freight are such lines as the Rutland Railway, which closed its ticket windows for good in 1953. Its auditor reported, "We could not possibly have contemplated the tremendous simplification which resulted." But he went on to say, "Abandonment of passenger service has taken all the fun out of railroading."

If the loss were only sentimental, one might put it down as another sacrifice on the altar of progress. But is it progress? Will the railroads really be better off if they get out of the passenger business? And if so, can the nation afford to let them?

Oddly enough, for an industry that seems to run as much on paper as on diesel fuel, the crucial figures are hard to come by. The Interstate Commerce Commission requires any person with a complaint about service to submit sixty-three copies thereof, but the agency is unable to say how

many trains it has permitted the railroads to abandon. Its tables do show, however, that during the first decade after World War II, on an average, 370 miles of Class I railroad were abandoned each year. In the same period, 4121 miles of road a year were withdrawn from passenger service. The mileage of railroad over which Americans could travel was reduced by one fourth — from 161,920 to 120,711 — in ten years.

The volume of passenger travel has declined more than twice as fast. Eliminating from consideration the war-swollen traffic of 1945, in the following ten years the number of passenger-miles traveled dropped 56 per cent, while the population was growing by 18 per cent, or about 25 million, and the mobility of Americans was becoming a national phenomenon.

These data at least make tenable the recent forecast by Arthur S. Genet, former traffic vice president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway and now head of the Greyhound Corporation: "In ten years, the railroads will have virtually abandoned the business of carrying passengers."

While a number of outside factors have contributed to the decline of rail travel, it has had an eager assist from within the industry. In a three-year study of passenger cost accounting undertaken by the Harvard Business School, Professor Dwight R. Ladd says, "No recent instance of any important new train service was discovered. . . . Permanent change [in railroad services] in recent years has largely involved train discontinuance."

(It might be noted that the experimental light trains recently introduced with much fanfare — Talgo, Train X, and Aerotrain — were designed to cut costs, not to improve service. Those in use have replaced existing trains; none is equal in comfort and roadability to good standard cars. The fares are the same, however.)

If it is unfair to single out Robert R. Young as a symbol, he has at any rate not shirked the role.

Railroad lawyers and accountants have been waging a quiet campaign of attrition — eliminating a branch here, a train there, obtaining a multiplicity of small fare increases — cutting off the dog's tail an inch at a time. This process was too slow for the flamboyant Texan, whose demand for radical surgery made the front page. The story broke in the *New York Times* last July: "2 Railways Plan Fare Rise to Deter Pullman Travel."

And the next month the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, with four associated roads, applied to the ICC for permission to raise first-class fares by 45 per cent. The *Times* quoted Mr. Symes of the Pennsylvania as saying, "I've just about given up hope as to the future of long-haul passenger travel." Another railroad president explained, "What they are trying to do is to dry up the Pullman service and switch the passengers over to the coach and airplane."

Not all the industry went along with this philosophy. Southern and Western lines, in a move widely interpreted as a rebuke to the Central-Pennsy group, put in for a mere 5 per cent general fare increase. The ICC compromised; it granted the 5 per cent and then, in a six-to-five decision, gave the six Eastern roads an additional 15 per cent on first-class fares.

Although the railroads are divided over the desirability of the Pullman passenger, they are unanimous in their distaste for his Monday-to-Friday cousin, the commuter, whom the head of one Eastern road has privately called "the rope around our necks." While Mr. Young was content to demand 45 per cent more from the chair-car riders, he has applied for an increase of 390 per cent in commuter fares on one division, frankly conceding that he wants to do away with the line altogether.

On another division, the West Shore, Mr. Young has been engaged in a guerrilla war with the courts and commissions of two states (headline in the *Times*: "Central Defiant; Will Cut Trains"). When New York forbade him to drop certain trains, he halted them at the state line, more or less in the middle of nowhere. He quietly obtained permission from the ICC to abandon the ferry that carried West Shore commuters across the Hudson River to their jobs, on the ground that it was losing money. (Since the ferry was an essential part of the trip included in the fare, the nature of the loss appears a bit baffling.)

A reporter called the Central to ask how the passengers would get to work; an official confessed he did not know, but he accepted the suggestion that they might swim.

Many of these curtailments were suspended on court order. But as time goes on, the issue appears to become academic. The railroad comes into the hearing room showing that fewer and fewer persons are using the line, and it is therefore losing more and more money.

Are the roads cutting services because fewer persons are using them, or are the riders quitting the railroads because the services are getting worse and more expensive? The answer would seem to be yes to both questions. A spiral of declining travel and deteriorating service is under way, hastening the extinction of the railroad passenger.

2

THE railroads have a case. It is called the passenger deficit. In 1955, they report, the industry lost \$637 million carrying passengers — according to ICC figures. This loss, it is said, was made up by freight charges. Indeed the railroads cleared \$917 million after taxes, the greatest profit in their history.

The railroads' argument here is weakened, though not destroyed, by the fact that hardly anybody in the industry believes the ICC figure — nor does the ICC itself suggest that the passenger deficit as given is more than an accounting assumption. Railroad analyst Stanley Berge of Northwestern University calls it "a fantastic phantom deficit . . . that has deluded railroads into pursuing negative policies resulting in further losses from passenger train operations." The Harvard study is more reserved: "Some railroad officials accept this figure; many more suggest that 'about half this figure is real'; while a few contend that the operation of passenger service actually made some contribution to railroad overhead and profits. There are some companies which regularly circulate internal reports showing two different figures for the cost of regularly scheduled trains."

The Pennsylvania Railroad reported to the ICC that it lost \$50 million hauling passengers in 1955. To a more sophisticated audience, President Symes said the "out-of-pocket" loss on riders was nearly \$10 million. In any event, the Pennsylvania earned a net profit of \$41 million. For 1956, Mr. Symes reported that the passenger deficit had gone up to \$55 million; paradoxically, the net profit also rose, to \$41.5 million.

The discrepancy between the passenger deficit and the out-of-pocket loss is a product of "the ICC formula," an accounting system developed in consultation with the railroads generations ago and prescribed for the industry ever since. In analyzing railroad costs, the chief problem is that the bulk of the outlays cannot easily be broken down into passenger and freight services. The road must be maintained, the crossing guarded, and the president paid, whatever the ratio of freight to passengers.

Under the formula, roads are told to divide such costs pro rata, according to the dollar volume of passenger and freight business. While this may seem fair enough to the layman, cost accountants have clamored for years that it is no way to run a railroad. Without going into details here, it might

be pointed out that if a road's direct costs of running passenger trains come to \$10 million a year and it sells \$12 million of tickets, the riders may not be carrying an arbitrarily fixed share of the overhead, but they *are* making a contribution.

There is, unfortunately, no reason to challenge the complaint that commuter fares, even after repeated increases, often do not pay the direct costs of train service. By the nature of commuting, large amounts of rolling stock must be maintained for two short trips a day — once into the city and once out at night — and large numbers of employees must be paid for idle time between runs. This economic waste is reduced to some unknown degree by travel in off hours.

The question arises whether the railroads do not have to maintain the commuter cars anyway, for profitable peak travel periods, such as Christmas-time. The extent to which commuting helps other railroad business by promoting the well-being of communities along the right of way is another unmeasured factor.

One trouble is that even the direct costs are hard to ascertain. The president of a large railroad complained to the Harvard researchers, "It costs us \$8 a mile to operate a train, but when we take trains off we save only \$4 a mile."

In 1955 the Association of American Railroads turned down a proposal to undertake a cost study. But last year the New York Stock Exchange, worried about whether shareholders were getting accurate information, asked the American Institute of Accountants to study the "divergencies between accounting practices of railroads and generally accepted accounting principles of other industries."

Leonard Spacek, head of the national accounting firm of Arthur Andersen & Co., has charged that the study was being impeded. He complained, as reported by the *Wall Street Journal*, that railroad executives had told the committee to "make sure that no recommendations are made which would affect the railroad companies adversely from the standpoint of regulation or income taxes."

The Harvard report quotes the fiscal officer of one railroad as defining his approach to the cost-analysis problem thus: "What do you want me to prove?" Professor Ladd notes that "much of the data available . . . have been prepared to support petitions to regulatory commissions, and these do not necessarily reflect the best railroad thinking on the subject."

The data nevertheless *affect* railroad thinking. John M. Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway, has protested, "The loss under the ICC formula has led to a feeling outside the industry, and even some within, that the railroads should get out of the passenger business." This caused "general confusion, some loss of public confidence in our industry, and regrettable harm to the morale of the men and women devoted to selling railroad travel."

In passing, it should be noted that the defeatism is not limited to the passenger service. Executives who have given up on the riders are not necessarily sold on the future of rail freight. Recently the New York Central set up a trucking subsidiary in competition with its own routes. The largest truck operator in the West is the Santa Fe Railroad. The Chesapeake and Ohio has bought an interest in an air cargo line.

While the physical volume of industrial production has gone up by about half since World War II, rail freight traffic has remained virtually unchanged; in other words, freight cars have lost ground to the truck at the same time as the passenger train has lost to the automobile. To be sure, railroad profits are close to a record high, but only as a result of repeated rate increases that have turned away a good deal of business, and as a result of postponing major maintenance and replacement outlays that cannot be postponed forever.

The railroads say they cannot raise the money because they earn less than 4 per cent on investment. Can they not make more on their properties as real estate? They sometimes can, and do. Abandoned switchyards, rights of way, and depots have been sold for handsome returns. Realism indicates that if the functions of the railroads continue to dwindle, the main lines themselves will be nibbled away and pass into folklore with the trolley tracks.

This process is in fact going on, and at an accelerating pace. One of our great national resources is vanishing before our eyes. And it cannot be justified as a case of survival of the fittest. It has been estimated that the railroads move five times as much freight per employee as do trucks. As for passengers, the railroad still is incomparably the most efficient invention in existence for moving masses of people overland.

3

THE tragic paradox of the decline of the fittest is explained in large part by the fact that the government assumes other lines of physical communication — the highway, the waterway, the airstrip — to be essential functions of social life, to be maintained without primary concern as to whether they pay their way or not. As the railroads never tire of pointing out, the competition is subsidized.

That the present network of railroads was largely built with public money is, at the moment, an academic point. Of more pressing concern is the fact that, while the railroad companies may be able to get along without passengers and even without freight, the nation cannot get along without the railroads.

A phenomenon comparable in significance to the passing of the frontier has recently been noted by observers of the American scene. It is the *growing together* of our great cities into vast metropolitan

regions dubbed "Interurbia." One such, stretching from Boston to Washington, contains 20 per cent of the nation's population. No corresponding governmental entity exists, but the municipalities, counties, and states within Interurbia all have been struggling with traffic problems that threaten to strangle them.

Their piecemeal solution has been to widen a highway here, build a bridge there, and plow expressways through expensive real estate. Curiously, each improvement has created new problems at either end. Billions have been spent, for example, to expedite the flow of motor vehicles into the streets of New York City, whose congestion is driving business out. The solution has been to budget more hundreds of millions to bring more cars and trucks into the city. Meanwhile, the railroads deteriorate.

The prime example of a suburban area is Long Island, and the prime example of a commuter-ridden railroad is the L.I.R.R., which owns no freight cars at all. Since 1940 the population of Long Island has increased from 600,000 to more than 1.5 million. At the same time, the number of riders on the railroad has actually declined slightly. Wonders have been performed in expanding the network of parkways, but twice-daily traffic jams are still the lot of motorists. Under the threat of a complete collapse of the railroad, the state and localities have halved its taxes and permitted it to raise its fares at will. This the railroad has done, driving more commuters to their automobiles, but it has not improved services. Some observers believe that the L.I.R.R. has increased fares as much to hold down the number of passengers as to improve income. To serve many more riders, the railroad would have to widen certain transit bottlenecks, an investment it feels it cannot justify.

An expenditure far less than that now budgeted for highway improvements would do wonders for the railroads and for the traffic situation. But who will pay for it? Although one may raise one's eyebrows at their figures, one may accept the view of railroad executives, as hardheaded businessmen, that they cannot justify a further investment of their shareholders' money. As for the states and localities, politicians are justifiably shy of taking on new or outlandish budgetary responsibilities; in any event, the problem crosses county and state lines.

A few railroad executives, aware of the grave implications (and the political difficulties) of aban-

doning the passenger field entirely, have proposed a compromise: that regional commuter authorities be formed to take over the service, paying the railroads "cost" for the use of their properties. Any loss would be made up by a tax on communities served.

The proposal is, naturally, not altogether altruistic. Under the prevailing system of railroad bookkeeping, an expanded commuter service that assumed a large share of the overhead would be a considerable windfall. It is, nevertheless, an attempt at a solution, which is more than has been essayed by any high public official.

Any attack on the problem must begin with a decision as a matter of public policy that the railroads are a national resource, of equal status with our highways, airways, and waterways. Regulatory commissions must be charged with halting the erosion of this resource; where this threatens the interests of stockholders, they will have to be compensated.

But more than a halt to erosion is needed. A drastic rehabilitation is urgent. It might possibly be accomplished by direct subsidy, but the effectiveness of this means is open to question. Railroads have obtained indirect subsidies in the form of tax cuts; these have staved off cancellations but have not resulted in any improvements of service.

More suitable to the size of the task might be a series of ITA's — Interurban Transport Authorities — that like the TVA would develop the resources of large areas. They would survey transport needs and prepare master plans for the most economical development of railroad, highway, water, and air communications. They might find it best in the long run to purchase most or all of the railroads in their areas.

While this action would add to the responsibilities and complexity of government, it need not add to the cost. The \$33 billion federal highway program demonstrates that massive amounts of money are going to be spent willy-nilly to meet transport problems; the question is where they can be spent most effectively.

The railroads' attack on the passenger problem has been a defensive one, to slash services and raise fares. Nobody has tried to improve services and cut fares. Who knows — such positive steps might even result in passenger service paying its own way.

In any event, action must be taken, and soon, or the railroad passenger will be deadlier than the dodo.



Author and editor, J. DONALD ADAMS upon his graduation from Harvard spent two years as a teacher of English at the University of Washington before embarking on the career which was to make him widely known and universally loved. Since 1924 he has been associated with the New York Times Book Review, first as assistant editor, then as editor, and for the past fourteen years as the writer of the weekly column, "Speaking of Books." In this essay he calls to our attention the gradual disappearance of the guides in the fishing and hunting areas of Maine, a state which he has come to regard as his second home.

FAREWELL TO THE NORTH WOODS GUIDE

by J. DONALD ADAMS

I

ONE of the best breeds of men this country has produced is on the way out. For, barring a miracle, the North Woods guide is about to join those other indigenous American characters who have long since vanished — the mountain man and the old-time cowpoke. By all the signs, given ten or fifteen years, the guide will be as rare as the snake-oil barker. He had his finest flowering first in the Adirondack woods and then in the forests of Maine; it was in these regions that the type became most fully and sharply defined.

The reasons for his imminent disappearance are several. The first and most obvious is that no new generation of guides is coming up to take his place. The youngsters who might be the successors to the fast-dwindling ranks of the old-timers simply are not interested. It isn't that they don't like the woods or that fishing and hunting have lost their appeal; far from it. Many of them are well equipped both by natural inclination and native ability to follow in their fathers' footsteps, but almost unanimously they turn thumbs down on a guide's life.

Why, then, this negative attitude? The weightiest factor is money. The North Woods guide has always worked long hours without benefit of overtime, and for comparatively low wages. His work is seasonal — spring and early fall fishing, fall hunting, and, rarely now, long-distance canoe trips in the summer. There is a guides' association, but guides have never been organized as a labor union. They have always been individualists, natural rebels against regimentation of any kind. Besides, it would be almost impossible to make their work fit in with ordinary union rules.

The youngsters all say, "To hell with guiding. I can make more dough driving a truck or working for the lumber company at other jobs. I get shorter hours, I get paid for overtime, and I get steadier

work." This is the basic reason for their lack of interest, but it is not the only one. Another was supplied me by Don Cameron, one of the top old-timers of the Rangeley region, who came to national attention as the guide chosen to introduce President Eisenhower to Maine fishing.

"I don't say," he explained, "that this goes for all the kids who might be taking up guiding today, but it does for a number I know. They don't like, any more than I do, the new kind of people who are coming here to fish and hunt. The old-time sport is getting pretty rare. The first thing these men tell me is, 'I got a new deep-freeze, and I wanna get a lot of fish.' There just isn't the same pleasure in going out with them."

Cameron is a vigorous man of about sixty, which is not far from the average age of the best guides left in Maine. Like most of them, he began guiding at sixteen. At that time a guide's pay in Maine, and in the Adirondacks as well, averaged three dollars a day — a day that might run, and often did, to as much as sixteen hours. In addition to this sum, of course, the sport paid for the guide's board or the provisions needed for a long trip. This arrangement still obtains. By gradual stages the guide's pay has gone up to a minimum of ten dollars a day. In certain regions it runs higher. Around Moosehead Lake, for example, the minimum is fourteen dollars, and in the Rangeley region a dollar or two more. Tips are expected and average at least 10 per cent.

What does a good guide give in return for these wages? A great deal, for guiding at its best deserves to be called a profession and an art. Consider the requirements: the guide must know his region the way a man knows his own house. He must be thoroughly familiar with the habits of fish and game and the uses of rod and gun. He must

be a good cook and a first-rate woodsman, ingenious enough to make the best of the materials at hand. He should be an expert canoeman. But the list doesn't end there. His value is much increased if he is a good companion, a man with whom you can sit around the fire when the day's sport is over, and with whom you can enjoy talking. He needs tact, and ability to bear with fools, and he must have a strong sense of responsibility.

The best of the breed are remarkable men, both in character and competence. I have never known a nervous or fretful man among them. Their balance is not only in their legs but in their minds as well. As most of us do not, they step, in Thoreau's phrase, to their own music. They are shrewd judges of character, because there is no quicker or more infallible way of discovering the faults in a man than to share his company on a camping trip. For years the experienced guide has observed people stripped to the essentials, shorn of the props which support them in their ordinary environment. The bluffer, the boaster, the snob, the selfish egotist, the shirker, will all have betrayed themselves after a day or two in the woods. If you can spend two weeks on the trail with a man or woman without undue friction and disharmony, you can get on with that person under any circumstances. That is one of my favorite laws of human behavior.

A good guide is wise because he has learned to rock with the boat, to abide by the laws of nature. He may not hear any oracle in the pine woods, as Emerson did, but he is full of earthy wisdom. Schooled in making the best of what comes, he steers a steady course between overconfidence and easy discouragement. He knows that nature always evens up, always strikes a balance, except when man, alone among the animals, disturbs it.

Out of this sense of balance comes that unforced, natural humor which is usually his. No doubt there are exceptions, but I have never known a seasoned guide who didn't have a sharp sense of the incongruous — the quality that lies at the base of nearly all humor.

That beautifully competent skill of his didn't come out of books. It may be that some people are born with a better sense of direction than others — you don't have to go into the woods to see that demonstrated; but whatever the guide's native capacity to orient himself may be, he has vastly strengthened it by long and patient observation. He sees a host of things that we miss: the direction taken by tree branches; spots where the sun strikes longest; the conformation of the land; inlets and outlets that we might pass by. He knows his country not in one season or two, but in all four, and is aware of every subtle change that takes place.

Just as his broker client sniffs out trends in the market from the daily stock listings, so he reads with ease the signs that point to a late or early season, where the deer or moose will be heading,

where the trout or landlocked salmon are likely to be found. Given certain circumstances, certain conditions, he knows what the reaction of wildlife will be. He is not guessing; he is drawing conclusions from a rich fund of long-assembled facts. He reminds me most, among professional men, of the skillful surgeon: resourceful, ever ready to improvise, always braced for an emergency, combining in rare degree exact knowledge with the manual dexterity to implement it.

These qualities make up a bill of particulars not easily filled. There are still plenty of good woods-men left, and men who know all there is to know about fish and game. But the number of good canoemen is thinning fast. That ability, like mastery of the ax, is becoming one of the lost arts. Mechanical contrivances have helped to whittle it down. The outboard motor, like the chain saw, has made inroads on the old skills. It may have made more time available for actual fishing, and lightened the guide's labors, but it is steadily and surely undermining the canoeman's skill. In heavy weather or in any difficult water the canoe, which is the most responsive form of craft ever devised, answers best to the paddle or the pole, expertly used. In a heavy sea, the competent canoeman at once cuts off his motor and takes to the paddle. And poling upstream in white water, unassisted by a motor, is an art not easily acquired. Few men today have it, and fewer still are bothering to learn the technique. That is one reason why the famous and at one time very popular Maine canoe trips — the Allegash, the East Branch, and the St. John — are now seldom made. Not many men are left who are qualified to act as guides on these trips.

2

AMONG the men with whom I have talked about what is happening to the North Woods is Harry A. Sanders, present and third-generation head of D. T. Sanders & Son, whose big country store at Greenville has been for generations chief outfitter for parties making the long Maine canoe trips. There was a time when the Sanders store, which is celebrating its hundredth anniversary this year, annually equipped hundreds of parties. Last summer only six signed up for the Allegash, none for the East Branch, none for the St. John. The attractions of the latter two have suffered from the activities of the lumber companies. Both have been made unpleasant for canoe travel because of the amount of pulpwood being poured into their waters.

Both Mr. Sanders and his son, Harry A. Sanders III, great-grandson of the founder, confirmed the conclusions I had already reached regarding the outlook for guiding. They told me there were now perhaps twenty fully qualified guides for the whole Moosehead region, and that of this number the large majority were fifty years of age and older. They

could think of only two competent guides under forty. This estimate paralleled what I had been told in the Jackman country and what I was to hear again in the Rangeley region.

There I talked with, among others, Herb Welch, champion fly-caster and creator of the streamer fly, whose tackle store at Oquossoc has been a headquarters for fishermen these past fifty years. Mr. Welch takes a pessimistic view not merely of the guide situation but, in common with Don Cameron over at Wilson's Mills and many others, of the future of Maine fishing in general. He is bitter, as are many guides, over the results of pulp-cutting — or, rather, of the manner in which it is too frequently done.

The lumber companies, particularly the smaller ones — which operate on a shoestring and have to figure their costs very closely — and to some extent the power companies, are in the eyes of these men the chief enemies of natural fishing conditions. The state stocks Maine's lakes and streams with a lavish hand, and the Fish and Game Commission does its best, but the battle, under present conditions, is a losing one. The young fish emptied into Maine's waters do not find the conditions they need, either for growth or for survival.

The operations of the pulp-cutters, often unnecessarily destructive, furnish one more contributing factor in the decline of North Woods guiding. Year by year the fishing grows poorer, and more and more sportsmen cross the border into Canada. "Take the salmon," said Herb Welch. "Whether he's Atlantic or landlocked, as he approaches maturity his instinct urges him toward the sea. He starts down our streams, and what happens? He runs smack into waters polluted by sulphite. He never reaches full maturity, and that's why big salmon become increasingly scarce. It ought to be possible, in these days of chemical marvels, to develop some substitute for sulphite which would not be harmful to the fish. Here's the state of Maine, which has spent millions publicizing its attractions for sportsmen, throwing away a substantial source of revenue because the politicians down in Augusta won't stand up to the lumber companies."

Don Cameron was equally vehement. "They're down now," he said, "to cutting four-inch stuff. They'll cut anything that will make a two-by-four. Some of them are exterminating the beaver and upsetting the natural economy of our waters. It wouldn't be so bad if, after killing off the beaver, they would take the trouble to make the outlets in his dams which the beaver would have done, but they won't even bother with that." The present phase of lumbering in Maine, which was once conducted on a grand scale, while there were still great quantities of first growth, draws the contempt of the old-time guide, whose winters were customarily spent in the logging camps. "Kindling-wood chopping" is the way Roaring Bill Hall, now in his

eighties, refers to the practice. Moreover, great heaps of slash left by current operations are creating serious fire hazards.

Though lumbering practices are a factor contributing to the decline of guiding, it is unlikely that even if they were corrected the situation could be much improved, for the economic factor would remain. Though the shortage of guides is not as acute across the border in New Brunswick and Quebec, due to lower local wages, it is growing there too, and will no doubt accelerate in view of Canada's rapid mining and industrial growth.

Besides the factors I have already mentioned, there is still another. We are a softer, more luxury-loving people than we were when the guide was in his heyday. We feel lost without a car or a plane to take us where we want to go, and the number of men who are willing to follow a guide over long and toilsome portages grows smaller every year. Moreover, since fishing has become the most popular of outdoor recreations, and the streams and lakes grow steadily more accessible, longer journeys to get off the beaten track become necessary. Indeed, so heavy have been the inroads on the once secluded waters of northern Minnesota, made possible by the services of the bush pilots, that the state took action and prohibited entry by air to certain localities. Also, the outboard motor, vastly improved since its early days, has increased the fisherman's independence and stepped up his mobility.

But this independence has its limitations. In the true backwoods areas he cannot camp overnight without the services of a guide, which are required by state regulation. Nor can he, unless he has known the region long and intimately, hope to enjoy as good sport as a competent guide could help him to have.

If we are to check the flow across our borders of sportsmen who would be happy to find good fishing at home, if we are to crack down on the greed and to-hell-with-the-public attitude of the operators who are endangering the future of the Maine forests and helping to put the North Woods guide in the discard, prompt and decisive action is needed. Pressure might be brought to bear by an association of sportsmen, many of whom are men of influence. Perhaps it is too much to hope, but mightn't the lumber companies be made to see reason and to take a longer view? Mightn't they grant leaves of absence to men who would like to guide during the hunting and fishing seasons, if these men were given some guarantee of security in their company jobs?

The loss of an art, the lapse of a skill, the evaporation of knowledge long accumulated, is always a sad and disturbing thing. All three of these are passing away with the eclipse of the North Woods guide. Who is to inherit his art, his skill, and his knowledge? Who is to pass them on in turn, these precious acquisitions of the American heritage? Are they to become only old men's tales of another day?



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A veteran of World War II, TOM FILER served with the Navy in the Pacific and then spent three years in business before deciding to go back to college. At U.C.L.A. he came under the spell of Kenneth Macgowan, whose playwrighting seminar and whose inspiration started him upon his writing. For three months he worked on a tuna boat in the Mexican coastal waters, and from his experience has come the following story.

THE LAST VOYAGE

by TOM FILER

THE first time, she lost her grip and he slid down the ladder to the deck below, where he sprawled, spread-eagled, eyes wide and staring, mouth parted, as though he were about to cry out in protest.

She tried again. It was no use. She was strong but she was no match for the passive stubbornness of death. Finally she decided to use the winch. There seemed no way of doing it that did not outrage her senses, for this limp bundle had once been her husband.

"They couldn't wait!" she cried. "Couldn't let us be."

With a sudden impatience that verged on anger she roughly tied the line about his waist. She raised him, jackknifed, arms waving as though with a new life in the unlife, and set him down beside the gear box on the conn deck. Now she must empty the box.

There was a lot of fishing tackle in the box. Most of it was new but she came upon a few rusting hooks and moth-eaten lures that had been buried there and forgotten. She found a squid lure that Ed had made on their first voyage. "What was it about that squid, May?" he often asked, grinning. "They'd always hit it first, every time." And then May would remind him of her contribution to the lure: a bright red feather from the hat she had worn on their honeymoon. It was an old joke with them, one that came up time and time again, and one they never tired of, for it reminded them of that first voyage twenty-six years ago. The fish had chewed up most of their lures, and Ed, fresh out of "makin's," had impulsively removed the feather without telling her, intending to replace it when

they reached port. Unfortunately, as May pulled in an albacore the next day the hook didn't snap loose and she had to remove it by hand. As she did so a horrible suspicion entered her mind. Despite Ed's cries that they were losing the school she rushed into the cabin. When she returned, all the jig lines were taut and Ed, frantically tying down the wheel, had pleaded with her to start chumming the sardines before the school sounded. She responded with an icy stare and went back inside. Later when Ed tried to talk to her she retired silently to the chain locker, where she spent the night despite his repeated vows that he would buy her a dozen hats when they returned to San Diego. By the next morning, her only problem was how to emerge without losing face.

Ed had solved her dilemma by shouting down to her that they were into a big school. She suspected a trick but a moment later heard the unmistakable sound of a fish on the deck above. When she climbed out of the locker Ed pounced on her before she realized that the "school" was a lone dolphin. With a cry of anger she fought him but Ed, laughing, held her helpless, tight against him. He tore at her clothes, ripping, joyous, sure in his manhood. His body — hard and strong — seemed to envelop her as he forced her down to the deck. And suddenly, with a fury that made her anger seem pale, she met his passion with a fierce joy.

There had been a son and she had been told there would be no more. And in her most secret self she had been glad, for she felt a need to be more than a mother, more than a woman — a need she might never have discovered were it not for that first voyage and Ed and the sea. There had been four

lonely years at home, and then Ed's partner had walked out on him and May returned to the *Gull*. The child, Sonny, was left with Ed's parents during the school year, and the rest of the time he had spent on the boat. And soon he was fishing with them and he had stayed with the *Gull* until he was twenty, until Ed had "kicked" him off, telling him it was time he struck out on his own. May had known the truth, of course. So had Sonny. Ed felt the *Gull* was too old and too slow to amount to much any more, and while this was no longer important to him, Sonny was young.

Ed didn't fit very well in the box, but she found by raising his knees and lifting his head she could manage. She went below for ice.

His face was almost level with the surface of the box. It was impossible to cover it completely. The ice was neatly packed about him and the job was done but for this. She fought a sudden, almost uncontrollable urge to force the gaping face down, down forever into the blue whiteness of the ice. She lowered the lid, knowing she must return within the hour with more ice.

She switched on the transmitter.

"Hello, *Sarah*. Hello, *Sarah* . . . this is the *Gull*, WCT3, calling. Hello, *Sarah* . . ."

She turned on the receiver. There was no reply. She tried again.

"Hello, Ma. This is Sonny," a voice came through. "Start talking so we can get another bearing on you. You may have drifted. Out."

"I did what they told me, Sonny," she said. "There's no wind, so I don't think I've drifted very far. I got to get back to packing the fish, so I don't have much time. Is there anything else I should do? Out."

"Okay, Ma. Got a line on you. You better call us every hour. Keep the engine idling so long as you got fuel or the radio'll poop out . . ." He seemed to hesitate. "Need it for the refrigeration too," he added. "Out."

"I turned off the engine after . . . after it happened," May replied. What could she tell him? There seemed to be some explanation due for this action on her part, but she could think of nothing that would satisfy her son, or for that matter anything she could say with any words she knew. "I'll start it again, Sonny, like you say. Out."

"Okay. Just sit tight now, Ma. We figure you're about thirty hours away from us. Coast Guard's on the way down from Dago but we should get there first. Take it easy. Everything'll be all right. Keep calling. The *Sarah* signing off."

"All right, Sonny. The *Gull* signing off."

May took off the earphones. She found herself listening, though she didn't know what for. A terrible fear suddenly possessed her. Almost in a panic she climbed swiftly up the ladder to conn and started the engine. The muffler had gone out earlier in the season, and although the noise on the

conn deck was almost unbearable they had been too broke to replace it. Now she found herself grateful for the ear-shattering din which enveloped her. What had she been afraid of? Was it only the silence? She looked at her watch. In forty-five minutes she must get more ice. It was nearly dusk. The sun was a child's balloon floating, red, in the sea; a few stars flickered tentatively in the eastern sky.

On the fishing boat *Sarah* a young man was cursing and ranting. "I told him," he was saying; and then followed an agonized, searing chain of foulnesses until he could talk once more, until he was free again. "I told him time and time again it'd happen. Something . . . his heart . . . I didn't think it'd ever be this way though. I shouldn't of let them go. Shoulda known . . . sooner or later . . . all these years . . . getting older and proud. They were so damn proud!"

"Now, take it easy, laddy," the old man who was captain said. "It's done. There's nothing you can —"

"Nothing! Damn you, I know that!"

The captain walked away, leaving the boy alone.

2

THERE was so little time. She must get back to packing the fish. It was then, as she started for the ladder, that she noticed the white cloud of steam rising up from the exhaust.

Even as she turned off the engine she knew it was too late; it had been running almost an hour with no water to cool it. Only the day before, Ed had mentioned that the impeller pump was out of kilter. But Ed had said so many things and she couldn't remember them all, not now, not all at once. She went below and repacked the gland in the pump with grease as she should have done earlier. Now, if she was lucky, it would draw water into the cooling system. She returned to the conn with another load of ice and started up the engine once more.

The sharp tapping sound grew louder. Steam arose from the exhaust again. In a matter of minutes the tapping became a biting staccato of metal against metal that rattled up from the heart of the old boat with all the erratic urgency of a dying pulse beat. May winced as if one of her own parts were being punished by the merciless pummeling of the steel. She knew what had happened or was about to happen but went below and called the *Sarah* anyway, for this was the beginning of many things, things she must face. And even the poor comfort of a distant voice would help.

Sonny switched off the receiver. The captain and two of the crew stood near by. When the young man did not turn, the captain approached him.

"No chance of keepin' her going, Sonny?"

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The young man shook his head. "Not a chance. Rod gone." Each word stood apart as though it had been wrenched from his throat.

"Thing is that old battery of Ed's won't last long. And if her radio goes . . ."

"Yeah."

Thirty hours he had said. Thirty hours she must wait. She wondered how long the radio batteries would last. And the ice. There was the ice to consider.

Eight months of every year for twenty-six years. South to the Mexican cannery at Cabo San Lucas every January; and here they took on a small crew of Mexicans, for they worked the tuna as a bait boat. Five months up and down southern Baja: Magdalena Island, Santa Maria, Todos Santos; into the Gulf and south to the Tres Marias and the sea of the great turtles. Then in June north to San Diego for quick repairs and reconditioning before the albacore season started in July. The months that followed were the hard ones, for they fished alone, using only the eight jig lines: south to San Quentín, the Cedros Islands, Ascunción Bay, Ballenas; west to the Benitos, Guadalupe, and beyond. Home with a load and then back down again. And as the years passed, always farther south it had been, farther west into uncharted waters; for as the fishing fleet had increased in size it had become harder and harder for the older, slow boats like theirs to compete with the big, speedy clippers, to do much more than break even. And so this year she and Ed had jumped the gun and sailed 350 miles southwest of Guadalupe Island while the rest of the fleet was still working the coastal waters. And a storm had come and there was no time to beat it for Guadalupe, nothing to do but ride it out. The storm had pushed them even farther southward, and on the morning of the third day when the weather had lifted they knew they must head for the island immediately, for two of their fuel tanks had sprung leaks. And though they never spoke of such things, they both knew they might not make it.

And now of course this was no longer important. There was no engine to burn the fuel. There was no Ed. It almost seemed logical in a lonely, frightening sort of way. Now she could do nothing about it, about anything. She must sit here, awaiting her son, awaiting all that must follow — all the things she and Ed had avoided through the years, never comfortable perhaps, never safe, but proud and alone. Ed had always said he would rather dig his own grave than live "well" like other people. And of course they could have. Sonny was mate on one of the top boats in the fleet. He wanted them to retire, said they'd earned it. But Ed, and May too — really she too felt the same way. She could realize that now, know it at last, with Ed gone and it no longer mattering. No more need to be loyal, to hide anything from the man she had spent the

years with, who had given her this life, so different from that of other women. In looking back she suddenly knew that it had been best their way; and if it had finally killed Ed the way Sonny had always said it would, that was all right too. Ed had lived his life the way he had wanted it, and he had died quickly and well. So quickly.

3

THEY had been heading north for about two hours. Ed was at the wheel. The sun glared down mercilessly from clear, storm-washed skies. Though it was afternoon, there was no wind and the sea was glazed and steamy.

May dozed beneath the canvas awning, lazily checking the jig lines from time to time through half-opened lids. She had taken off her boots because they were too hot. She was careless because the albacore rarely struck in midafternoon, especially in weather such as this. But suddenly Ed was howling down at her from the conn deck, and she saw that one of the jig poles was bent back at an alarming angle. A moment later there was a second strike and then another and another. Silver knives slashed across the mirrored sea. They were into something big.

She cried out when she saw the first one. It was all she could do to bring him in, and the line sang as he lunged and cut through the water with a suddenness and power that racked her muscles. She braced herself as she brought him up to the stern. An instant off guard and she could be dragged into the sea. A moment of carelessness, a slack line, and he would throw the hook and be gone. There was no pulling him in; he was a forty-pounder at least. She waited for the time when, responding to the strain on the line, he leaped clear of the water in an orgasm of pain and fury, almost standing on his tail, and then she snapped him over the side. All the strength in her body and her arms went into this quick, convulsive movement, and yet it would have seemed effortless to an observer. The hook broke loose as the fish hit the deck, and she sent out the line again, seeing that it slid under the others so that there would be no fouling. She looked up at Ed for an instant as she went for the next line, crying, "Lunkers! They're lunkers!" These were a variety of Japanese albacore rarely caught in these waters; they often weighed as much as fifty pounds. Ed stood there at the wheel, laughing, holding the boat in a circle course, and shouted, "Chum 'em! Don't lose 'em, honey! Be right there!" And he started tying down the wheel.

May climbed quickly up on the bait tank and scooped up the squirming sardines. She tossed them out by the handful. Many fell to the deck but there was no time for caution; the school which surrounded them could sound and be gone in an instant. She hurried back to the lines. As she hauled

them in she could hear Ed talking to himself, cursing as he untangled some rope, laughing. She didn't need to see him to know how his face was flushed, that his hands were trembling as he tied down the wheel. She didn't need to look to know that his eyes were suddenly as bright as they had been on their first voyage. For she too felt the same ecstasy when the sea spewed forth its harvest with such abandon. It never occurred to her to wonder why each time was the first time for them, or to marvel that each day could hold the promise of moments such as this, no matter how rare they might be.

She chummed again. All eight of the lines were taut now, and both jig poles were bent nearly double. The water boiled wherever she tossed the bait. Then Ed was beside her, a line in his hand too, crying that there would be money in the bank this year and a new engine for the *Gull* and they could look all those mother-huggin' clipper men in the eye again with their fancy women and their goddamn Cadillacs.

He had one of the lunkers nearly up to the stern when he clutched his side. May saw his face go white, saw the terrible struggle going on within him as he resisted the pain and tried to bring in the fish. Suddenly he released the line. And she knew. He staggered toward the cabin, stumbled, and fell. She ran to him. He looked up at her, his face twisted grotesquely with the effort of speaking, and he gasped, "The lines! Goddamn it, get the lines, May!"

An hour later when the school finally sounded she went to him. He seemed lost in some dream, and though his body was limp and still, his eyes met hers as she approached. There was a question in them, and May knew instinctively what it was.

"Four tons!" she cried. "We've got a load, Ed!" And she smiled though a groan of despair throbbed in her throat. She dragged him into the cabin and somehow managed to get him on the bunk. He lay there, only his eyes alive.

Suddenly it was too much for her. "Oh, Ed," she cried. "What'll I do? Tell me what to do!"

His eyes seemed to look beyond her for an instant as though searching for an answer in some far place only he could see. "The *Gull* . . ." he said. There was no sound. Only his lips moved. And then he was dead. And she was alone. Terribly alone, for his last words had been the name of their boat. She had hoped for something more. "The *Gull* . . ." she murmured. Was there something she had missed, some significance here she could not grasp? But her brain was benumbed with the one awful, bald fact: he was dead. She could not think about it now. She must think of the things she must do.

She didn't know why she had turned off the ignition; the engine was the very life beat of the little boat. But she found herself on the conn, the engine dead. There is no stillness more oppressive and profound than that of the open sea when it is calm.

The few times the engine had gone out before there had always been Ed, and even if the sea had been at peace as it now was, there were always words to fill the void. May became aware of this stillness for the first time. It was as if the silence of the tomb were already enveloping the *Gull*. She was possessed with an overpowering lethargy. She stared unseeing into the blue vastness which surrounded her.

4

A FAMILIAR sound roused her. One of the albacore was still alive. It beat its great silver tail against the bloody deck in sullen, desperate fury, as though trying to deny death in this last violent display of life. Its mouth opened and closed in empty, hopeless gasps. Then, like a shadow passing over its body, silver faded to gray and the huge fish lay quiet. May climbed down from the conn. There wasn't much time. Although it was late in the day the sun was still hot. And there were four tons of fish waiting to be packed.

The task before her was staggering. Even with Ed it would have taken half the night; Ed would have climbed into the freezing compartment, stacked the fish, and covered them with the finely ground snow ice as she had thrown them down to him. Then, when the cold became too much for him, they would change jobs. Ed wasn't here. She was alone. And of course there was something she must do before she packed the fish.

She was unable to reach the *Sarah* at first. Someone had hit a big school east of Guadalupe and the air was jammed; there wasn't a chance of getting through with her weak set. She began packing the fish, returning to the radio every few minutes.

When she finally established contact with the *Sarah*, for the first time Sonny confirmed her position with his radio direction finder. And then, of course, the proper authorities were notified in San Diego, for when a man dies anywhere — at sea, in the street, in his bed — everything must go through channels. She kept the radio tuned in loud so that she could hear it, and returned to loading the fish. Working made things easier, except when she caught herself talking to him or when she turned suddenly, expecting to find him beside her.

Then came the radio call from the health authorities in San Diego: they wanted to warn her that if she felt obliged to put the body of the man, her husband, in the ice hold they must condemn the fish. And so Ed had been packed in the gear box on the conn deck, and the *Sarah* was on its way and the fish were saved. The fish. She must get back to work.

It was dark now. There was no moon. She found a kerosene lantern and set it by the hatch to the ice hold. She picked up an albacore and lowered it into the compartment, kneeling, for then she only had to drop it a few feet and the impact was slight.

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She arose, picked up another fish. She guessed the average weight must be thirty-five or forty pounds. About two hundred fish. Two hundred times she must do this. It was backbreaking work and slow.

When she went into the hold, she immediately noticed the difference in temperature. The refrigeration unit had been out less than an hour and already it was beginning. Little drops of moisture had formed on the freezing pipes, white with encrusted ice, and they glowed yellow in the pale light of the lantern like a million tiny cat eyes, watching, as she worked. Then she climbed up on deck again. Her fingers were numb and she chafed them, but they remained thick and clumsy. Sometimes she would drop a fish and it would fall with a great thump into the hold and she groaned and beat her fists against her thighs because she knew a bruise had formed, marring the precious white flesh of the albacore. Too many of these and the cannery would reject the fish. She put on some canvas gloves, but before long they were as wet and slippery as her hands. And then it was time to go into the hold again. Soon she must call the *Sarah*.

Two o'clock. She had trouble hearing the *Sarah*. She tuned up the volume as far as she could, but it didn't seem to help. When they had taken a bearing she signed off. The battery . . . and now there was the other thing to do. The night was warm.

It almost seemed that the pale, waxen skin of the dead man was generating some special heat, that some life force within it was still at work. She had to return to the hold and fill the pail again. As she scooped up the ice she noticed that it stuck to the shovel, that it was gray now instead of white and dry. Wearily she climbed back to the conn and went on with her grim task.

His eyes glittered darkly in his white face. Strange that it should seem so white. It had been a ruddy, deeply tanned face. It occurred to her that his eyes should be closed. She tried to accomplish this and was immediately sorry, for one lid remained half open. The effect was a leering wink so horrible, such a complete perversion of what she remembered of this man, that she cried out. She tried to open his eyes again, but suddenly the uncoöperative lid seemed possessed of some gamin spirit, for it resisted her every effort to make it conform with its mate. Whichever way she forced it, whether open or shut, it kept returning to the same position.

"Oh! Oh! Please!" she cried.

She threw down the cover of the box. She leaned upon it with all the weight of her body.

She must open it again. She must pack the ice firmly about him and then she must get back to loading the fish. She shuddered. It was as if the ice, the melting ice, were in her very bones. The lantern on the deck below paled, then brightened. In the still darkness the first tentative, chill-soft tongues of an approaching fog bank were sliding

furtively over the *Gull*. She felt suddenly heartened and, clenching her teeth, she opened the cover of the box once more.

She was glad of the fog at first. Fog was cool, and heat was her enemy. Perhaps it would even last through the day and longer. It wouldn't be unusual in these waters. The radio was slowly dying, and then instead of heat there would be time to contend with; time and other things that time implied. For she must live in this time, think in the void which enveloped her, and grope for things that otherwise there would have been no time for. An old woman, wearing faded jeans most of her life, unwomanlike in many ways, yet woman enough to have loved a man with the whole of her being — flesh, mind, all — to have borne his son. Old enough to accept what had happened this day, yet young enough to remember the feel of the man she was packing the ice about, preserving him for what must be done when they returned to land; preserving him and . . . yes, and herself too, for she would have much to face in San Diego. Young enough to wonder at what lay ahead of her, and knowing it would only be time to be spent, time to forget the feel and the smell and the strength of this man she had loved; and of course — strange to know this — when that time came, she too would be dead.

She lowered the last fish into the hold. She didn't straighten up but remained kneeling there, resting her head on the sharp edge of the hatch. Her back was one great, dull ache. The muscle, the substance of her arms, might have become one with the chill, vaporous fog but for the muted pain. The lantern had gone out, but she no longer needed it. It was dawn. There was a sun somewhere.

Afterward she tried the radio again, but all she could hear was the faint echoes of voices. She took off the earphones and sat down on the bunk. There was a faint depression in the pillow where his head had rested. How long had it been? She was tired, tired. She would lie down for a while, a little while, rest. She put her cheek on the pillow.

When she awoke the cabin was stifling. She rushed outside to find a bright, hot sun burning down on the *Gull*. Still there was no wind. There *should* be a wind, else where had the fog gone?

She started when she looked at her watch; it was eleven o'clock. She opened the hatch and entered the hold. Once more she filled the pail with ice; this time she had to make three trips. And then she returned to pack the last of the albacore. The reserve supply of ice was exhausted, and she had to chop what she could from corners and the freezing pipes. Even during the night there had been melting, and now great drops fell upon the deck in a rhythm that was erratic but had all the insistence of time itself. When she had finished she stood there for a while watching, listening, wondering how long it would take. She noticed that

one of the floor boards was out of place, and discovered as she righted it that the bilge water had risen alarmingly.

The engine room was flooding, too. Of course it would be. The little *Gull*, so old. With the pumps gone, her ancient seams, calked and recalked a thousand times over the years, were poor resistance indeed to the tides of the sea.

It was then, as she looked about her, that she wondered for the first time if she too might die. Only another twenty-four hours. But no. There was the hand pump, of course. And if worse came to worse she could always load the dinghy with supplies and wait. But she must of necessity toy with the idea of what it would be like if she had to die. There was so little between her and the blue oblivion beneath the deck of the ship. So little — nothing if one turned a valve and the sea cock were opened . . .

May climbed quickly out of the engine room and went on deck. The sea was smooth and the sky was clear. She was alone. The horizon was a naked ring of nothingness neatly encircling an old woman and death.

5

SONNY stood at the wheel, the skipper beside him. "Should get there about eleven tonight," the skipper said.

"Get where?" the young man replied bitterly. "Been twelve hours since we got a fix on her."

"We'll find her."

"Alone. Christ. All alone out there."

May hardly knew how she had gotten in the engine room. She found herself staring at the valve to the sea cock. Not thinking of anything in particular, not thinking . . . that. No, just *there*. The water had risen almost a foot in two hours. Soon the sea cock would be covered and there would be no reaching it. But of course she didn't want to reach it.

Soon it would be dark again, and if the *Sarah* didn't make it before then there would be another night. Be a good idea to start loading the dinghy just in case. She was too weary to move.

Poor Ed. Going back to San Diego and the earth. It wasn't right somehow. It would be more fitting for him to sink down into this blueness, become a part forever of what his life had been. His life and his death would be one then. Yes, that would be fitting. Well, maybe he'd get his wish if the *Sarah* didn't hurry.

The ice in the chest had melted almost completely. It was too exposed, and even with a canvas over it and wetting down constantly all afternoon it was too much with the sun. The only ice left in the hold was packed about the fish. And the fish would be condemned.

She closed the cover to the sea chest. "I don't know, I don't know," she groaned, rising to her

feet and looking about her at the empty, shimmering stillness of the sea. She wrung her hands. She opened the box again, looked into it, closed it. Ed wouldn't want things that way. The fish were a pay load and something more, something she couldn't explain, but she had a frightening conviction that it would be in the nature of a mortal sin to destroy them deliberately. In a sense Ed had died for them. And what if she did what she knew he would want? What if she took him and sent him down into the sea? But of course she couldn't do that. For she must think of what people would say. She had his memory to consider. She rebelled at the idea of sniffing into this decision because people would think she prized a load of fish over her husband — or worse — but there it was. Of course she could leave him in the sea chest. But in the heat . . . the thought was unbearable. One thing she couldn't do was leave him where he was.

It was dusk and there was no sign of the *Sarah*. She filled the kerosene lantern and hung it above the conn, but she knew there was little chance of them finding her before morning. Now she must decide. She could wait no longer. There seemed to be some tremendous moral issue at stake that she didn't quite understand, but it tortured her all the same. And it was complicated again by the sense of watchful eyes — the eyes of those who waited on land, of those who would be her neighbors in the new life ahead, of her son. But even at the thought of them she knew they had nothing to do with Ed and her. They had always lived apart, and now at the end she must think apart from all the rest, make the decision for Ed and herself in the only way she knew how: the way she knew her husband would have wanted it. For even now she was one with him and was no longer capable of thinking of herself as a separate entity, even while staring full face into his deadness and the melted ice and the first hint of the ugliness of dirt graves.

They had always taken from the sea. Yet they had taken with a reverence which, while unspoken, was a real and a true thing, she knew. Could she send Ed back to a dark box in the earth when he could at last *give* to the sea, could at last be one with it? She would not have a chance such as this, but he did if she could only find the courage. . . .

It was done. And now there would be no smell of death on this boat. There would be the smell of the sea and of cleanness and there would be good memories of this man. Memories — what poor things they were, fit only for weak, gray people who could not reach out for life any longer, who were afraid of life. It was done now and there was no time for remembering. She must work to live. And she must live if only because her kind of people didn't just die. She would find a reason. That would come to her.

The crew of the *Sarah* stood about the deck, rest-

less, watching. Beyond the radius of their lights they saw only darkness and the stars. They talked constantly, their voices quick and nervous, low-pitched, in key with the pushing engines, for the regular beat of steel pistons was a comfort on such a night.

Three men stood near the stern: a youth, the second mate, and an old Portuguese fisherman. The old man had been scanning the darkness which surrounded them. His eyes weren't what they used to be, but they were still sharp and sea-wise. "Should be somewhere round here," he said. His voice was soft.

"Funny, ain't it?" the mate said uneasily. "No wind for two days . . ."

"Kinda weird," replied the youth.

"Hope she had sense enough to put up a light."

"Can't see nothin'. Nothin' but stars," the old man murmured sadly.

"Whatta you want, neon lights?" the youth cried brashly. He grinned, eying the mate with approval. At first he was disappointed; the mate looked away. And then he was surprised because the old man was gripping him fiercely by the collar and shaking him so hard his teeth rattled.

6

Six o'clock . . . morning . . . second morning . . . third day. She wondered how long she had slept this time. She looked at the level of the water. It hadn't risen much, so it couldn't have been long. In a while she would go on deck. It had been like this all through the night. She worked until exhaustion, an old friend now, swept her into unconsciousness and her hands slid from the pump and she slept a broken, troubled sleep, always awakening with a start, working again, and then the awokeness fading into dreams once more. But she wouldn't fall asleep now, because it was morning and the *Sarah* would soon be here. She knew that for certain. It was a thing that sang in her bones as did the thought of what she would tell Sonny when he arrived. She had found her reason. No white cottage for her! She would keep on fishing. Maybe Sonny would go in with her. Or if he was stubborn she would find someone else. They wouldn't like it. They would fight, tell her she must rest awhile, put her off, anything. She knew all the dodges they would use and she didn't fear them. May would never let them trap her that easily. And the wonderful part of it was that she was independent. There was a little money in the bank, and at \$400 a ton this load would bring in close to \$1600, enough to put a new engine in the *Gull*, to get a fresh start. She was free!

The crew of the *Sarah* were listless. They mended net, sewed canvas, made lures, read comic books, sitting, lying about the deck or in their bunks. Occasionally they would cast halfhearted looks at

the horizon, but they had reached an unspoken decision and they only made this effort for the sake of the dark, intense young man at the wheel.

Only the old Portuguese seemed not to have given up hope. He had clambered up on the conn mast as soon as it was light and had remained there for three hours. The cook tried to press some breakfast on him, but he shook his head and muttered, "No time." Though his perch was precarious, he felt no fatigue. His stubby-fingered, thick-veined hands and his short, corded arms were like steel and leather, and time had only tempered them. His brown, seamed face was impassive, but his black eyes were never still. He knew the sea too well to turn his back on her. She was a moody old woman and she never did what you expected her to.

"Cap'n . . . Cap'n . . ." the old man called softly. "Hand me up the glasses."

The skipper and the young man at the wheel watched as the Portuguese looked through the binoculars. Slowly he lifted his arm and pointed. They could see nothing.

"Here. Give it here," the young man said, reaching up for the glasses. He moved the binoculars slowly across the horizon; they wavered, stopped. Suddenly the young man seemed to be choking. Quickly he handed the glasses to the captain, turned away, climbed down from the conn, and rushed into the darkness of the cabin.

She had noticed it for some time but had purposely attributed it to any number of natural phenomena. A kelp bed was near by and she knew this brown weed had a pungent odor to it and very often held the corpses of birds and fish. Later in the morning a breeze sprang up, and she was able to ignore it for a while. She returned to the engine room but still it preyed on her mind. In a short while she was back on deck again. She heated some coffee, made herself drink it; a moment later she was violently ill. It didn't last long, for there was nothing in her stomach. She had heard of this happening to people who hadn't eaten for some time. She would try some bread when she felt better—something easy to digest, to coat her stomach. That was what was needed. She rose to her feet, nearly fainted, leaned heavily against the bulkhead. Perhaps she would wait a while before returning to the pump. She breathed deeply, hoping this would make the dizziness go away. And suddenly she could escape it no longer. She went to the ice hold, removed the tarpaulin from the hatch and raised it. She didn't have to look. She knew immediately. The ice had melted, and the sea and the heat had done the rest. The fish were lost.

Ed's last cry, "Get the lines, May!" was a mockery in her ears now, and each moment she had lost with him seemed weighted to a raw string tightening about her heart. How often in their life it had been like this. Always working, fighting the sea, never quite winning. So many years, good years

and bad years, the sea giving and taking in its own subtle ways — all for nothing. Though she had given him to the sea — all for nothing. And so the last voyage was a failure.

7

THE *Sarah* plowed northward, sluggish with its soggy burden behind. The sun and the sky were chilled by the thickening mesh of an ominous mackerel sky. Sonny put an arm around his mother. "Tough luck, Ma. If we'd of located you sooner we might have saved 'em."

"Yes," May said dully. She was looking back toward the *Gull*, which they were towing to Guadalupe Island. Two men were unloading the doomed catch of fish.

"Hope there's no trouble about . . . well, you know . . ."

May looked at her son strangely. "He was my husband."

"Yeah, but people are funny. Get funny ideas. You know that."

"Yes."

"I guess we better just tell them the truth though. I guess that's the only thing to do."

May moved a little away from her son. His arm fell to his side. There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Well, we'll have you home in a few days," Sonny said. "Coast Guard cutter's going to meet us at Guadalupe and they'll take you north. I'll have to stay with the *Sarah* till we get a load."

"What about the *Gull*?"

"Engine's shot. I may be able to sell her for you though, get somebody else to tow her to Dago."

"I won't sell her."

"Ma, she's dead, finished. It'd cost more'n you got in the bank to fix up that engine again, and *then* she wouldn't be worth a damn! Anyway, you can't fish alone."

"I was thinking maybe you and I could go in together, fix her up . . ." She spoke as though she were remembering half-forgotten lines from a play that had long since closed.

"Yeah. Well, the only thing is old Larson'll be retiring in a few years and when he does I'll be skipper. I couldn't pass that up, Ma."

"Maybe someone else."

"Well, I don't see what we can do, Ma. The boat's a dead loss unless we get it towed to port, and that'd cost a fortune. *We* can't take the time. Gotta get in there fast with a load and get right back down here while they're runnin'."

"I won't sell her," May said once more. Her voice was mechanical and the words had no meaning. She turned and walked away from her son. She leaned against the rail and looked into the blue depths. Soon the sea would only be a view from a hillside. Soon only the remembering . . .

The cook emerged from the galley and eyed this

strange, brooding old woman curiously as he dumped a load of garbage over the side. A lone gull had been following the boat, and it swooped down amidst the debris with a joyous shriek. Although she hardly knew why, May found herself watching it with sudden interest. She almost cried out when she saw the slender gray fin cutting through the water. There was a flash of white, the bird screamed, desperately flapped its great wings, and was gone. The debris was lost in the turmoil of the *Sarah's* wake, and the sea was empty and still once more.

"The gull . . ." he had said. And May remembered. Ed had left her with something after all. There had been a day soon after they were married. Ed had just bought the boat and they had gone to Pacific Amusement Park to celebrate. Later in the afternoon they walked down to the beach. It was still warm, though already foghorns were beginning to moan at the entrance to the harbor. They were trying to think of a name for the boat. It had been called the *Emmy*, and they wanted something special, something for themselves. As they sat there on the sand they found themselves watching a sea gull. It had discovered an enormous mussel in the rocks and was flying high into the air, then dropping it, trying to break the shell so that it could get the rich, orange meat. It tried again and again, but in vain; the shell was too tough. Finally it gave up and flew away. May had smiled at Ed and said she was glad she didn't have to work *that* hard for a living. Ed had frowned slightly. "Fishing's no picnic, you know, honey."

"Oh, I know!" she had cried, but of course she didn't.

And then the frown was gone and Ed was smiling again. His voice was full of a deep excitement when he spoke. "They really have to grub, May, but they can fly, too. Look! Look up there!"

The gull had returned for some reason and was circling above them. The fog was rolling in, and the sun had paled to a moonstone in the thickening mists. There was a sudden chill in the air. But the gull was high above all this where the sun was still shining, and it soared through the bright sky with a wild heartbreaking abandon, a glorious white-golden thing free of the gray world below.

And May had understood what Ed was trying to tell her, and she had turned to him and said, "Let's call her the *Gull*." Ed had said nothing, but he took her hand in both of his in a funny, formal way; and though there had been a ceremony weeks before, May knew that now, in this instant, they were truly married.

And standing there on the stern of the great clipper *Sarah*, looking back at the *Gull*, May found peace. They had grubbed. They had flown. They had been together. It was enough. It was all. The last voyage had not been a failure. It was only the end.



Books and Men



Author, critic, and Professor of
American Studies at Amherst College,

ALFRED KAZIN has drawn this refreshing comparison of the two famous sages of Concord, both of whom were contributors to the *Atlantic* in its early years. Each man lives for us today in his journals, and it is in these self-revelations that Mr. Kazin looks for the greatness of each.

DRY LIGHT AND HARD EXPRESSIONS

by ALFRED KAZIN

1

LIKE," said Emerson, "dry light, and hard clouds, hard expressions, and hard manners." The writers who become our saints and sages, the wise men of our tribe, they who help us to live — there is only one way by which we can know them: their genius for compression. They are the ones who are always stripping life down to fundamentals and essentials, to aphorisms and parables and riddles, and if we ask what is holy about men whose life sayings often shock and hurt as much as they illuminate, the answer is that the final compression they get into their speech is a compression they have attained in their lives. The absolute in their writing is an absolute they have learned to live, and the sometimes overemphatic sharpness, the well-known intolerance by holy men, the cutting blow, the very quickness with which they sum up life and eternity in a sentence, is only the expression in words of the attempt to meet existence with the greatest possible directness.

This is what Thoreau meant when he said that he wanted to "drive life into a corner," when he appealed to his distracted countrymen: "Let us settle ourselves, and work and wedge our feet downward through the mud and slush of opinion, and prejudice, and tradition, and delusion, and appearance . . . till we come to a hard bottom and rocks in place, which we can call *reality*, and say, This is, and no mistake." The imagery — one might better say the music — with which he brings to an ecstatic end this second chapter of *Walden* is a whirl of variations on the single theme of the ultimate, the "*point d'appui* below freshet and frost and fire" — bedrock, facing a fact until it divides you through the heart and marrow like a sword, the sky whose bottom is pebbly with stars, the deep deep earth through which the intellect works like a cleaver. Thoreau, because he yearned to possess the infinite spaces suggested to him by his imagination, wanted to base this infiniteness on some image that would be immediately graspable, that would *look* so sharp and definite and accessible, in his telling of it, that he could lead you up to it, make you feel it,

give it to you. Blake spoke of "the world in a grain of sand"; Thoreau's desire was to make you feel this in the ultimate sensation that man could possibly express of his connection with nature. If he could have rolled himself up in the world, have tasted it in every cell of his being, this and this alone would have made him feel that he was communicating his supreme privilege of ecstasy. And it is the attempt to mark this sensation of maximum contact that he tried to get into his prose — "wildness," the taste of a muskrat eaten raw, walking blind through dark woods at night, a swim in the infinite silence of Walden Pond. Fundamentally, Thoreau's best writing is an attempt to get up to the point where he can reduce human experience to communion with nature and this communion to images of total physical ecstasy.

But this same need of compression, of the absolute expression, of the ultimate in speech that will condense and contract your whole experience, can find easier forms. In Emerson, whom we tend these days to underestimate because of the priggishness that so often wars with his genius, the poet's need of condensation takes the form of epigram. There are epigrams in Thoreau, too, perhaps even more of them; but they are the steps up to his temple, the rehearsals of his style; they do not express the reaches of his ultimate feeling. In Emerson, on the other hand, epigrams, *aperçus*, bare notations which seem to cross his journal in a single motion from his eye to his hand, serve for that sidelong glance into things which expresses him far more characteristically than the ecstasies described in his first book, *Nature*. For Emerson's conception of himself was not as a solitary walker in nature but as an oracle, a clairvoyant, a seer; and his truest moments come when he speaks in slightly veiled disclosures from on high, when he exemplifies the quality that Thoreau missed in Carlyle — he retires "behind the truth he utters."

Emerson's compressiveness takes the form of intellectual wit, of the sentence that gives you not a description of external nature to be embraced, but

a definition of things in which you can rest. He exemplifies the traditional role of the founder of new religions by providing his audience, his possible disciples, with a set of maxims which give spiritual tangibility to the otherwise nameless and indistinct blur of the outside world. Such maxims are definite names for spiritual things and so convince us of their reality; they lay down a pattern of steppingstones across what would otherwise be the terror of an utterly alien world. Without man, there is utter silence; a true sentence cuts into this silence and gives man a habitation in the universe. "The maker of a sentence, like the other artist," Emerson wrote in 1834, "launches out into the infinite and builds a road into Chaos and Old Night, and is followed by those who hear him with something of wild, creative delight." Emerson's sentences are compressed because they are pronouncements; they show the way; they teach. He thought so habitually in "sayings" that he himself found "each sentence an infinitely repellent particle."

Emerson's professional task was to build up his scattered sentences into essays, but he naturally began with just those pronouncements that someone else would have thought it necessary to prove. He once noted of a new lecture "that it was a very good house, only the architect had unfortunately omitted the stairs." And the genius of Emerson is that he did not try to change himself, that his professional need to write essays and to deliver lectures did not pressure him out of his natural tendency to the orphic, the fragmentary, the epigram. By the 1870s, when his powers had begun to fail him, he allowed his daughter Ellen and James Elliot Cabot to put together new essays by "excerpting and compounding" from old manuscripts exactly as he had done for himself. He was not merely dependent upon such help but, in a very significant sense, indifferent to the final result.

2

EMERSON'S genius is in the sudden flash rather than in the suavely connected paragraph and page. He is a writer who is so natural a stylist that even in his masterpiece, the *Journals*, certain sentences come from the habit of writing well rather than from having anything to say. His good things, however, are always neat. "Love is the bright foreigner, the foreign self." "Dante's imagination is the nearest to hands and feet that we have seen." He will refer to Alcott as a "tedious archangel" and remark of the British that they remind him of old Josiah Quincy, "always blundering into some good thing." "Every new writer is only a new crater of an old volcano." "Life is in short cycles or periods; rapid rallies, as by a good night's sleep."

In that superb book, *English Traits*, he noted that "Loyalty is in the English a sub-religion.

They wear the laws as ornaments," and went on to say that "The religion of England is part of good-breeding. When you see on the continent the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador's chapel and put his face for silent prayer into his smooth-brushed hat, you cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him. . . . So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending in him to pray to God." He could be wonderfully sharp. "Their religion is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. In good company you expect them to laugh at the fanaticism of the vulgar; but they do not; they are the vulgar." "If Socrates were here, we could go and talk with him; but Longfellow, we cannot go and talk with; there is a palace, and servants, and a row of bottles of different coloured wines, and wine glasses, and fine coats."

The best examples of Emerson's compressiveness, his gnomic gift, lie in those sentences with which he surprised himself. Emerson's genius is so contentedly solitary (where Thoreau's is lonely) that one feels that for him the high point of his writing was the discovery of some aspect of nature (often human nature) which was an uncovered secret. Like his famous Aunt Mary, whom he called a sibyl, a Cassandra with a terrible gift of penetration, he had the clairvoyant's gift for letting life come to him. "A man finds out that there is somewhat in him that knows more than he does. Then he comes presently to the curious question, Who's who? which of these two is really me? the one that knows more, or the one that knows less? the little fellow or the big fellow?" One feels about Emerson not merely that there was a private self concealed behind the public self, but that this private self was continually making discoveries that Emerson knew instantly how to seize.

In reading Thoreau's *Journals*, one senses always the heroism of a will tensing itself almost to the breaking point, a quest for details in nature that would distract Thoreau from his inwardness — details which he could assemble and fuse for that final encounter with nature in which he anticipated the consummation of his existence. "I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homesick go home." All of Thoreau is in that sentence. It is this everlasting preparedness, militancy, expectancy before nature, this perpetual gathering of arrowheads and meteorological data and Oriental scriptures, that makes Thoreau's lifework, the *Journals*, all one tension and that invests his frustration in the end with the truest quality of human tragedy — which does not make the effort to "drive life into a corner" any less heartbreaking. Sentence after sentence, gathered like the stones in David's sling, whitened and sharpened and polished — to be

flung against a power too great to be conquered and too indefinite to be embraced! Emerson does not go forth to battle, he waits; and the communion with nature that he describes is not one which he has gone out to find but one that has revealed itself to him.

It is this that in a way makes Emerson a truer *observer* than Thoreau, though Emerson did not consciously look so much or so far — or so hard. Thoreau looked for the immanent connection; he saw in nature details that had been flung off from some larger whole that he still hoped to find; his most characteristic symbols are poignant, like the Indian arrowheads he was always finding under his feet in Concord, fragments of the vanished Indian past which he tried to reassemble in his notes. Thoreau is a true mystic: for him there is always a lost Eden, a divine background in nature. To this he can relate what he picks up on his walks, but of this he has lost something incommunicable, "a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove." His description of the simplest objects in nature can be unbearably moving: one feels so keenly his own trembling at the veil that keeps the world from us. Who, after all, can possess the world, can put all nature into our hand? Thoreau's imagery has all the characteristically painful longing, the *Schmerz*, of the romantic mystic. But Emerson lights upon truths that delight in themselves, that reveal a hidden law. There is the well-known passage in his *Journals*, repeating his experience at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris:

The universe is a more amazing puzzle than ever, as you glance along this bewildering series of animated forms — the hazy butterflies, the carved shells, the birds, beasts, fishes, insects, snakes, and the upheaving principle of life everywhere so incipient, in the very rock aping organized forms. Not a form so grotesque, so savage, nor so beautiful but is an expression of some property inherent in man the observer — an occult relation between the very scorpions and man. I feel the centipede in me — cayman, carp, eagle, and fox. I am moved by strange sympathies; I say continually, "I will be a naturalist."

Emerson looks upon the universe as a witness, not as a lover. He waits for things to display themselves before him so that he can "yield to the law of their being." Without being in the least a scientist, he is often impressively disinterested and curious about phenomena. He complained that "Now many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep, madness, dreams, beasts, sex." Emerson is at his best not when he is announcing the Oversoul to the people or flattering his audience, but when he is idiosyncratic, spare and strange; in those moods of almost sleepy reflection and passive wonder one feels that he is entirely open to his unconscious, that he can get it to speak through him in the same way, to use his own image, as the tree puts itself forth through its leaves and branches. "The secret of the world is the tie between person and event. . . . The soul contains the event that shall befall it, for the event is only the actualization of its thoughts and what we pray to ourselves for is always granted." It is in this understanding that, as Thoreau says, the poet retires "behind the truth he utters," and then we feel that Emerson's writing arm somehow moves exactly to the pressure of the vision in his brain. Like Blake "taking down" the "Songs of Innocence," he has only to dip his pen and write.

It is then that Emerson attains a greatness beyond that of the moral philosopher and national prophet. He can openly rejoice in the fact that he really has no disciples, and he shows himself not merely shrewd but uncomfortably penetrating. At his best, in his most private mood, his only aim is quiet understanding, to find the law which is spanned by the mind of that representative man whom he called "the poet." It is in these little bits of Emerson's *Journals* — scattered portraits, wayward reflections, fragments that are witty not only in the exactness of their expression but in the effect they have on the reader, for they disconcert and undercut — that we see the particular essence of a genius which, beginning as "self-trust," has made itself a kind of open channel by which truth can reach men, has converted itself wholly into an instrument of meditation and of style.





Books and Men



A Cleveland lawyer who has been a professor at the Harvard Law School

since 1935 and its dean since 1946, ERWIN N. GRISWOLD gives us his appraisal of *The Lion and the Throne* by Catherine Drinker Bowen. In recognition of her book Mrs. Bowen is to receive the Henry M. Phillips Prize conferred by the American Philosophical Society for an outstanding contribution to American jurisprudence.

COKE OF NORFOLK

by ERWIN N. GRISWOLD

1

A LITTLE more than four centuries ago there was born in one of England's most productive counties a man whose influence and contribution were prodigious. Despite his great work, he has been for most of us a shadowy figure, little more than a symbol in the long development of English constitutional history. Now Catherine Drinker Bowen in *The Lion and the Throne* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.00) has brought him back to life. With great skill she has put flesh on his bones and red blood in his veins. Coke is surely one of our great heroes. But he was also a rather crude and difficult man. When he died, his second wife wrote, with ample reason, "We shall never see his like again, praises be to God."

Mrs. Bowen has always written colorfully. In *Yankee from Olympus* she wrote a biography which was considerably fictionalized. In *John Adams and the American Revolution* she stayed much closer to identifiable sources. In this most recent book, she has followed traditional standards of biography. Yet she has done this without failing to create the impression, the picture of the man and his setting, which is such an important part of effective biographical writing. Even the occasional purplish passage seems most fitting; for Coke was a purple man who got into purple situations. In this book Mrs. Bowen joins with Miss C. V. Wedgwood as one of those who have re-created for our time a moving understanding of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. In some ways this period seems long ago; but it has its lessons for today.

Coke was born in the middle of the sixteenth century, and he was clearly a child of the Middle Ages. Yet before his life was finished, after more than eighty years, he had himself done much to start the modern era and to breathe life into the beginnings of modern conceptions of law and government. Mrs. Bowen, through her carefully documented work, shows how the modern political and legal institution of government under law is in a real sense the lengthened shadow of Sir Edward Coke.

Coke was called to the bar in 1578, at the age of twenty-six. For the next several years he prospered as a lawyer, and added to his prosperity by marrying "his first and best wife" (as his daughter said in her epitaph), who had a handsome dowry. In 1590 he was sent to Parliament. In 1592 Elizabeth named him Solicitor General. And in 1593 he was made Speaker of the House of Commons. It is something of an index of the times that this was an appointment of the Queen and not an election by the Commons. From this period until the end of his life Coke was always a public figure, possibly the public figure of that exciting forty years.

There is little about Coke which is agreeable or lovable, or even pleasant, and Mrs. Bowen does not conceal this fact. As a government lawyer he provided an example for the worst of his successors. Standards for criminal trials at the time were primitive, to say the most for them. The defendant was not entitled to counsel; he had to present his own defense. There was a jury, but it knew that it was subject to fine and imprisonment if it did not do what was expected of it. Very few defendants were able to escape this machinery. In addition, the defendants were subjected to torture to produce confessions, and Coke freely participated in this. As Mrs. Bowen points out, this was not part of the trial procedure. It was not ordered by the courts. It was done under the royal prerogative, that limitless reservoir of absolute power which Coke himself was finally to challenge.

As long as Elizabeth lived, Coke was the dutiful and apparently unquestioning servant of the crown. He prosecuted Lopez (the Queen's physician) and the Earl of Essex. In these and other cases he showed his brutal, ruthless qualities. This was the period immediately following the Armada. England was jittery. Spanish bribes and Spanish traitors, real and suspected, kept a prosecutor busy. Coke did not seem to have much time or thought for fundamental questions of government or for such matters as justice and fairness. His basic effort was to keep on top of the heap in seeking the

royal favor — specifically, to keep ahead of Francis Bacon. In this, his zeal and his ability combined to make him eminently successful.

When James I succeeded to the crown, this pattern continued. Almost immediately there was the prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh (as Mrs. Bowen spells it), in which Coke outdid himself in vituperation and in unfair restriction on the defendant's opportunity — without counsel, of course — to defend himself. Then came the Gunpowder Plot and the trial of Catholic priests. James knew a good man when he saw him. Coke was quickly knighted — an honor which Elizabeth had always withheld. And within three years Coke was made Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. This proved to be perhaps James's greatest mistake. Or it may have been his greatest contribution to posterity, for it laid the first modern foundation for responsible and democratic government.

2

TUDOR England ceased in 1603 when Elizabeth died, and Stuart England began. Coke did not become a judge until 1606. Until then, he was a man of the Middle Ages; his look was back. Afterwards, and almost immediately, his look was ahead, into the new century. The change is dramatic, and following it under Mrs. Bowen's guidance is fascinating.

Almost immediately after becoming a judge, Coke set about attempting to restrict what he regarded as the excesses of governmental bodies. Mrs. Bowen writes about each of these episodes clearly and with detail. As she talks about the High Commission, the first object of Coke's attention, we can feel the atmosphere of that ecclesiastical tribunal. The High Commission endeavored to punish a barrister for contempt; and Coke endeavored to prevent the High Commission's action. This time Coke lost. But soon thereafter his writs of prohibition were effective against the High Commission, and he was well started on his way as a foe of what he regarded as irresponsible governmental power.

Mrs. Bowen gives a careful account of perhaps the most notable event in Coke's career — if it actually did occur. The commonly accepted story appears in Coke's *Reports*. But this volume of the *Reports* was not published until long after his death, and there is no way to tell what is real report and what is afterthought. As Mrs. Bowen points out, others who made records at the time do not tell it as well as Coke. It was in 1608 that the king summoned the judges before him. He asserted the basic prerogative power, that all judges acted under him and by his authority, and particularly that the king could decide any case himself if he so chose. In particular, said James, the king could decide any question of jurisdiction as between the judges. He

said that he would protect the common law. To which Coke replied that the law protected the king. This aroused the king's ire, and there was further discussion. James said that what Coke said meant that the king was under the law, which was treason. To which Coke replied, according to his own belated version, "that Bracton saith, *Quod Rex non debet esse sub homine, sed sub Deo et Lege* — that the King should not be under man, but under God and the Law." (Mrs. Bowen translates this as "under God and the Laws," which loses some of the meaning. It was the common law whose supremacy Coke was asserting.) Whether Coke actually said it or not, he gets credit for saying it. And it was typically Coke, for it is a very ingenious use of Bracton. What Bracton wrote, in the thirteenth century, was: "But the king himself ought not to be subject to man, but subject to God and the law." Thus Coke cited Bracton for something very close to the opposite of what Bracton himself meant, when he used the words to assert the king's subjection to the law, with Coke declaring the law.

Mrs. Bowen then gives vivid accounts of other events which happened in quick succession. There is Dr. Bonham's case, in which Coke held — or at least said — that an Act of Parliament would be void when it "is against common right and reason." Coke continued to battle with the High Commission and with the Chancery under Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. He was increasingly successful against the High Commission, but rather less than successful against the Chancery. As a technical matter, this was not a matter of appeal to the Chancery as Mrs. Bowen suggests. In this case the equity court had the advantage of acting *in personam*. It simply enjoined suitors before the Common Pleas from continuing with their suits. As the injunctions could be enforced against the individuals involved, the proceedings in the Common Pleas were effectively terminated. Ellesmere was very much a prerogative man. He was continually a source of trouble to Coke. And Coke never did have the power to prevail over him.

In 1613 Coke was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and called himself Lord Chief Justice of England. This was in a sense a promotion. But it was also a matter of kicking him upstairs. However, Coke's way was set by this time. He did not take the clear hint. He continued his fight with the Chancery. And in the cases known as *Comendams* and *Premunire* he again, and substantially, restricted the scope of prerogative power. To one who has tried to puzzle out the significance of these matters from the reports of the time, Mrs. Bowen's account is especially interesting. Here for almost the first time is a clear presentation of *Comendams* and *Premunire*.

But at the time they were clear enough to the king. Shortly thereafter, in 1616, Coke was removed from office. He was never again a judge.

But he did not cease to be a public figure. He now became a Parliament man.

His career after he left the bench has not been so well known, and Mrs. Bowen performs a great service in digging out the record of his final activities. James had to have Parliaments, because he needed money. And this was the power that finally cracked the monarchy. Coke played a leading role in the Parliamentary events of the next twelve years. In one of the most crucial of these events, the adoption of the Petition of Right in 1628, Coke's role was perhaps conclusive; and Mrs. Bowen's account of this is the most dramatic passage in her fine book. By this time, Charles I was king. When the Commons sought to get commitments from him, he spoke nice words but would not cause to be uttered the prescribed formula which would transmute the Petition into a statute. But Coke and his associates brought Charles to book. He finally had to authorize the Clerk to speak the formula: "Soit droit fait comme il est désiré." From the Petition of Right so approved are directly derived provisions of our own Constitution.

3

DURING all of this time Coke was also an author, easily the leading author on English law until the time of Blackstone. As Maitland remarked many years ago, "Coke's books are the great dividing line, and we are hardly out of the Middle Ages until he has dogmatized its results." He published eleven volumes of *Reports* during his life. These were far superior to anything which had preceded them. Indeed they are to this day cited — as they were at the time — simply as "Rep." Everyone knows that the Reports are Coke's *Reports*. Two further volumes were published after he died, from materials which he had collected. In addition he wrote a monumental treatise known as *Coke upon Littleton*. Littleton had been a leading medieval author. Coke's work purports to be a commentary on it, but is in substance a complete new work rewriting and superseding whatever contribution Littleton had made to the law, and modernizing it at the same time. In addition Coke prepared the manuscripts for three other volumes, known as his *Second*, *Third*, and *Fourth Institutes*. These were published after his death.

In Professor Samuel Thorne's Selden Society Address on Coke, given in commemoration of the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth, there is an accurate description of the nature of Coke's writing. He knew all of the earlier law very thoroughly. In his writing — and in his judging — he did not hesitate to use what he thought was useful and to ignore anything that he thought was against the view he chose to reach. He constantly used the ancient authorities, but he even more constantly restated the law in modern terms and in terms

which he felt were consistent with his conception of sound government. As Professor Thorne said: "He has often been regarded as the protector and defender of the traditional rights of Englishmen. With that judgment we may safely agree, adding only that many of them were his own invention." By Coke's time Magna Carta was quite sacred. Anything that could be attached to Magna Carta could be made to appear sound and ancient. In very large measure, our conception of Magna Carta today goes back to Coke. It is not the barons at Runnymede who speak to us from 1215, but my Lord Coke who speaks from four centuries later.

What Coke wrote — especially what was published after his death — was the chief source of knowledge of English law in America until just before the Revolution. When James Otis argued the Writs of Assistance case, his chief authority was found in Coke's *Institutes*. From Otis and others of his time, we derive much of our conception of Magna Carta. But it is almost pure Coke.

Mrs. Bowen, without directly saying so, makes the parallels plain enough. Indeed this is one of the most interesting elements in her treatment of Coke and his times. There was much in Coke's period which finds some counterpart today. For many years after 1688 there was constant fear of Spain and the "Catholic conspiracy." "War-and-no-war" is what Mrs. Bowen calls it. Mrs. Bowen shows how the Privy Council during Coke's period, undoubtedly including many able and high-minded men among its members, was busily seeking out enemies of the kingdom. Since it exercised prerogative power, there were no limits to what it could do — indeed no limits to what it believed it was its duty to do. By itself and through its affiliates, the Star Chamber and the High Commission, people were brought in, questioned, tortured, punished. There was then no overriding law, nothing to which the citizen could appeal. The courts had no power over prerogative power. As Mrs. Bowen makes plain, many things were done which do not stand up against the light of history. The age had not yet developed the concept of responsibility and restraint in the use of power. In the intervening years, we have developed those concepts and have put them into effect in much of our governmental structure. It still remains true that power which is virtually absolute can corrupt. Coke's time was closer to the Middle Ages than ours, but in many ways its problems were quite similar.

Mrs. Bowen's lively account of Coke's life illustrates the striking change which may come over a man when he is given responsible power. Coke the advocate was a rather fearsome spectacle, even at a distance of three and a half centuries and through Mrs. Bowen's generally sympathetic eyes. But Coke as a judge and as a parliamentarian is in some ways an entirely different man. As an advocate he was doing the modern equivalent of looking for

headlines. He was self-seeking and quite subversive to the crown. Mrs. Bowen does not spare him here. Immediately on taking the bench, he changed his whole outlook. He became independent, before his time and ahead of the other judges. He was courageous to an extent which is probably hard to appreciate today. He was dismissed in 1616 because he alone of all the judges would not yield to the king's demand that they should stay proceedings in their courts if the king thought the case affected his "power or profit," in order that the king might indicate his wishes as to the decision. Coke's response was, "That when the case should be, he would do that should be fit for a Judge to do."

Mrs. Bowen makes it abundantly clear that Coke was a strong-minded man. His second wife, Lady Hatton, was a strong-minded woman. He married her for her money. Why she married him is hard to conceive. The marriage was about as completely unsuccessful as could be devised. There were bickering, fighting, lawsuits. Lady Hatton claimed that Coke made off with all her property, and apparently he did get most of it. They had one daughter, and they fought over her. Much of Coke's life was rather serious, but there was one episode which would form the basis of a musical comedy. Mrs. Bowen does it sprightly justice. Lady Hatton took her daughter away in the middle of the night in order to prevent a marriage which Coke planned for her. Coke pursued with eleven

retainers and a search warrant. He actually broke into the house where the daughter was kept and carried her away. There was much riding back and forth across the countryside. Lady Hatton took her complaint to the Privy Council. In due time the daughter married as Coke wished. Mrs. Bowen, faithfully recording history, shows that he almost always had his way.

Sir Edward Coke is one of the great figures of our legal and governmental history. Though he never left England, he was an important contributor to American law. As Professor Thorne said, "More American than English law can be traced back to his books and no further." His example gave courage to many succeeding generations of patriots, both English and American. He quickly became a symbol, so that what he actually did became less important than what he was regarded as having done. Though he moved in the field of the law, he was not a drab man. Though he wrote books, he was not a scholar. He was a man of action, of drive, of courage, a largely unpleasant man whose unpleasantness can be readily overlooked because his contribution has been immense. Mrs. Bowen has brought him back to life. She has written as a scholar, after exhaustive search into the original sources. The book is thoroughly sound and shows Coke's important place in law and history. But Coke always moves through her pages vigorously and colorfully. That is the kind of man he was; and it is the kind of book she has written.



LOOKING OUT TO SEA

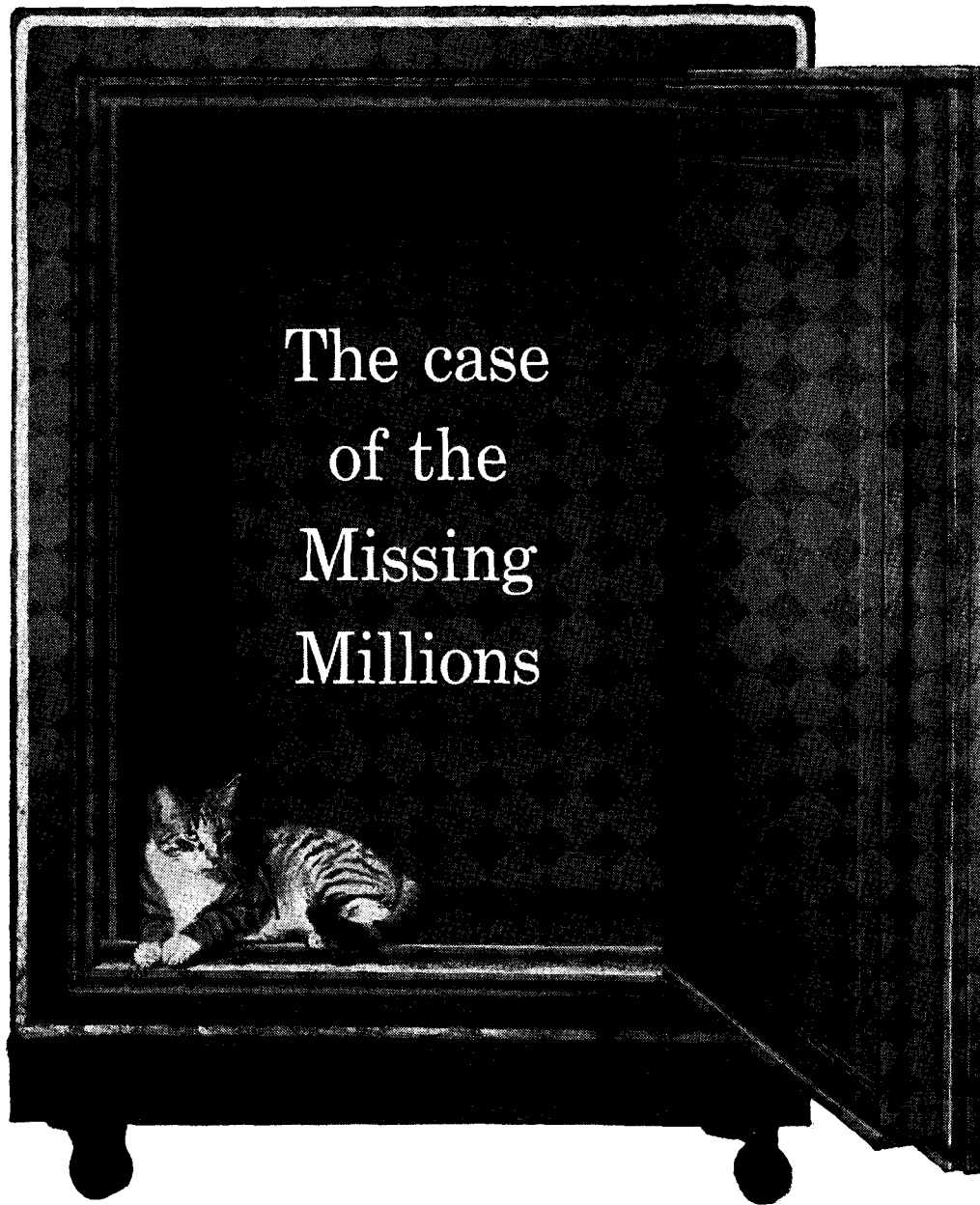
by SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

UNDER the bluegreen surface of the sea
Something endures. Water so deep and wide,
So little ruffled by a change of tide,
Looks almost self-contained, almost as pure

As the blue air it merges into past
The outer islands or that spit of land
The eye takes sidelong in — Blake's grain of sand
That blurs the sight but makes illusion clear,

A rainbow augury of what the globe
(Less land than icy water still, and snow)
Will look like when the polar cap lets go,
And fishes, houses, cattle, sticks, are swirled

Centripetal around the solid core
A hundred fathoms down, too far to touch. . . .
The visionary eye that sees so much,
The centrifuge, spins outward from the shore.



The case of the Missing Millions

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*Company names on request through this magazine

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

ONCE upon a time there was a young married couple who found for themselves a smiling, cobblestone cottage by the sea. Well, it wasn't exactly on the seashore; it stood on a grass plot at the head of a marsh, and the house itself was enclosed by what Mr. Kipling would have called fever trees, meaning a dense growth of blackberry bushes, sumac, and bull brier. But from the upstairs windows, when the tide was in, one could see the inlet a good many acres away. The couple, who were young and inexperienced, found the driveway quite by accident on a sunny spring day. It was a long, winding drive of good crunchy gravel, and at the end of it was this house built of cobblestones, with leaded Dutch windows and flower boxes. And there was the owner, the landlady, fitting the screens. The couple were so eager, and she was so willing, that in no time at all a lease had been arranged at a price which seemed happy to all.

On another sunny day, three weeks later, the young couple took possession. They were newly wed, with little knowledge of houses long unused. Since there were a number of bedrooms, they planned for a series of visitors, and the first to arrive was the mother-in-law. She brought with her her own music, for she had a pleasing soprano voice. After supper on her first evening she seated herself at the upright and struck a chord; whereupon a small mouse emerged from the instrument and expired by her foot. This put a damper on the singing. When the tuner arrived he disclosed the fact that a large family of mice had been dwelling in the instrument, subsisting evidently on felt.

Later that week the mother-in-law, who was a light sleeper, complained that she was being disturbed after midnight by a sniffing, whistling animal which kept poking about under her window. She was quite correct. This was a mother skunk who always whistled until she found the garbage

tin. When the couple drove back from the movies, they would sometimes surprise the mother skunk as she led her brood up the driveway for supper.

The next guest to arrive was the father of the bride, ruddy, with a handsome head of hair en brosse. He liked to have dinner at 8:30 (after golf and a leisurely hot bath), with plenty of baby lobsters and white wine. This was disturbing to the accommodator, who was fetched from the village and who liked to have supper at six, and as few dishes as possible. She was as fair as the dawn, as beautiful as a blonde virgin can be at sixteen. She had probably never been kissed and she had certainly never been pinched so precisely and so firmly as she was by the visitor on his first evening. Her composure or lack of it as she jumped and poured the platter of lobsters into the father-in-law's lap was a sight to behold.

The cook was buxom and as loyal as she was tasty. She was timorous for so large a woman, and because of her dread of what might be lurking in the fever trees after dark, she asked to have the bedroom next to the couple. Her cot was collapsible and every second or third night, with the cook in it, it would fold up with the most surprising crash. It was propped on chairs and repaired with wire, but it was never really safe.

The stove used coal, and while the lobsters could be broiled to perfection over the open lid, no amount of priming could bring the oven to a roasting heat. The stove expert when consulted attributed this to several decades of rust; indeed, he remarked, it was lucky the damned thing hadn't exploded already.

If the stove was unpredictable, the supply of water was even more so. The artesian well was serviced by a small motor in a covered cement pit on the way down to the marsh. The way led through the blackberry vines and bull brier and could be very wet after a thunderstorm or in the early morning. The landlady had explained that the canvas belt sometimes slipped off the little drum of the motor and had to be replaced, but she did not stress "sometimes," as would have been fairer to the young husband. He was not very deft with his hands, and what should have been the work of a moment degenerated into a blasphemous scrimmage. When the faucets refused to pour, he would make his way irritably down the path to the trouble spot, remove the cover, and glower at the whirring motor, beside which lay the greasy canvas belt like a deflated snake. It was

easy enough to turn the motor off and easy enough to fit the belt on, provided one were in overalls and didn't mind the grease. He had been presented with two new shirts that summer, a blue and a soft lavender with French cuffs and a pleated front, and it seemed that whenever he had donned either of them with its appropriate tie, the cry would arise from the kitchen, "No more water! The pump isn't working!" and off he would go to the greasy rescue. He made this repair by torch in the dark of night, and in northeasters, in pajamas, and most disastrously in his fancy shirts, but never without anger.

June was a month of sunlight that year, but in July when the rains came, so did the leaks and the mosquitoes. The screens leaked and the roof leaked. Mosquitoes invaded the bedrooms, and the slow drips from the ceiling as they fell into receptacles were depressing.

That long wet entombment became so exasperating that the young wife rebelled. She said they would be so much happier back in town, but her husband pointed out that the rent had been paid and that things were so awful that they could only get better. So they hung on until the Tuesday after Labor Day.

They had been in town exactly a week when they were summoned to the law courts to account for the damage they had done to 1) the piano, 2) the iron bedstead, 3) the coal stove, 4) the electric motor controlling the pump. And this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth as they tried to tell it to the judge.

Is big business like this?

An American who returns to this country after long residence abroad has a keener perception of the pressures and changes in American society than those of us immersed in its daily current. Stephen Lowry, the hero of **Howard Swiggett's** novel, *The Durable Fire* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00), had been abroad for more than a decade, first as an infantry officer and then as an economic counselor for the State Department. During the war he had married an Estonian refugee, Rosalie Lainvee, whom he had first encountered on an intelligence mission to the Norwegian Resistance, and it was partly for Rosalie's sake that he stayed on in Europe at the war's end to help search for her mother and sister, who had been missing since the fall of Tallinn in 1940. But now the time had come to give the children an American home, and Stephen, who has helpful Yale connections, signs on at a high figure as the head of the foreign operations of Continental Industries Corporation in Rockefeller City. He and Rosalie have plenty of private reservations about big business. They like to live with continental independence, and it is his hope that after ten years of hard labor he will be able to call his shots as he pleases.

Stephen has managed to save \$8000 from his years in foreign service, hardly enough for the down payment on the house he hopes to find on Long Island. His real assets are his knowledge of Europe gained in several embassies, his languages, his good looks, and the attractive candor with which he has learned to deal with foreigners. He appreciates at once the integrity of his bosses — Edward Rutledge, the chairman of the board, and Tom Johnson, the president of C.I.C. — but he has small taste for the office politics which seem such an obsession of the vice presidents, and he is frankly dismayed by the steering he is given by Jim Peale, his old roommate at Yale and the fair-haired boy in the office. Jim worries him not only because he keeps making passes at Rosalie, but because he is so obviously on edge. The more Stephen discovers about Jim the more he finds himself questioning the ethics of the setup.

As I have suggested, Mr. Swiggett's novel has a romantic icing with a rather heavy underlayer of old morality. Stephen's whirlwind courtship of Rosalie "the herring-gutter," and his promise made to a dying officer to write about "The Principal Errors of Judgment of Rulers and People Since the Reformation" are Romance with a capital R. Rosalie herself is attractive, emotional, with a Baltic delight in enjoying herself with her clothes off. On the side of morality are Rutledge and Johnson, the stalwarts; Peale, the betrayer; and Cramer, the avaricious accountant — prototypes all. The individuals who keep me guessing are three: Stephen, Daran the Venezuelan, and Rosalie's brother, the Parisian, Armas.

A new king for France

You can tell from the feel that **John Steinbeck** was vastly amused at the prospect of writing a satirical novel, *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* (Viking, \$3.00), about the restoration of the French monarchy today. He chooses for his hero a gentle French amateur astronomer, M. Héristal. The steps by which M. Pippin Arnulf Héristal, lean, handsome, and fifty-four, is maneuvered toward the glories of Versailles are made more entertaining because of the remonstrances of his wife and the escapades of his daughter, Clotilde, who at fifteen had written a best seller entitled *Adieu, Ma Vie*, and at sixteen and a half had joined the Communists.

Mr. Steinbeck exuberantly caricatures bourgeois finances, the proliferation of French political parties, aristocratic art dealers, and adolescent female novelists. But once le pauvre M. Héristal has been crowned, a more solemn note begins to intrude. The new king has some surprising plans in store for the couture, the movies, and the tourist trade, but it also appears that he (or his alter ego Mr. Steinbeck) would have the French pay their taxes and correct the housing shortage. But this

sudden infusion of transatlantic common sense tends to waterlog the cockleshell fantasy.

Mr. Steinbeck's liberal-humanistic principles are admirable, but when they begin to show through, the fun grows appreciably less. The author is at his best in concocting wild musical-comedy ramifications, such as the international furor of chemical analysis provoked by the Soviet government's purchase of several tank cars of perfume. And no matter how semiserious his reflections on the United States may be, this comment on the Martini is worth quoting: "It's not their strength," a young American tells the groggy king, "it's their inherent meanness."

Family feud in New Mexico

Conrad Richter writes with undimmed luster his novels of historic America. The Southwest is his favorite region (he moved his family to New Mexico in 1928); it was there that he placed his most poignant story, *The Sea of Grass*, and to this region, somewhat to the south, he has returned in his new book, *The Lady* (Knopf, \$3.00).

The lady he has in mind is Doña Ellen, the daughter of a Mexican ranching family a century ago. Ellen was born to the purple, to the ranch of many acres, and to the money. Her mother was Mexican, but her father was English; it was he who taught her to shoot with deadly accuracy, and from him she inherited her sure hand with horses. Her two blood streams were often at war, but it was the Anglo in her which accounted for her fair hair and skin and which attracted her husband, the young lawyer Albert Sessions. Albert, a Missourian, had moved to the New Mexican territory to shake off the lung fever he had suffered as a boy. He stayed on to become a judge and a respected man of property. He was Ellen's authority until the other side of her was aroused.

What aroused her were the depredations and taunts of her brother-in-law, Snell Beasley, thickset, active, and as insinuating as his name implies. The little town of Moro was not big enough to hold them both. There had to be a showdown between them, and when it came it triggered this story.

A measure of this book's quality is that it invites comparison with Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*. In each case the story comes to us through the eyes of a young beholder, a young man who worships the heroine and who recounts her trial and desolation with the sympathy of impressionable years. In *The Lady* Doña Ellen is confronted with implacable, at times overwhelming, vindictiveness, and the sweep of hatred in the story is not pretty. What lift the book out of this black current are the refreshing days at the ranch, the exhilarating rides with Critter, and the touching relationship between Ellen and her horse and Ellen and young Jud, whose extenuating recital again and again rescues the novel from mere revenge.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE by *John Cheever*. (Harper, \$3.50.) Mr. Cheever, known as a master of watchmaker's perspective, demonstrates that he's quite a hand with sweeping views. The Wapshot boys ramp and totter through some very peculiar affairs, while their father steals the show.

THE RED MARTEN by *Peter Nisser*. (Knopf, \$3.95.) The family chronicle form is used as a vehicle for sketches of farm life in Sweden around 1700, permitting the author to toss in much extraordinary information on old customs and Finnish magic.

A HAUNTED LAND by *Randolph Stow*. (Macmillan, \$3.75.) In an admirably written first novel, a young Australian poet explores a man's evil influence on his children, making this old theme new about 80 per cent of the time, which is good going.

THE ASSISTANT by *Bernard Malamud*. (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50.) The pursuit of virtue leads a reformed rascal into strange difficulties in this austere, elegant short novel.

The Orient

THE RED FORT by *James Leasor*. (Reynal, \$5.00.) The story of how a small, badly generated, under-equipped British force recovered Delhi from the Sepoy mutineers in 1857 is positively enthralling.

A NOSTALGIA FOR CAMELS by *Christopher Rand*. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75.) Mr. Rand, an eloquent writer and knowledgeable Orientalist, has gathered together odd events and striking characters from all over the East and presents them with amazed affection to the reader.

THE THIRD EYE by *T. Lobsang Rampa*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) Purportedly the experiences, truly amazing, of a Tibetan aristocrat who was initiated into the ultimate mysteries of Lamaism before coming to the West. What a tale, what a tale; is it true by any chance?

Of Artists

FROM RENOIR TO PICASSO: ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN by *Michel Georges-Michel*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00 and \$2.50.) Critic and amateur artist, the author met everyone who ever put hand to brush or chisel, and his gossip memoirs crackle with gaiety and affection. The illustrations are sketches by the author and his friends.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ARTISTS by *Selden Rodman*. (Devin-Adair, \$4.00.) Interviews with painters, sculptors, and architects whose opinions on their own and each other's work are reported by Mr. Rodman with a reasonable minimum of comment.

ABSTRACT ART BEFORE COLUMBUS by *Dore Ashton with photographs by Lee Boltin*. (André Emmerich, \$2.50.) The sculptural qualities of objects made by various Amerindian groups are highlighted by admirable photography, while the text is brief and pleasantly devoid of critical jargon.

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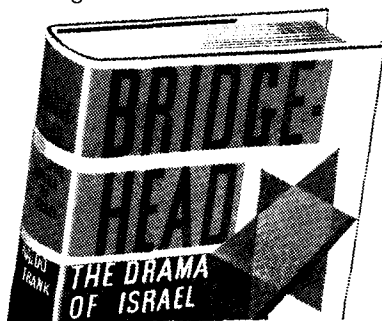
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



UNTIL a short time ago, I had never encountered a novel whose main protagonist was a club. Now two such novels, both pitched in a humorous key, have been published within a month of each other. **John P. Marquand's** *Life at Happy Knoll* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) affectionately spoofs that famous American institution, the country club. *The Club* (Reynal, \$3.50) by **Andrew Graham** chronicles the decline and fall of the True Blue in St. James's Street, London.

Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* defined a club as "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions." The conditions which characterize Happy Knoll and the True Blue are as different as is the aura of American sportswear from that of a bowler hat. But the dramas of clubland, it would seem, are universal. Most portentous are the dramas of the annual deficit and of the conflict between the traditionalists and the "younger element." As an answer to the deficit, Bob Lawton, an advertising man who (as he might put it) is carrying the spear, progresswise, for Happy Knoll, suggests applying for tax-exempt status as an educational institution — a bridge course and nursery school, he thinks, should do the trick. His British counterpart, a parvenu baronet, launches an explosive campaign for the installation of a "Cocktail Bar" done in an up-to-date style which Americans will recognize as Miami Beach Moderne. Another problem common to both clubs is the irremovability of the "faithful" old retainer, who is obviously a pest. Happy Knoll's "lovable" Old Ned is probably the most incompetent bartender in the U.S.A., but his talent for eliciting confidences has given him a "half nelson" on even the most respectable members. The Steward of the True Blue, the Widow Wace, is justifiably suspected of crookery, but she holds her job by sacred right of inheritance and cannot be dismissed without a costly pension.

In both clubs, too, the administration is bedeviled by persons who make it their mission to be critics. Lydia Felton, for instance, hurls a broadside

The man who reads dictionaries



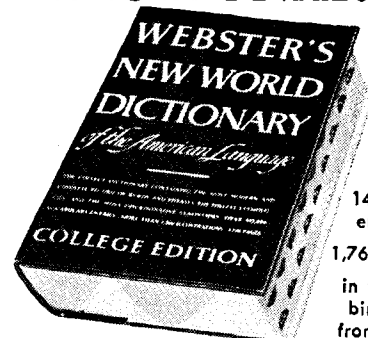
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JACQUES BARZUN,
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EATING IN ITALY

By Richard Hammond
and George Martin



If you're planning a trip to Italy this summer, this geographical-gastronomical guide is as indispensable as comfortable shoes and nylon shirts. It features an index to good restaurants in out-of-the-way towns as well as big cities, a section on regional cooking, a phonetically-spelled out vocabulary covering the most commonly used utensils, dishes and instructions, a description of the Italian menu, a discussion of aperitifs, wines and liquors. Flexible cover, easy to carry.

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at the Board of Governors complaining, among other things, of the squalor of the ladies' locker room and charging that "in spite of the desegregation triumphs in the South," Happy Knoll persists in treating women as second-class citizens. Colonel de la Tauderie (Retired) conducts, in scribbles on the back of the menu, incessant warfare with the True Blue's chef: "Why feathers in the soup? Turbot tastes of mothballs. Need there be gnats in the peach flan?"

In addition to the above themes, Mr. Marquand's novel (cast in the form of a series of letters) concerns itself with such critical issues as the increasing shortage of caddies and the increasing shortness of shorts; the riotous breakage at debutante parties; the raising of \$2000 to prevent the "loyal" golf pro from deserting to a rival club. All of this is amusing stuff, but *Life at Happy Knoll* comes nowhere near *The Late George Apley* in finesse and penetration. It might be tidily summed up, I think, as pleasant country-club reading.

Mr. Graham has developed his subject in more telling detail and with a more pointed wit. His evocation of the True Blue—of its odor compounded of wet overcoats, kitchen smells, tobacco smoke, mice long dead in the ventilating tubes, and Attar of Old Member; its monstrosities of early Victorian taste; its cross section of late Georgian (1947) London clubmen; its special atmosphere ("The charm of this club is its Gloom")—is authentic social satire, and there is choice entertainment here for those who relish the oddities of the British.

Forty million Frenchmen

The thesis that France's collapse in 1940 was due to the rotting of its moral fiber has been developed in many a book, but never with such brio and verbal brilliance as in *The Taxis of the Marne* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50) by Jean Dutourd, author of those stinging social comedies, *A Dog's Head* and *The Best Butter*. "At certain unfortunate periods of history," says Dutourd, "the Gallic temperament seems to have lost all its virtues and kept only its vices. We are living in one of those periods now."

The author admits that when he surrendered to the Germans on June 25, 1940, he shared the ignoble sentiments prevalent among his countrymen: relief that the fighting was over and a willingness to welcome defeat as a short cut to the return of normal-

cy. (Later he escaped, fought with the Resistance, was recaptured and sentenced to death, and escaped again.) "The only thing our big battalions lacked," he writes, "was courage, and courage was a word nobody even whispered. It might have been some shameful disease. . . . The vocation of this army was not for battle but captivity." And of the present Dutourd says: "France now affects a detestable manner . . . the manner of the bad artist, the eternal Bohemian. . . . Everybody has become anti-conformist . . . the bourgeois, the academicians, the soldiers, the nursemaids, the reactionary members of Parliament. . . . There was courage, before the war, in being anticonformist; one was attacking an established order of things. But today? What order is one attacking? For the past sixteen years, we have seen everything in the way of lunacy that disorder can bring."

Dutourd's analysis of the factors which allegedly caused France to cease to be a virile nation is the reverse of systematic. The ninety-two minute chapters into which his book is divided are in effect a succession of rapid salvos aimed every which way. The targets include "generals who had prospered like cockroaches between the disjointed floor boards of the Staff College"; the stupidities of politicians of every stripe; the erosion of patriotism by pacifist preachments; the perversion of the Gallic cult of intelligence into a glorification of cynical inertia; romantic distortions of history which transmogrified defeats into victories ("A complete theory about present day France could be developed under the title 'Failure Considered as Success'").

Dutourd savages the pre-war nationalists and conservatives as roughly as he does the sentimental humanitarians of the left; yet the militant patriotism which he speaks up for clearly has nationalistic and conservative overtones, and he is an idolatrous admirer of General de Gaulle. His argument is aimed in so many directions that inevitably it registers many telling hits, but the book remains confusing as an explanation of France's decay. As a description and denunciation of that decay, however, it is a coruscating performance, packed with wit and splendid invective.

Conjugal love

The Gallic virtues whose passing M. Dutourd so eloquently deplora

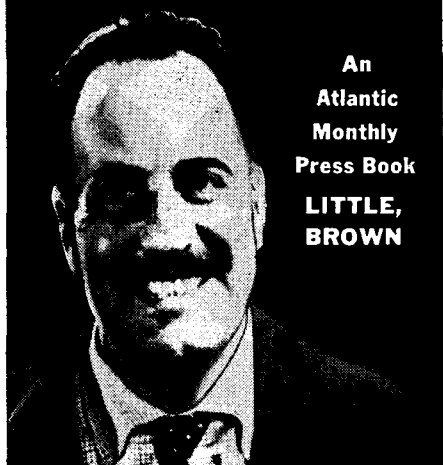
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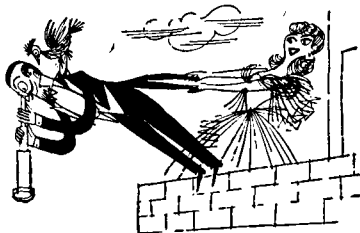
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were magnificently embodied in the late Madame Colette, currently the subject of a fine memoir by her widower, Maurice Goudekot. M. Goudekot was thirty-five and unknown, Colette over fifty and famous, when they were first drawn to each other, and their unlikely union proved a life-long idyl. Goudekot's book, *Close to Colette* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.00), is remarkable both for its convincing and moving evocation of thirty years of conjugal happiness as complete as any man or woman could hope for, and for its loving but clear-eyed close-up of a great writer who was also an extraordinary woman.

Colette, Goudekot writes, "was a product of the French soil at its purest, French to the finger tips, and a provincial above all. . . . With her the art of living came before the art of writing. There were so many arts which she had not lost. She knew a recipe for everything, whether it was for furniture polish, vinegar, orange-wine, or quince water; for cooking truffles, or preserving linen and materials. . . . This country wisdom impregnates all her work just as her cupboards were always delicately fragrant. Looked at in one light, it would not even have displeased her if one talked of recipes for writing. . . . But just because . . . she had all the virtues of the French artisan . . . she always wrote as well as she possibly could." The conclusion of Goudekot's book, with its description of Colette's last days and of her death, is a beautiful and memorable piece of writing.

Cause célèbre

Perhaps the most striking thing about Alger Hiss's book, *In the Court of Public Opinion* (Knopf, \$5.00), is its emotional restraint. The tone is unfailingly sober and legalistic; the enormous drama of the affair is muffled; and virtually nothing is revealed about the private reactions of Hiss and his family to his ordeal. But despite its lack of color and of passion, it cannot but be fascinating to anyone who believes that there remain tantalizing puzzles in this *cause célèbre*. To the operative question: Does the book add anything new to the record as known to the general public? my answer would be, yes.

Of the main points in Hiss's brief the most crucial are those which support his contentions that Chambers is a "pathological liar," and that the typewritten documents, which clinched

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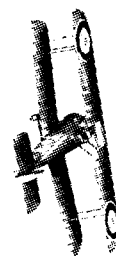
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the case against him, were forged. On the first count, the record shows that Chambers' testimony of "close association" with Hiss — initially hesitant and often incorrect — hardened into damaging detail only after he had, admittedly, been thoroughly briefed by the FBI about Hiss's past and even shown photostats of Hiss's bank accounts — a point to which the press failed to give due emphasis. But by far the most damning — to Chambers — of his numerous contradictions is his change, after production of the "pumpkin papers," of the date of his break with the Party, a traumatic experience not easily forgotten by a man who has said it left him in terror of assassination. Chambers' original testimony placed the break several months *before* the dates on the later documents.

Then too, in a case in which the truth, whatever it may be, is in the realm of the fantastic, one cannot but be struck by the fact that a novel translated by Chambers, Franz Werfel's *Class Reunion*, described a pathological frame-up virtually identical with that of which Hiss claims to have been the victim.

The material which will be fresh to

most readers is the evidence of alleged "forgery by typewriter" on which Hiss based his unsuccessful motion for a new trial. The core of this evidence, an extraordinary epilogue to an already incredible drama, is as follows: The Woodstock typewriter produced in court — apparently the one given away by the Hisses in the late 1930s — bears the serial number 200,099, which means that it could not have been manufactured before July, 1929; but the type face is of a style discontinued by the Woodstock company *at the beginning of that year*. Secondly, the Hiss machine was allegedly purchased by Mrs. Hiss's father in 1928 and so could not be #200,099 (the FBI has taken possession of the records required to prove the date of purchase). This evidence strengthens Hiss's claim that Chambers, working from stolen papers typed on the Hiss machine, reproduced on Woodstock #200,099 a type face with the same characteristics — a procedure which experts have asserted is feasible. The contention, however, that #200,099 is a fake merely poses another set of baffling questions. If Chambers did not have access to the genuine Hiss machine,

how could he count on its not being discovered? And if he did have access to it, why did he not use it to forge the documents — why go to the trouble of reproducing the type face on another machine?

There remain, of course, other serious weaknesses in Hiss's defense, and there is sometimes a disconcerting evasiveness in his testimony. All that is certain is that Hiss is either one of the most accomplished liars in history or one of its most shamefully wronged martyrs. Even granted that he was guilty, there was a disgusting violation of judicial procedure and of the spirit of fair play in the conduct of the Un-American Activities Committee, the collusion of the FBI with Chambers and its hostility to the defense, the prejudgment of the case in much of the press, and the hysterical pressures brought to bear on judge and jury at the second trial. The record is not one to be proud of.

Potpourri

An English *cause célèbre* of a century ago has furnished **Robert Graves** with the materials of his new novel, *They Hanged My Sainly Billy* (Doubleday, \$4.95). Graves's hero, Dr. William Palmer, a swindler, racehorse-doper, unscrupulous amorist, and confessed forger, was hanged for poisoning one John Parsons Cook and was suspected of having poisoned thirteen others, among them his own wife. Mr. Graves, a maverick if ever there was one — I can imagine him seeking to demonstrate, with vast and esoteric erudition, that two and two do *not* equal four — has tried to show, in his painstaking reconstruction of Palmer's life, that saintly Billy "never killed nobody." The novel, as Graves observes, "is full of sex, drink, incest, suicides, dope, horse racing, murder, scandalous legal procedures . . . and ends up with a good public hanging — attended by 30,000." Graves has told his lively story in the form of monologues by Palmer's contemporaries. He has made mid-nineteenth century England as vivid and immediate as the present.

Aficionados of the poison theme might also take note of another lurid tale founded on historical fact: *The Devil's Marchioness* (Dial, \$4.95), a first novel by **William Fifield**, winner of an O. Henry short-story prize. The setting is the France of Louis XIV, and the heroine the Marquise de Brinvilliers, a strong-willed

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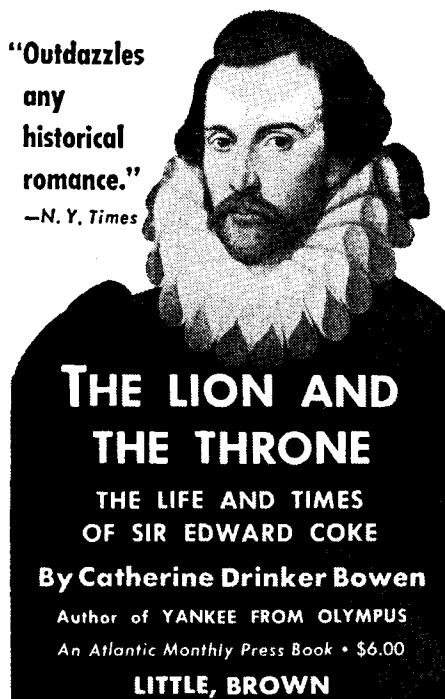
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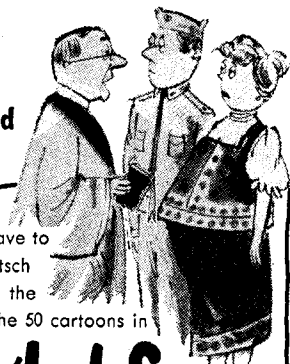
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woman who married an ineffectual gambler. The first of her lovers was a sinister amateur alchemist, and she later drew on his resources to poison her father and to have her two brothers poisoned. She and her hireling were eventually executed after hideous tortures, which Mr. Fifield describes with clinical precision.

Zoé Oldenbourg, author of two outstanding historical novels (*The Cornerstone*, *The World Is Not Enough*), has now written her first work of fiction with a contemporary setting, and it belongs among the handful of novels of some stature published to date this year. *The Awakened* (Pantheon, \$4.95) is a long book which remains steadily focused on a young girl's conflict between love and loyalty to her father; the milieu is the world of émigrés and refugees in Paris in the years leading up to the Second World War. Stephanie Lindberg—seventeen-year-old daughter of a cultivated and stiff-necked Jew, a fanatical convert to Catholicism—falls in love with a young man named Ilya, the son of a White Russian officer who has sunk to working as a laborer and has left his family to live in squalor with his mistress. Stephanie's father refuses to consent to a marriage which he considers a disgraceful misalliance, and he forbids his daughter to go on seeing Ilya. Her love for the young Russian is too intense to be resisted, but her upbringing exerts a tormenting counterpull. The denouement is at once unpredictable and stamped with inevitability: the creation of a true artist. Miss Oldenbourg is a writer of keen sensitivity and impressive honesty.

The Interplay of East and West (Norton, \$3.50) by Barbara Ward consists of three lectures she delivered at McGill University. Miss Ward starts out by urging us to remember that for the past four or five hundred years it is the West, now so concerned about Communist pressure on its frontiers, which from the standpoint of the rest of the world has been the archaggressor. She proceeds to make a lucid analysis of why the Eastern countries distrust Western free enterprise and are receptive to Soviet propaganda. And she concludes with suggestions for a more constructive approach on the part of the West to its relations with the East. There is nothing particularly arresting in what she has to say, but her discussion is consistently sane and large in spirit.

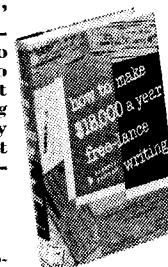
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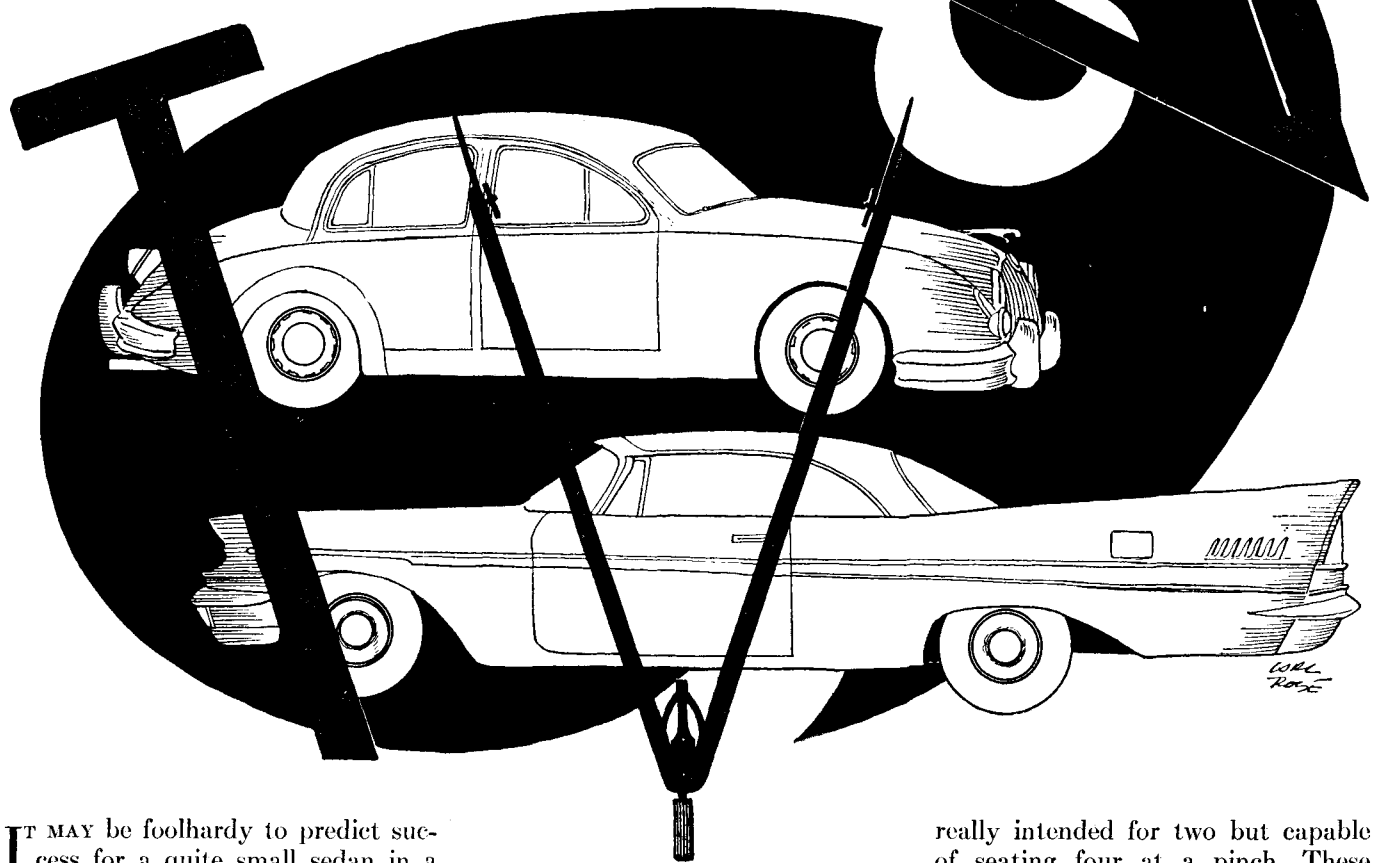
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ACCENT ON LIVING



IT MAY be foolhardy to predict success for a quite small sedan in a land where the excellence of an automobile is widely believed to depend on bigness, yet some such forecast concerning the new 3.4 Jaguar Saloon seems to me warranted. By current standards the 3.4 model is small, comparable in general dimensions to the short-wheelbase Plymouth of a few years ago, and altogether conventional in appearance.

The new car is considerably smaller and less bulbous than the Mark VIII, and it appears to result — most agreeably — from the failure of the American market to respond to the 2.4 Jaguar, the same car only with considerably less power and performance from a smaller engine. If they won't take the small car with the small engine, Jaguar's management reasoned, maybe they'll take the small car with the big engine.

It would not be surprising if the 3.4 were to outsell all the other Jaguar models in this country. It will attract anyone looking for a car that combines easy handling, high perform-

ance, seats for five, and great elegance of finish. It is easy to park and as near to being dead silent as any car I have ever driven.

The elegance of finish is at once apparent, especially around the edges and frames of the doors, an area in which even high-priced American cars often exhibit the same crudely functional form of an early manufacturing stage. On many models these parts have a roughly finished, hastily painted appearance which suggests they were never intended to be seen, like the inside of the luggage compartment's lid. Mercedes-Benz has remedied this in its more expensive versions more lavishly than anyone else by covering not only the edge of the door but also the surface of the frame with unruffled expanses of highly polished chrome.

Only a few weeks after presenting the 3.4, the Jaguar people announced their new XK-150 models — a convertible and a hard-top coupe —

really intended for two but capable of seating four at a pinch. These seem to me a shade better looking, the hard-top in particular, than their predecessors, and they offer in standard form 210 brake horsepower as against the 190 rating of the XK-140 series, and disc brakes fore and aft. By American standards these horsepower figures are not impressive, but it must be remembered that they relate to cars much lighter and lower than ours.

Lacking only the chrome treatment around its doors, the 3.4 model — a four-door design, incidentally — seems scrupulously turned out in even the least detail, with thick carpets, beautifully tailored leather upholstery and interior, and a sleek, glossy quality in its paint and brightwork. Its makers point proudly to its walnut instrument panel, but I must say that this has a way of turning dull and weathered over the years and reminding one more of the age than the opulence of the vehicle. In any case, it is presentable enough in its youth. In this connection it is worth noting that the

new XK-150 models offer a leather-covered panel instead of walnut, a distinct improvement.

Unlike the bench-type front seat of most American cars, which can accommodate three persons but on which a single passenger is likely to do considerable lateral sliding, the 3.4 model's is divided into two slightly curved bucket seats, each individually adjustable for leg room, which give the passenger as comfortable a time of it as the driver. Three can fit into the back seat, where the leg room is on the short side but not much shorter than in many of our two-door models. The trunk is small by American standards, although good space is saved by carrying the spare wheel under the floor.

None of the 3.4's features is so remarkable in itself, but in combination they result in a truly distinctive experience for the motorist: a small car

that seems as comfortable as a big one, the lively acceleration that results from 210 hp and a weight of only 27 cwt., far more speed than anyone could use, a road mileage of around 25 mpg, and a price in the upper-middle brackets. With a four-speed transmission and an overdrive on fourth speed — or five forward speeds — the 3.4 is available with automatic or hand shift.

I tried the car on a rough, narrow, and twisting road, and it called for no effort by the driver at speeds in the fifties, which it seemed to be trying constantly to exceed. The overdrive is activated by a flick-of-the-finger switch. On an ordinary road, 75 mph is indistinguishable from 40 mph. The competition for all this is probably the 219 S Mercedes-Benz, but I believe I prefer the Jaguar on account of the hp. I don't think there is anything in the U.S. output that ap-

proximates either of these foreign-made cars.

The absence of freakishness in the appearance of the 3.4 raises a question as to where the rear-fender up-sweepers expect to go from here. One gathers that gains in Chrysler sales have accompanied the towering taillight edifices throughout the Chrysler line — edifices which may make little sense aesthetically or functionally but which do serve notice on the startled beholder that here is the 1957 model and not the pitifully un-upsweped last year's model. I believe, in fact, that Chrysler was hailing the design at one stage of its introduction as what cars will look like in 1960. Our appetite for ornamentation may prevent a return to the contours of the 3.4 Jaguar, but the car will persist meanwhile as a veritable freak of unfreakishness.

CHARLES W. MORTON

BOAT SHOW

by ELIZABETH PARSONS

ELIZABETH PARSONS spends her summers on the Maine coast and in the winter devotes her time to writing in New York.

AT a motorboat show a while ago, I rode up the long escalator behind a girl who, after thumbing through a catalogue she was carrying, asked her companion, "How *do* you spell Chris Craft, anyway?" and debouched onto the second floor of the Coliseum, which was turned into a nightmare world of the unlovely laminated and molded underbodies of various-sized yachts, both sail and power, crammed in cheek by jowl. Here and there a tall ship raised a steel spar from which hung lifeless, off-white sails that looked as though they needed a good pressing. I ducked under a Matthews Walk-Around Convertible and some sedans and utilities, looking for the 53-foot cruiser with the electric dishwasher I'd heard about. I never did find it, thank goodness. I'd better say right now that I belong to the dishpan school of cruising, but, anxious to keep up with the times, I'd decided to have a look at the new boats and their gadgets.

After a while I found myself climbing a flight of steps to inspect a

Luders 27, the largest molded plywood sailing yacht ever produced. I took off my shoes, out of respect for such refined construction, and wriggled under the white nylon lifeline about as ungracefully as one crawls under a barbed-wire fence, and at once sank instep-deep into the Caribe Blue foam-rubber cushions on



the cockpit seat nearest me. Saving myself by embracing the laminated boom, I cast a look at the deck, which was of some species of plastic, scored with black lines to imitate the real seams in a real deck, and descended into the cabin, which blazed with lights and was about as hot as Tophet.

Here the décor was of the motel

type — laminated wood, finished in a Fog Gray barklike texture — and some more of the Caribe Blue upholstery, some first-rate plumbing fixtures (white), lots of stainless steel, and Caribe Blue curtains (self-tied) at the win — at the ports. There was a lousy little two-burner kerosene stove for cooking, and a tiny gleaming stainless steel sink embedded in a Fog Gray dresser. There didn't seem to be any handy place to put anything, like wrenches or Shredded Wheat or wet woolen socks. There was a strong smell of rubber and metal and plastic materials of unknown origins, strictly unnautical and just like the smell of a new car. Depressed, I climbed back on deck, put on my shoes, and slithered out under the lifeline, gazed at by some bemused seafaring or would-be seafaring types standing on the steps.

Next I inspected the Bounty class cutter, again removing the shoes. Again I punched the bouncy, gay mattresses, took in the stainless steel and the two-burner stove and the valves and the pumps for intakes and outlets, and the motel décor — Sand Beige, this time — and sniffed the dubious smell of the laminated hull and the plastic upholstery. It was more like being in a trailer than in a boat — that was it. There were no

timbers or knees, no deck beams to crack your head on or to grab hold of. Well, it was a relief not to find the electric dishwasher on either of these vessels, but it's just a matter of time.

Lost in dreams of the past, I drifted away, with the monstrous shapes of the present crowding around me in their cradles. Time was, I was thinking, when going cruising was like going camping, without all that hiking and climbing and pitching of tents. The idea, in those innocent days, was to get a change from shore life, not an extension of it. Nobody *wanted* to have all the comforts of home on a 40-foot boat; that wasn't the point. The dishpan was simpler than the soapstone sink in the kitchen we'd left behind; the Shipmate stove handier and more fun than the big coal range, since it burned driftwood or any other wood, generally chopped into short lengths on the after rail, which eventually got kind of chewed up. The point was to relax, only we never thought of it that way, as the word and the need to use it hadn't really arrived.

Housekeeping in those days was no great matter; we threw the dishwater over the side and kept the Shipmate going in wet weather to dry things out and in case somebody felt like baking blueberry muffins. Some reading got done and, not having a radio, we became good weather prophets; unconscious of being relaxed, we spent a good deal of time berrying on islands in Penobscot Bay and fishing for tomcod and tinker mackerel while waiting for a breeze or a fair tide, or both.

Boats smelled like boats then, not like cars or motels, and they sounded like boats, too, not like radio towers. Masts were made of wood, and rigging of Manila, and when the twain met at anchor at night there came a soft tapping, soothing to the ears, or insistent if it was breezing up. Nowadays when I go sailing, there's a high loud wail and whine and clatter from the wire rigging, whether under way or at anchor, and everything is harsh and painful to the touch. Well, progress is a fine thing, and presumably makes more people happier than they would otherwise be, and in due course there will be plenty of yachtsmen mourning over the old days of foam rubber and slatting wire halyards and imitation deck seams.

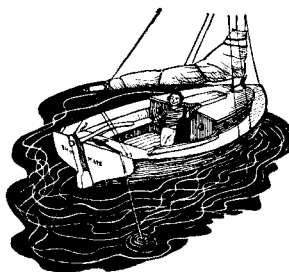
Making my way to the downward-

bound escalator, I remembered something that had happened last summer on an old schooner belonging to a neighbor in Maine. I hadn't been aboard her for some time; and on going below to stow something away before we left the mooring, the first thing that struck me was the smell. It was the smell of a boat, not a machine, for the schooner had never had an engine. It was an ancient and violent smell of wood, of mattresses and blankets that were always a trifle musty, of the little Shipmate stove and the kerosene lamps and, most forcible of all, the smell of pure, unadulterated bilge, rising up through

the unlaminated cabin floor boards. It was one of the great smells of the past. Behind me, part way down the companion ladder, a lady, also no longer in her first youth, paused, her head just below the open hatch, and as we stood there we heard the gentle sound of a slack lazyjack slapping the slack mainsail.

"That smell!" she said, standing still and staring at me with eyes held very wide open. "Oh, it makes me want to cry!"

I nodded at her and fled, lump in throat, to the schooner's galley, to see if the dishpan was still in its usual place. It was.



ON HIS ROBUST AND SLATTERLY MUSE

by R. P. LISTER

IN THE years when I was younger
I was once a ballad-monger;
Monged my ballads wide world over,
By them lived (though not in clover).
Villanelles and odes and sonnets
Paid for shirts and boots and bonnets,
Paid for bread and paid for firing,
Paid for all-electric wiring.

Poet was I by profession,
Turbaned head in midnight session
Dripped its sweat upon the pages
Limned with lines for future ages.

Future ages may be pleasant,
But I had to live the present;
Seats of trousers growing thinner,
Cheese and pickle all my dinner,
Long delay in paying taxes,
Warding duns away with axes.

Was it cheese and was it pickle
Slowed the torrent to a trickle?
Was it woe and was it worry
Turned the streamlet into slurry?

Greatest verse and greatest novels
Writ are not by men in hovels,
Whatsoever saith tradition.
Mirth is Muse's best physician,
And she thrives on milk and honey,
Calls for meat and calls for money;

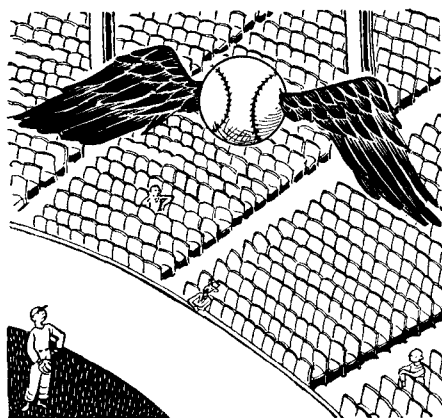
For a time though she belittles
Wealth, she sudden screams for vittles,
Scorns to tread on cottage gravel,
Loudly shrieks for foreign travel.

So it is I sing my ditty
On the verges of the City,
And perform poetic capers
In among the office papers.

What perhaps I find the oddest —
Muse is happier un-Goddessed,
Made the skivvy of my fancy,
Shoved aside for Mike and Clancy
When they take me out for bitter.
Muse of mine believes it fitter
She should shed her silver raiment,
Doing casual work for payment.

Worship her I may, as poet,
But I do not let her know it;
Tough she is, and growing tougher
As I treat her even rougher.
She adores to tie my laces,
And I court her in my braces,
Treat her like some dark and shady
Mistress rather than a lady.

As with women so with Muses:
Who is too attentive loses,
Who is casual's the winner.
Where's that damned Muse with my
dinner?



HOW BASEBALL DIED

by GEORGE STEVENS

An editor for J. B. Lippincott Company, GEORGE STEVENS divides his time between Philadelphia and New York, and has made several contributions to our Accent on Living pages in the past.

SURE, I can tell you what baseball was like. I was a fan for fifty years — nearer sixty, to tell the truth. Saw my first professional game back in 1913. Never thought the last game of all would be played within my own lifetime, but I saw it too — that is, I saw the last local game of the 1971 season, right here in New York. Paid attendance was 104. That's right, 104. It was pitiful.

That's the way things had been going for a long time. People were losing interest. You wouldn't have believed it was possible if you'd been a major league fan in the great days, even up into the 1950s, but specially back when Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb used to play, the big stars. They could draw fifty, sixty thousand for a double-header, or even a single game if the race was close. I'll never forget in 1934 a double-header between the Giants and the Cardinals, Dizzy Dean and Paul Dean pitching for the Cardinals against Hubbell and Parmelee for the Giants. Hot summer afternoon, every seat in the Polo Grounds filled. No night ball in those days. Babe Ruth never played a night game, but they didn't have to ask anybody where the customers were when he played.

In the Babe's day, a nine-inning game generally took about two hours. The chances were that the same nine men who started would play through the nine innings, except the losers might have a change of pitchers, and maybe a pinch hitter or two. Used

to be grand, spending a summer afternoon outdoors in the sun, watching a good fast game. All the fans knew the fine points of what was going on — records of the players, why the manager was going to call for a certain play in the given circumstances, say a bunt or a hit and run with a man on first.

Well, it's hard to say how it happened that such a big attraction as professional baseball could just disappear. It used to be called the national game. Yes sir, the national game. That was in the old days. In the last ten or fifteen years it got to be more a matter of brute force than fine points. Take the home run. Now nobody ever beat the Babe's record of sixty for a season, but it got so almost anybody could hit twenty or thirty, and a team might easily hit over two hundred in the course of the year. That never happened in the Babe's day. And even then the old-timers were complaining about the rabbit ball, so called — supposedly the ball had been made more elastic so that Babe Ruth and others, like Gehrig and Foxx, could hit 'em over the fences. I don't doubt there was something in it; before the Babe's day ten or fifteen homers in a season would be remarkable — in fact, over ten was very rare. Home Run Baker was called that for hitting about thirteen altogether in his best year, around 1910 sometime. Ty Cobb made over four thousand hits, but in twenty-four years he led the American League only once in home runs. That was in 1909.

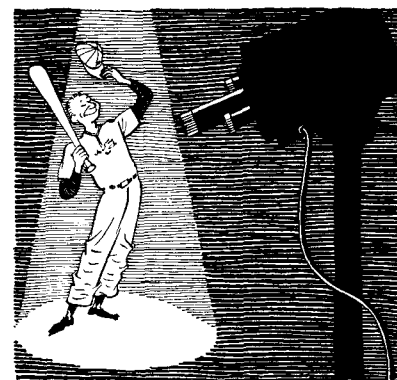
I never saw Baker, and I never saw Cobb in his prime; but I saw the Babe plenty, and he never made his reputation out of Chinese home runs. However, after the Babe, everybody got in the act. An ordinary game would see two or three homers on each side, at least, and pitchers, good pitchers too, parading to the showers because some stumble bum would hit a pop fly that went 270 feet for a home run. It got so that relief pitchers would be so reluctant to get in the game it would take ten minutes for them to walk in from the bull pen. They walked like divers on the bottom of the ocean — the old-fashioned kind in diving suits, I mean, not skin divers.

The cheap homer put an end to base stealing. Cobb had one year he stole over ninety. But what was the use of taking a chance of being thrown out, when the next guy was

like as not to bring you around with a Chinese homer? In Cobb's day, when running was important, the players' uniforms were streamlined. Later on it got so that their pants were baggier and baggier; you couldn't tell which were the Red Sox and which were the White Sox — at least by their sox.

As if the rabbit ball wasn't enough, the club owners kept moving their fences back and forth, and making them higher and lower, depending on whether their leading home run hitter for a given season hit right- or left-handed. And speaking of that, they got so that a player had to hit .350 or else be a switch hitter to play every day. Otherwise it was a right-handed-hitting lineup against left-handed pitching, and vice versa. Naturally with all the changes of pitchers the hitters would get shifted too, so that most of the time was spent moving players on and off the bench. By 1957 it took about three hours to play a game. By that time most of the games were played at night, except Saturday and Sunday games; so if you went you got home pretty late, not to mention the mosquitoes.

Then most games were on television, and there was the temptation to the players, the managers, and the umpires to make an impression in



front of the camera. It was only human. By around 1960, the games got so long, three and a half to four hours for a nine-inning game, with all the posing, and the managers running out — or rather walking out — to argue over the umpires' decisions, and the pitchers coming out of the bull pen like paralyzed zombies, and the two-platoon system of hitters shifting back and forth, and I forgot to mention the announcements over the loudspeaker every time a substitution was made — anyway the games got so long that there was a crisis.

There was talk about cutting the games to seven innings, and there was talk about reducing the number of night games, and there was a lot of other talk, but nothing was done except that people began leaving the ball park about the sixth inning; it got to be midnight or after and they had to work the next day. Then they began to quit coming. The club owners said maybe they were staying home and watching the games on television, so maybe they ought to cut down on television, but the television rights became more and more important in the budget as the ticket sales went down.

Of course they were selling a lot of boxes by the season — business firms would buy them up and charge it to entertainment, which was considered a tax-deductible expense — but the more they did that the harder it was for the customers to get a seat anywhere near home plate. How do you suppose they liked it when they asked at the gate for a box seat or a reserved seat and found themselves out in left field with a lot of empty boxes back

of third base being charged up to entertainment, which meant that the paying customer and other taxpayers were paying for them?

So finally everybody got bored. The fans got bored, the players got bored, most of all the sports writers got bored. Once way back a sports writer's job was considered very desirable by newspapermen. Not any more. The hours were long, the work had to be done late at night. For many years sports writers had really given baseball a break — long, enthusiastic, detailed stories day in and day out. Now they just couldn't keep it up. The enthusiasm was gone and it couldn't be faked. The best sports writers were begging to be transferred to cover the speeches at the United Nations.

So that's the story. Baseball is a thing of the past. That is, in this country. I understand they still play baseball in Japan. But I guess I'm too old to think about going to Japan, even though you can get there, now, in about the same time as it used to take to play a ball game.

INDIAN SLUMMER

by LOYD ROSENFELD

The Indians had cooked meat under the stones for us, which I found horrible, smelling and tasting of smoke. — *Life in Mexico* (Nov. 3, 1840), by Frances Calderón de la Barca.

I'm sorry, Mme. Calderón,
That somehow you could not have known
Just what it was those Indians were doing,
For they were years before their time
And, though obscured by soot and grime,
Quite obviously they were barbecuing;

To get one's meat to taste of smoke
And smell, too, is a master stroke,
A coup that you should not have taken lightly;
For many summers I confess,
As do my friends, without success
I've tried to do the same thing almost nightly;

For hours atop the ribs I drip
A sauce mosquitoes love to sip
And which my slapping guests all call delightful
(Because, I heard one lad repeat,
It kills the flavor of the meat);
Then when they've gone the clean-up chores are frightful;

But now I've junked my fancy pit
That you've exposed as counterfeit,
Hot rocks are on the terrace in position,
And when sweet smoke enshrouds my guests
And scatters all the winged pests
I'm sure you'll rate a Pocket Book edition.



by JOHN M. CONLY

Carpenter: *Adventures in a Perambulator* with **Phillips: *Selections from McGuffey's Readers*** (Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50136: 12"). Charming old friends in new hi-fi guise. Carpenter's canine ballet and Phillips' midnight ride with Paul Revere may not sound daringly modern any more, but they still can enchant.

Debussy: *Nocturnes, Book I* (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Vox PL-10180: 12"). Gieseking and Casadesus are very hard to match in this territory, but I think Mme. Novaes stands up to them very well, her great asset being a flawless grace of tempo. Unhappily, Vox has presented her piano in microphonic proximity I find most unsuitable to Debussy.

Field: *Piano Concerto No. 1; Five Nocturnes* (Sondra Bianca, piano; J. Randolph Jones conducting Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra; MGM E-3476: 12"). Imagine the melodically inventive concerto style of Christian Bach infused with pianism very much like Chopin's, and you will have in mind the nature of this concerto by Beethoven's amazing Irish contemporary, John Field. It is fascinating, songfully Celtic, and eminently listenable, if not profound. Miss Bianca plays it fleetly, and does equally well by the five nocturnes (Field invented and named the nocturne) on the reverse — Hibernian Chopin: irresistibly delightful.

Mozart: *Piano Concertos No. 17 and No. 25* (Rudolf Serkin, piano; George Szell conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-5169: 12"). This pairing was issued at the same time as Serkin's performances of No. 21 and No. 27 with Alexander Schneider conducting, and for some reason Serkin-Schneider make Serkin-Szell sound a little workmanlike. Beautifully workmanlike, beyond cavil, but somehow slightly short of verve. Even this you would not discover, however, but by direct comparison. And only Gieseking-

Rosbaud, on Angel, offer a No. 25 anything like this one.

Mozart: Sonatas in B-flat, K.454, and A, K.526 (Clara Haskil, piano; Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Epic LC-3299: 12"). Miss Haskil is in control here, I suspect with Mr. Grumiaux's complete assent, and the results are interpretations convincing beyond any others I know of, especially when the sonic merits of this strong, intimate recording are considered along with its musical values. Intending no slur upon Mr. Grumiaux, I wish Miss Haskil and Wolfgang Schneiderhan might get together on some Mozart.

Piston: Symphony No. 6 with Martinu: Fantaisies Symphoniques (Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2083: 12"). Both these works were written for the BSO's seventy-fifth anniversary and, quite openly, with the BSO's fabulous tonal resources in mind. Neither is quite so deep as a well, perhaps, but both have a sort of cordial wit, and seldom have the Bostonians been portrayed on discs in such gleaming, thundering sound.

Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini with Franck: Symphonic Variations and Delius: Prelude to Irmelin (Leon Fleisher, piano; George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra; Epic LC-3330: 12"). The Rachmaninoff-Franck combination also is offered by Vox in excellent performance by Monique de la Bruchollerie and Jonel Perlea, and individually the two pieces have been recorded by a variety of musical notables. But never has either, to my taste, come across with such effortless and sweeping effect as do both here. This is music to revel in, sumptuous in all aspects, and all participants, including the engineers, must share in the credit. The *Irmelin* prelude, a languorous filler, is new to LP.

Rogers: Leaves from the Tale of Pinocchio with Hanson: Fantasy Variations on a Theme of Youth and Triggs: The Bright Land (Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50114: 12"). A childhood theme pervades this offering by three Americans, and one of the works — Bernard Rogers' — will even serve to entertain children, since it contains a narrated condensation of *Pinocchio*, well done and marvelously ornamented with orchestral sound effects, rather in the mode of Dukas's *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Grownups will

like it, too, though — especially hi-fi grownups. The Hanson variations are sedately cordial and sonorous; the Triggs tone poem is pleasantly nostalgic, Western in flavor.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 7; The Oceanides; Pelléas and Mélisande (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Angel 35458: 12"). The Sibelius Seventh is not a symphony which plays itself; it is eloquent only from a conductor who understands it. Sir Thomas does, as is evident from the first note onward. One hears clearly the composer's tribute to the Beethoven of the late quartets, and his own meditative progress thence; very fine and moving. The incidental music to Maeterlinck's *Pelléas and Mélisande*, less important but most fetching, receives treatment just as skillful, as does the most typical *Oceanides*. The sound is rich and vivid. All told, here is probably the best Sibelius record in the catalogue.

Stravinsky: The Rite of Spring (Pierre Monteux conducting Paris Conservatory Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2085: 12"). Monteux led the *Sacre* at its première in 1913 (there was a riot) and must be considered almost as authoritative in its interpretation as Stravinsky himself. Their performances differ mostly in tone color. Monteux delivers the work prismatically; it becomes Impressionist, almost Debussyan in parts — and the French orchestra helps beautifully. Stravinsky sticks, so to speak, to primary hues. However, the only Stravinsky recording is now quite old, so the fine bright sound of the new one probably earns it first place among recorded *Rites*.

Walton: Symphony (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster XWN-18374: 12"). Someone has called Sir William Walton a British Prokofiev, which is not unapt if the "British" be emphasized. There is the same epic and historic feel in his music as there is in some Prokofiev, and the same excellent grasp of drama. The symphony was written in 1935, and Sir Adrian Boult has been playing it fairly regularly ever since. Patently he knows it thoroughly and likes it very much. It comes across big, lyrical, and vigorous. Westminster has given it superb reproduction, spacious enough for scope but detailed enough to do justice to Walton's very clever quasi-Handelian writing for wood winds.

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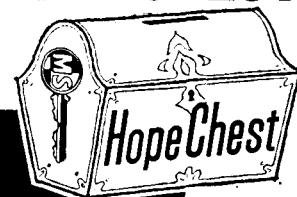
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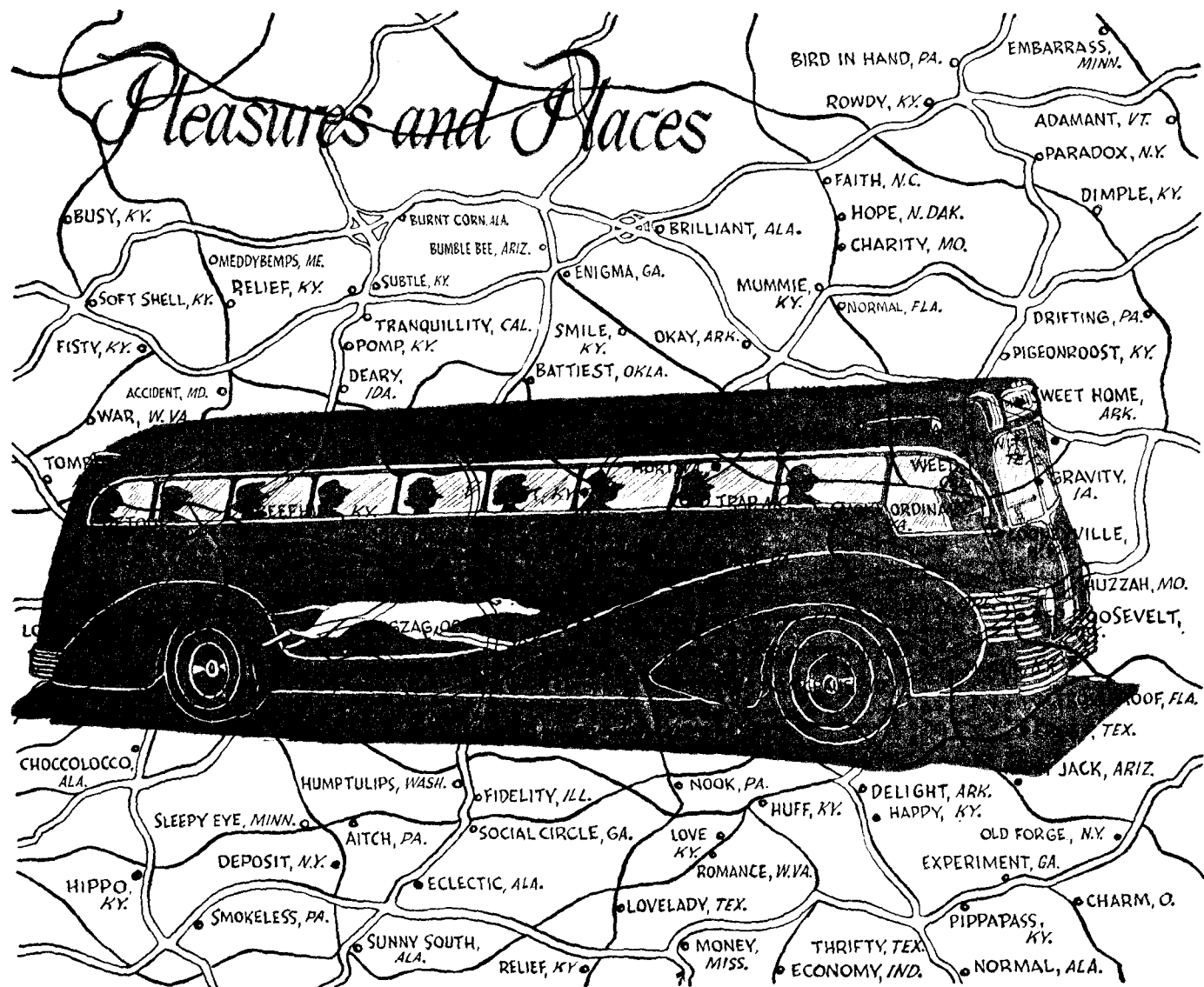
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THE UNWAYWARD GREYHOUND

THE bus, as a means of travel, has an ignoble reputation — perhaps because it has an ignoble name. When I was a schoolboy it was still called an omnibus, while the vehicle which took us out on mid-term treats was called a charabanc, a name with a certain dignity even when cockney-ized, as it invariably was, into “sharry-bang.” Bus, however, is no name at all — merely, as we all learned at school, the tail end of a Latin dative.

Having allowed itself to get such a bad name, how can the bus hope to redeem itself? How, for example, can it ever take that rightful place in literature allotted already to its rivals, the train and the airplane? We have, it is true, *The Celestial Omnibus*. But who would ever write of *The Celestial Bus*? At the best it can hope only to

be *Wayward* — or to provide a stop for Miss Marilyn Monroe.

America, however, the innovator in all things, has sought to elevate the status of the bus by calling it a Greyhound. It is by Greyhound that I have lately been traveling from one end of the United States to the other. When I told Americans that I intended to do this their reaction was twofold. There were those who looked surprised and shocked, like the gentleman in San Francisco who remarked, with laconic contempt, “Fourth Class Travel!” And there were those who thought it a wonderfully romantic plan, rather like following the golden road to Samarkand on the back of a camel. “You’ll really see the country,” they said. “And just think of all the fascinating people you’ll meet!”

These ideas proved to be more or less false. I have, in my time, traveled in buses in many lands. I have traveled in Italy, to the music of Italian opera on the radio — so rhythmic that it seemed to be the vehicle’s motive power. I have traveled in Greece, where we would make wide detours to load on board the entire stock of furniture of a house-moving passenger, continuing our journey with an elaborate Victorian *armoire* roped on behind, and a full-length mirror in which following motorists admired themselves with gestures of amusement.

I have traveled in North Africa, in the company of hens and goats and veiled Arab ladies, so bundled up in calico from face to toe as to be indistinguishable from the bundles of baggage around them. I have traveled in Asia Minor, where the journeys — especially along the Russian frontier — were so hazardous, and

A black and white illustration showing a top-down view of a circular arrangement of various buses. The buses are of different sizes and types, including double-deckers and single-deckers, some with windows and others without. They are arranged in a circular pattern, with some facing outwards and others inwards. The background is a dark, textured circle, and the entire scene is framed by a thick, irregular black border.

Air-cooled comfort

I enjoyed a speed and a smoothness of movement which enabled me to read one paper-backed book after another or to look over the shoulder of the passenger in front of me to reach such magazine snippets as "How to Join a Nudist Camp" or "Why I Strip for a Living." The only comfort lacking in all this was a bus hostess — and I have read that on some of the new double-deckers even these are soon to be provided.

PLEASURES AND PLACES

Roadside stands

I appreciated also the innumerable

Fellow passengers

Most of my fellow passengers were as silent as I. When they did talk, their remarks served as a rule to point the regional distinctions of a

continent only a few degrees less various, with its forty-eight states, than Europe, with its twenty-six countries.

There was the talkative hillbilly farmer from the foothills of the Great Smokies in Tennessee, and the equally talkative nursery gardener from Florida, in front of us, who listened to him for a while and then exclaimed, "I never seen a mountain." He shook his head with distaste. "A thousand feet you say? That's too high for me to get up."

There was the truck driver who was returning thankfully from California to his home in Michigan. "California," he said, "stinks. Nothing ain't no good there—not even the women." The coffee, he added with disgust, tastes of soapsuds; moreover you never see the sun for the smog.

At the frontier between Louisiana and Texas a Texan got on the bus, wearing a ten-gallon hat. He was tipsy and he carried a mandolin. Instead of playing this instrument, as he might well have done, he flung it up in the rack, sat down beside me (though the rest of the bus was almost empty), and proceeded to enlighten me, with some incoherence,

about the technical processes involved in the extraction of oil from the soil of Texas. This at least enabled me to add a new social species to my collection: one who is boring about boring.

The talkative driver

The bus drivers themselves sometimes talked just a little. At each station, over the microphone, they would chant a long, lugubrious litany of the various places at which we were to call, incomprehensible to all but regular churchgoers; and on the bus itself there was an occasional driver who, in a similarly singsong voice, liked to impart information as to the sights to be seen around us:

"Look, folks, there's a buffalo on this pasture to your left. . . . This is Taos, folks, one of the largest art colonies in the world. It contains sixty-five resident artists and fifteen art galleries. . . . On the right there you have the ranch at which Eddie Anderson spent a vacation, shooting elk, two years ago. He will be familiar to you all as that talented artist, Rochester, in the Jack Benny show." But as a general rule a silence reigned, as blessed as on any train.

There are, of course, buses and buses. There was the crowded one which took me to Forest Lawn Ceme-



tery in Los Angeles, its driver causing general laughter when he remarked, "Well, we don't have room in here for one more soul, do we?" There was the bus up in Vermont, more like a station wagon than a bus, which delivered mails that the driver flung out casually and joyously along the roadside, without stopping. And there was the sight-seeing bus that toured me around historic Boston, past Paul Revere's house, the Old North Church, and those sites made memorable by the deeds of the hated redecoats, the driver reverently calling for a moment's silence in memory of "the men who gave their lives in back of this bus at the Battle of Bunker Hill."

PATRICK KINROSS

MARTIN LUTHER

by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

TEMPTED by a taunting Devil,
Master Martin did his level
Best, one midnight, to combat him —
Flung a brimming inkpot at him.
Whereupon, and with a roar,
Fled the Fiend, but not before
He'd absconded, slick as whistle,
With the cautionary missile
(Having noted at a glance
All its awful puissance).

Dire, the upshot! One must wince
To consider ever since
How that weapon has been hurled
Back and forth across the world
Twixt Reformer and the naughty
Devil's scribbling literati.
Ceaselessly for generations
Has it spilled on men and nations
Till the mind forbears to think
Of the tides in which we sink.
Ah, the seas and seas of ink!

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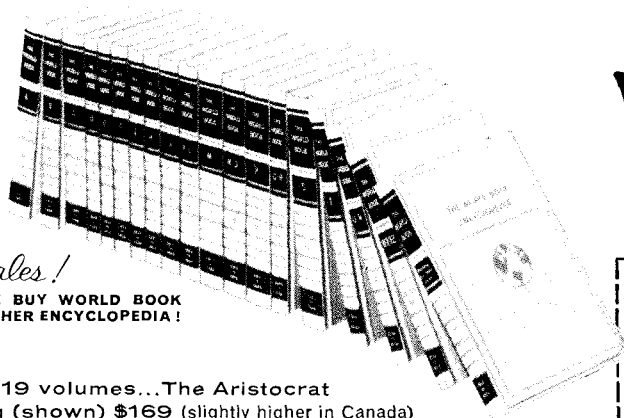
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